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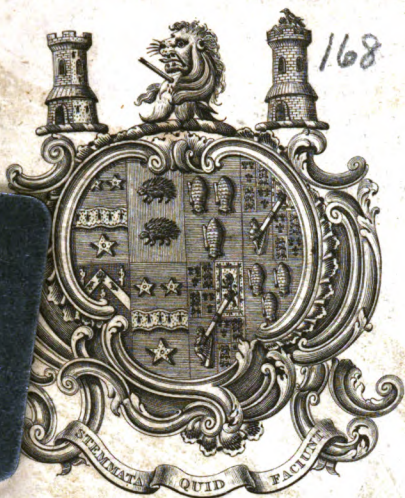
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*The Monthly Mirror:  
Reflecting Men and Manners*



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# THE MONTHLY M I R R O R:

REFLECTING  
**MEN AND MANNERS.**  
WITH STRICTURES ON THEIR EPITOMÉ,

**The Stage.**

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*Nemo dubitat; homines sua varietate recreari: quia in continuatione rerum magnum mentibus esse constat fastidium.*

Cassiodor. l. 7, ep. 26.



VOL. VI.

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NEW SERIES.

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LONDON:

PRINTED FOR THE PROPRIETORS,  
*By Harding and Wright, St. John's Square, Clerkenwell;*  
And published by Verner, Hood, and Sharpe, in the Poultry;  
J. Murray, Fleet-Street; A. Constable and Co.  
Edinburgh; and sold by all the Booksellers  
in the United Kingdom.

1809.



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# THE MONTHLY MIRROR, FOR JULY, 1809.

*Embellished with*

A PORTRAIT OF DR. THORNTON, ENGRAVED BY FREEMAN, FROM  
AN ORIGINAL PAINTING.

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## PREFACE.

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*A new Volume requires a new bow, and a seasonable compliment or return of thanks. It has been our strenuous endeavour, by originality and variety, to merit the great encouragement, which our NEW SERIES has experienced, and it would be pitiful affectation in us to conceal the conviction of our deserts. ADDISON has written an admirable paper to shew that "Every man should be pleased with his own face," and the folly of being discontented with it is put in such a very ludicrous light that we are rejoiced not to have cause to desire a change. Our Subscribers seem wisely satisfied that we should neither be perpetually serious, nor perpetually laughing—for as the SPECTATOR well observes, "Human nature is not so miserable, as that we should be always melancholy; nor so happy as that we should be always merry." (No. 598.) As a mixture of the two is the most perfect character in life, so is it in works of this description; and we shall be scrupulously careful not to tarnish or impair our fame.*

*\*\* SIR ROBERT KEE PORTER's Picture. See the ast page.*

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*Robert Thornton, M.D.*

*Published by Vernon, Hood & Sharpe, Poultry, Aug. 1. 1869.*

# THE MONTHLY MIRROR,

FOR  
JULY, 1809.

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## MEMOIRS OF DR. THORNTON.

(With a Portrait.)

DOCTOR MILNE, with a thorough knowledge of all the estimable qualities of DOCTOR THORNTON, has, in the preface to his *Botanical Dictionary*, thus spoken of him.

“With the literary character of this gentleman the world is so well acquainted, that any endeavour of the author to add to his well-earned fame, would be superfluous. But though it be generally known that his eminence in his favourite science can only be equalled by the generous ardour he manifests in its pursuit, and the disinterested public-spirited sacrifices, which for years he has been making for the advancement of its objects, it belongs to those alone, who enjoy the happiness of his friendship, to remark the superior qualities of his mind and heart—that noble independence which, in matters of science, disdains the fetters of authority, and dares to think for itself—that candour so estimable, because so rare, which, on even the shadow of merit, is eager to bestow its due portion of applause—that mild forbearance, which he never fails to exercise towards those who, envious of abilities which they despair to reach, have not the magnanimity to emulate his candour;—above all, that love of virtue (not the inseparable concomitant of learning) which pervades every page of his writings, prompting him to render every talent and pursuit subservient to the advancement of the essential interests of morality and religion. In praise of such a man, (and the portrait is neither ideal, nor drawn by the flattering hand of partial friendship) it were scarce possible to exceed; nor of his fate with the most distant posterity, requires it much prophetic sagacity to pronounce,

‘SEMPER HONOS, NOMENQUE SUUM, LAUDESQUE MANEBUNT.’”

An eulogy so just, so discriminating, and so valuable, coming “*à laudato viro*,” must necessarily interest the reader greatly in every thing that relates to the subject of these memoirs.

Our task here will be easy, as the life of this gentleman has frequently been written, and we have only to make such selections as suit our space, while we correct and improve what has



preceded the present date, by the documents with which we have been favoured.

ROBERT JOHN THORNTON, M. D. may, like him in Homer, glory in the father that begot him. He is the son of BONNELL THORNTON, the translator of *Plautus*, and the coadjutor of COLMAN in *The Adventurer*, and *The Connoisseur*. Honourable, however, as this descent is, the son takes no honour from the father, which he does not reflect with additional lustre. What the Trojan prayed that some one might say of his offspring, we may say of Dr. Thornton—*Παῖδες δ' οὐκ πολλοὶ ἀμύνον*.

From the wit and learning of this parent, his education derived no advantage. Bonnell Thornton died while the Doctor was an infant, and his instruction fell at first, to the superintendence of his mother, a very intelligent woman. It has been related of him, that instead of devoting his play-hours and holidays to juvenile recreation; he was either in the fields collecting wild plants for his garden, or laying gins for birds. He kept a large and curious assortment of different pigeons, besides having collected many species of English birds, which he stuffed to form a museum.

In these early days, an accident as alarming in the outset, as extraordinary in the event, had nearly deprived us of the pleasure of recording his future fame. His mother had just returned from a journey where she had been for the benefit of her health. Fearful of fainting on the road, a two-ounce phial of *eau de luce* was put into the chaise-pocket to smell at in case of necessity. Young Thornton was then come for the vacation to Kensington, where his mother resided with her brother and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Armitage. He having a sore throat, certain draughts were ordered for him, which draughts were, by some mistake, taken into Mr. Thornton's room, and, to render the confusion worse, placed on the night-table, where, very unguardedly, stood the phial of *eau de luce* without a label. The hour of taking the medicine arrived, when young Thornton seized the *eau de luce*, and poured it out. The smell might have detected the mistake, for after two or three attempts to swallow it, he put it on the table, and said, "he could not take it, there was so much hartshorn in it." He was then chided for a seemingly foolish repugnance, when one of his cousins held his nose, and instantly the whole was swallowed. As by miracle, not a particle went the wrong way, of he must have been instantly suffocated. Feeling, immediately, the burning effects, in his throat and stomach, of this most corrosive caustic, (the caustic volatile alkali) of which

two ounces were swallowed, he dashed the cup upon the floor, and cried out, "*I am poisoned.*" With incredible speed, he leapt down the two flights of stairs, and rushed frantic into the kitchen; where the servants seeing him look strangely wild, laid hold of him, but not the force of three persons could hinder him from leaping on a dresser, and taking from the shelf a roll of butter, which he furiously devoured to allay the torture of his stomach. Mr. and Mrs. Armitage sent to know, what was the matter; when their daughter returned for answer, that two of the servants were on the floor, and that young Thornton, gone stark mad, was eating butter. They came down, when they found him lying on the kitchen floor, frequently vomiting a white fluid, with torrents of blood, and pale as death, unable to articulate. The mother was in fits, and some part of the family had locked themselves up. At last one was found to run to the nearest apothecary, who came, and thought it was best to bleed the youth, and put him to bed. Sir RICHARD JEBB was sent for, who said, he had never seen such a case, or read of a similar accident; adding, that had he swallowed vinegar to correct the alkali, the benefit would have been great, but as it was, it had saved his life, if he recovered. He was blooded night and morning for a week, in all thirty times. For three weeks his only food was linseed oil, and the passage of the throat being closed, he was supported by injections. He recovered, however, after about four months' confinement, but, as may be naturally imagined, not a little reduced.

(To be concluded in our next.)

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### MEMOIRS OF MR. VALENTINE GREEN.

[Concluded from P. 325.]

WE have now to speak of Mr. Green as an author. His History of Worcester, with sixteen plates, engraved by himself after his own drawings, we have already noticed. As a juvenile production it does him considerable credit. In 1796 he published an enlarged edition. In 1782 he printed a letter to Sir Joshua Reynolds, intitled, "*A Review of the Polite Arts in France, at the Time of their Establishment under Louis XIV. compared with their present State in England; in which their National Importance, and several Pursuits, are briefly stated and considered.*" At that period the *Shakspeare*, *Historic*, and *Poet's Gallery* did not exist.

His next work was a compilation called, *Acta Historica Regi-*

*verum Angliæ*, formed on the history of the Queens of England subsequent to the Norman conquest, down to Queen Anne, inclusive. This publication was brought forward under the patronage of her majesty, and is made considerably interesting as a work of art, by the many rare portraits it contains of the ancestors of the first families in Great Britain, amounting in number to nearly one hundred. It was begun in 1786, and completed in 1792, with a French translation, by the late Chevalier Sausueil. Lastly—"An Account of the Discovery of the Body of King John, in the Cathedral Church of Worcester, July 17, 1797." A quarto pamphlet embellished with a representation of the body of the king as it appeared on opening the tomb, is properly an addendum to the foregoing work.

In 1775 he was elected a fellow of the Society of Antiquaries, London. After having rendered the Society for the Encouragement of Arts, &c. many valuable and disinterested services, he addressed them a memoir in 1799, shewing with great modesty and truth, his paramount claims as a candidate for their secretaryship.

In 1804 he was chosen keeper of the *British Institution* for promoting the fine arts in the United Kingdom. A situation of no inconsiderable importance to the interests of the artists, as far as regards their concerns with their patrons and the public. It is unnecessary to say how much any such institution must benefit by the talents and experience of the veteran, whose memoirs we now conclude with great admiration of his persevering genius and unwearied labour, "*adversis temporibus*."

*Note.*—Although we have asserted, on the authority of Mr. Green, that he is a native of Warwickshire, a learned and worthy friend writes to us thus:—"You say he is a native of Warwickshire. This is not accurate. He was born in *Hales-Owen*, which is partly in the county of *Salop*, and partly in that of *Worcester*. There were three brothers, all artists. One, an engraver, died early. Amos, the eldest, excelled in painting flowers. I have seen some beautiful *posseys* of his: he also drew well; the late Rev. — Partby, of Stoke by Nayland, his friend, had a room adorned with his drawings in water colours. I have been with Mr. Amos Green, at Mr. Hilton's, who was well acquainted with all of them. The eldest was the friend and companion of Mr. Dean, a gentleman of fortune, who admiring his taste, requested him to reside with him. Mr. Valentine Green has been unfortunate from the present state of Europe so detrimental to artists, and he has been a great sufferer by the baseness of a partner."

## ON THE REGALIA OF ENGLAND.

BY THE REV. MARK NOBLE, F. A. S. OF L. AND F.

[Continued from P. 294.]

THE republicans affected to treat such matters with the most ineffable contempt and derision. The inconsiderable portion of the late monarch's once splendid Jewel-House was sold, I suppose, to Dutch merchants; after being broken to pieces, the precious metals in which they were set, together with the royal plate, were melted into coin, bearing the Common-wealth stamp; what plunder they had obtained belonging to his majesty, before his death, had been coined indeed, but with the same type and legend as the king had used, only, to distinguish it, they placed, as a mint-mark, the letter P. for "Parliament," which letter was within a circle.

Whatever dislike the republicans had to crowns and sceptres, their general, and in the end their master, Oliver, had none. He flattered himself that the army grandees would fall into his ideas of restoring royalty, by consenting to his taking the kingly office; agitated, perplexed, and mortified at their denial, when he was reluctantly to refuse the object of his wishes, the crown, he fainted.

It is said his highness had prepared a crown; this I think is very probable; but if so, it was easy for him to dispose of it again to the jeweller he employed, paying for the setting, and his trouble in obtaining the precious stones with which it was adorned. Oliver, in the portrait initials of his patents, &c. is represented in robes of state, and a sceptre in his hand.

Happily monarchy was restored in the person of the legal heir. Nothing remained of the old regalia as I have sufficiently shewn. In the account given, May 29, 1660, by the Earl of Dorset, for all that was immediately necessary to provide for the king's use, are items for a crown and for a sceptre; the sum named for these was 900*l.*; the robes are not included. This sum for such costly articles is very small. The silver plates of all sorts and sizes were estimated at 2000*l.* which were to be purchased. Charles II. was restored, or at least returned to his capital on his natal day, May 29, 1660, and he was crowned April 23, 1661; between these two dates all things necessary for the solemnity of the co-



ronation were provided. These were two crowns, one of them called St. Edward the Confessor's, in remembrance of the one so named, kept at Westminster, with which the former sovereigns had been crowned. The veneration in which all the monarchs after the Conquest held St. Edward the king, sufficiently accounts for this, and it is well known that one of the greatest of them, Edward I. named after him, offered at his shrine the regalia and coronation chair of the kings of Scotland, which he had brought from that kingdom, and his son Alphonso offered also the golden coronet and other personal valuables of Llewelyn, prince of Wales. We may presume that an ancient crown which at least had the kingly saint's name, had been kept at Westminster, and used at coronations. St. Edward's staff, or long ancient sceptre, such as we see upon one type of his money; the crosses of metropolitans, and croziers of bishops, were long enough like the old sceptres to walk as supports. Our kings had two sceptres, one ending in a cross, the other a dove, expressive of religion and mercy. It is well known that our queens consorts had used to bear the sceptre in their hand, and thence perhaps, it being found more graceful, was adopted by the monarch; their's generally, if not universally, ended fleury. The dove is very ancient, but not always the termination, for sometimes it is like the maces of old times, and Henry VI. has two sceptres, and, copying the French fashion, one of them ends with the hand of justice. The other parts of Charles II.'s regalia at his coronation, were the state swords, the two rings, the armilla or bracelets for the arms, the patina, chalice, spoon, ampulla, wedge, or mark of gold. These were all of the precious metals, with or without jewellery. I do not notice the coif, the caul, tissue-hose, sandals, supertunica, taffaty, shirt, mantle, and gloves; all which were, except the taffaty and shirt, used, but were of a nature to be of no great intrinsic value.

It does not appear that Charles II.'s consort, Catharine of Braganza, ever was crowned; her bigotry prevented the ceremony, as it must have been performed by Protestant prelates, and in the vernacular language; she, however, had a crown, I presume.

It is well known that James II. took the greatest care that the ceremony of his coronation should be performed with the utmost splendour and the exactest manner. Sandford, Lancaster Herald, drew up the whole ceremonial, and it was just published

with what was then most costly engravings, when he lost his dominions. Mary of Modena, his queen, was crowned with him; for her majesty's use there was an ivory sceptre with a dove; no crown is mentioned; a proof that one had been prepared for Queen Catharine of Braganza; but she had a diadem to wear as she went to the coronation, being a fillet of gold adorned with diamonds. It was noticed as remarkable, that the imperial crown being too large for James II.'s head, it was near falling, but was prevented by Sir Charles Sidley, bart. the wit. When the monarch expressed his thanks, he replied—"Sir, it is not the first time my family have supported the crown." Yet he was one of the first to desert the self-devoted king. This being noticed, with his answer to his sovereign on that occasion; he, alluding to his daughter's dishonour, and her reward, said—"Why! His majesty has created my daughter a countess, I cannot, therefore, do less than assist in making his a queen."

As the regal power was jointly given to William and Mary at the revolution, it was necessary that an augmentation should be made in the regalia; an imperial crown was therefore had for her majesty, not the same as what is used for a queen consort, but as a regnant one equal in form to that of the king her husband, and co-sovereign. There was also provided for her majesty, an orb, and sceptre, such as the king had, with all the lesser articles, except such as were improper for her majesty's use, as a lady.

Even the matrimonial crown was not offered to Prince George of Denmark, consort to Queen Ann, so that no regalia was necessary on his account. Her majesty had previous to the coronation, a diadem to wear on the day of the solemnity, but preceding to her majesty's receiving the crown of St. Edward, and the imperial crown, and it being found that it was too heavy, and probably also, too large, this latter crown was new set, so that the queen might wear it in parliament with ease and safety. The Duchess of Marlborough, who so shamefully acted the base ingrate to her royal mistress, acknowledges how careful her majesty was in her expenditure, particularly in purchasing jewels, adding but little to what she had previous to the commencement of her reign. It must, however, be acknowledged that William presented Queen Mary's, his consort's, to her; the only act of real kindness he ever condescended to bestow upon her.

[To be concluded in our next.]

## NOTES ON ATHENÆUS.

BY GRAMMUS.

No. XXIII.

"The wit and genius of those old Heathens beguiled me, and as I despaired of raising myself up to their standard upon fair ground, I thought the only chance I had of looking over their heads, was to get upon their shoulders."

XENARCHUS in *Quinquertio*, says, I write a woman's oath in wine, *Athen. Hb. x. p. 441, E.* by which he means just what is signified by the proverb, "*in aqua scribitur*,"—the *in vino veritas* has no application. The ancients seem to have understood women thoroughly!

Page 443, C. for *ως τας Κελτας*, read *ως*. In the same E. we are told that Alexis says *elegantly or beautifully* (*καλως*), you drink and don't vomit. Dalechamps here, however, shews us, with references to Celsus, c. 3. 1. and Plin. c. 53. 11. and cap. 3. 24. the superior excellence of the ancients in gluttony. After much eating and drinking it was customary to have recourse to an emetic, either through luxury, that they might have a greater appetite afterwards, or for the benefit of their health to remove the crudities of the stomach. This Alexis seems to have been a very sober poet, for he elsewhere affirms that of all evils drunkenness is the greatest, and most pernicious to mankind. Much wine is the parent of much sin. And to proceed: *το εμεσεναι εκ του μεθυσαι γινεται*, p. 444. B. *from sobriety proceeds madness*,\* as our bedlams can truly testify. But what is all this? Do men err here through ignorance? No; then every sort of advice or information on the subject is vain, and the whole comes at last to this old maxim, too applicable to man in all his deviations from the line of rectitude: We know the right road, and we take the wrong.

Wine, however, has many virtues, and full as many eulogists, who by no means imitate those who preach what they do not practise, and like a finger-post point the way they never travel. Its *doubling* power has frequently been sung, but it has also an *ex nihilo* creative faculty, which Athenæus shall describe, p. 445. F. At a Symposium some one, seeing the wife of Anacharsis, said, "O Anacharsis, thou hast married an ugly woman." "So it seems to me," he replied; "therefore, boy, mix me a cup of purer, i. e. stronger wine, that I may make her handsome." Is

\* See Casaub. p. 438.

not this a potent virtue? and can it be credible that wives are sometimes heard to complain of their husbands' drinking? Rather let them join chorus with Ion, the Chian, and sing *τωι βασιλει Βασιλεος ειναι, Wine is the king of good things!* P. 447. E.

It is proposed now by Emylianus to indulge themselves *εμπροσθεν*, with enigmas. Some of these I have given in a former number. There is much in *τενσι λογοις* here, and not all very well worth the trouble of understanding. At p. 455. A. for *βελαις* read *βελαις*, and *ιδος* for *ιδος*.

July 6.

P. S. I don't know what proportion of *candour* there may be in the ingredients of a learned gentleman in the *Monthly Magazine*, who signs himself B. J. C. but I am free to confess, that however it may have been with me formerly, I now read less than I write: I believe the confession to be far more extraordinary than the case! Such being the fact, I state, with the utmost truth and singleness of heart, that by the merest accident, while in the library of a friend, I took up the *Monthly Magazine* for July, and at p. 539, found these notes alluded to. Why the title in No. XX. p. 142, was printed *Corianne* instead of *Corianno*, is as unworthy of such a writer as B. J. C. to inquire, as it is of me to answer. When he asks, "Why *αυτοχολα*, which words does not exist, when Casaubon has given the true reading, *αυτοχολα*?" I reply, because my ear prefers the former word, which for brevity's sake here, and to give him much information in little time, I would have him seek in the common *Manuale Hederici*. But perhaps this may be deemed a mean reference, therefore let him see *Aristot. Eth. 4. c. 5.* and *SCAPULA*, where he will be told "*procedam dicitur et αυτοχολος*." So much for the non-existence of the word *αυτοχολος*. Locke very truly says, "*We see a little, presume a great deal, and so jump to the conclusion*." As to "*why not εναπαυσι*?" Why?

I shall be happy to meet B. J. C. on all the positions he chuses to attack; and when he deals, as I think he can, in something better than *queries* and *assertions*, he will find me right glad (for I am unambitious of any thing but truth) to yield the palm, and hail him, as *Edward the Confessor* was of the common law, "*Restitutor*" of the text of *Athenæus*. *Τις γαρ αν μου δοκῃ δειν τωτοι τον ανδραπον, ΤΙΣ ΕΣΤΙΝ.*

*Platonis Alcibiad. 11.*

## L A W S;

## THE NECESSITY OF A DIGEST AND REFORM.

"They are chargeable with *fiction, contradiction, immensity, circularity, irregularity, and inconsistency*, in degrees that necessarily generate uncertainty, and are administered at an expence that is most grievously oppressive."

See Bacon and Hale.

WITH respect to the laws of *debtor and creditor*, they are such, that many are contented to lose their rights, rather than encounter the difficulties of the contest for recovery; and where is the suitor's encouragement, when after having been at great expence in endeavouring to obtain justice against a litigious adversary, he becomes, perhaps, from the omission of some mere matter of form, entangled in a demurrer, and is thereby obliged to drop his suit, pay costs, and go through the whole proceedings afresh? Or suppose him suing for a just debt, he shall be obliged to spend ten times as much as the debt, before he obtains a verdict; and after he has so far succeeded, is certain of being very considerably out of pocket in carrying that judgment into execution, even supposing the debtor in a situation to pay the original debt, and taxed costs. The law is besides so overloaded with stamp-duties and office-fees, that these, together with the fees of counsel and attornies, are sufficient to deter men from seeking redress at all; in the mean time it is doing no more than justice to the attorney, to say that these fees *out of pocket* make up the bulk of his bill.\*

Those who are the most jealous of innovation are compelled to admit that some remedy is become necessary, not only to correct the grossness of its abuses, but to simplify the entire system, as well by lopping off antient redundancies, as by an orderly digest, reform, and elucidation of the whole. Our laws are scattered through more than a thousand volumes, where the

\* The profits of the attorney, who is upright and able, are by no means so great as they are supposed to be, and indeed not equal to what they ought to be. The stated ordinary fees, are not now more than they were a century ago, and the heavy disbursements for stamps, admission, certificate, the increase of attornies, and the great difference in the value of money, render his professional emoluments very inadequate to his labour, unless he has a share in equity business or conveyancing, where they are more liberal.

laborious professor has to collect them at an infinite expence of time and labour, or to take them on the authority of private compilers, who had no sanction from the legislature or the courts.

In the beginning of the last century, Dr. GLYNN told Judge FRYCH with a sneer, that all the common-law-books of the realm might be carried in a wheelbarrow. At that period our printed law-books were inconsiderable, but since Lord COKE's time, they have been astonishingly multiplied—in 1785, ninety-five statutes, and in 1786, one hundred and sixty were added to the statute-book. *Sua mole ruit*. See LORD BACON's remarks on the accumulation of our laws, and on the necessity of a digest, in his great work, *de Augmentis Scientiarum*.—See also in his Remains, a tract intitled, Certificate touching the Penal Laws. "For if it be true in any proportion, that within these five years of your majesty's happy reign, there hath not 300*l*. benefite come to your majesty by penal laws (the fines of the star-chamber, which are of the highest kind only excepted), and yet nevertheless there has been a charge at least of 50,000*l*. which hath been laid upon your people, it were more than time, it received a remedy." This representation, probably produced the act of James the First, regulating informers, the benefits of which are felt to this hour.

"The necessity of a digest and reform," continues BACON, "is still more necessary in the statute than the common law, for there are a great many *ensnaring* laws, and if in bad times, they should be awakened, they would grind the subject to powder; there are some penal laws fit to be retained, but their penalty is too great—and there is an accumulation of statutes concerning one matter, and so cross and intricate, that the certainty of the law is lost in the heap."

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## THE GALLANTRY, SPORTS, AND GENIUS OF THE AGE.

*The world is in its decay, and we have the misfortune to be produced in the decrepitude of nature.*

Johnson in Milton.

MR. EDITOR,

MUCH has been very well said on "*The age we live in*," in several of your former numbers. We certainly live at this moment in a state of great comparative mental degradation, and when we



look to the amusements and pursuits of our youth, the prospect is by no means hopeful or consoling. I am no inveterate *laudator temporis acti*, blind to the past, and lynx-eyed with respect to the present; but I distinguish, and I confess it with sorrow, that a youth with less spirit, and more frivolity, has in my opinion never disgraced any generation of civilized and enlightened people. Even that gallantry towards the sex, so natural to young men, is stifled; the sports of the flower of the land pitiable and contemptible; and the energies of their minds abject, vain, and unprofitable. In a society of elegant females, we now invariably see the men entirely engaged on their own persons, and contributing to their own amusement, without paying the most distant attention to the ladies, but rather the most marked neglect. Mr. BRAXE has said that *the age of chivalry is gone*—it is true—every vestige of it, even to the meanest species of gallantry.

What are their sports? In a time of war, the hopes of the country (for so the young men of fortune and family should be considered) have formed a league in the shape of a *four-in-hand club* to expose themselves, unintentionally perhaps, but nevertheless certainly, to every degree of ridicule, and to insure to themselves universal contempt. But were it a period of profound peace, is this the pursuit of those, who aspire after honour, or who even wish to merit the name of gentlemen? "A gentleman," says Lord CHESTERFIELD, "always attends even to the choice of his amusements. In sports of exercise he will not be seen at skittles, *driving of coaches*, &c. for he knows that such an imitation of the mob will *indelibly stamp him with vulgarity*."

In their mental recreations and efforts, they are not a whit more praiseworthy or estimable. It all consists in *ministry*, and the exercise of their rational faculties, scarcely excels the genius of a monkey. Every company is pestered with *ministers*, noble, high-minded youths, who play *Punch* to entertain the party. What have *letters* and *manners* to expect from such disciples! The noble writer already quoted, says, "*Mimicry*, which is the common and favourite amusement of little low minds, is in the

\* For the information of posterity (*credite, posteri*) this club is some twenty young men, who dressed in a stable uniform, drive each a *barsouche* in four, in and about town, with a coachman and groom behind in a dickey, and the carriage empty. Twice a week, starting in this manner, they proceed in a line to a public-house about *Stanningthorpe* near London, where they dine at an enormous expence, and then every *decent* member who is guilty of using *coachman-like* language!

utmost contempt with great ones. We should neither practise it, nor applaud it in others. Besides that the person mimicked is insulted: and as I have often observed to you before, an insult is never forgiven."

I shall add four lines from CHURCHILL, and then gladly quit this worthless subject.

"Doth a man stutter, look a-squint, or halt?  
 Mimics draw humour out of Nature's fault,  
 With personal defects their mirth adorn,  
 And hang misfortunes out to public scorn."

June 50.

JACQUES.

### ROUSSEAU'S CONFESSIONS.

"What booby in his own disgrace would name  
 A business which should make him blush for shame?"

Crafty Courtiers, or Reinard the Fox, in Verse. P. 273. 1706;

Few persons have read the *Confessions of Jean Jaques Rousseau*, without frequent disgust—but who could suspect that he has recourse to falsehood to vilify himself? Incredible as it may appear, it is nevertheless true. Many instances may perhaps be shewn.—I shall content myself with one.

In the *fifth book*, he affects the most serious sorrow for the loss of *Claude Anet*.

"Voilà," says he, "comme je perdis le plus solide ami que j'eus en toute ma vie, &c."

"Le lendemain j'en parlois avec Maman,\* dans l'affliction la plus vive, & la plus sincère, & tout d'un coup au milieu de l'entretien, j'eus la vile et indigne pensée que j'hériterois de ses nipes, et surtout d'un bel habit noir, &c."

Now for the sake of confessing this "*vile et indigne pensée*," (for such it certainly was) he tells us that he spoke in extreme affliction the next day to *Mudame de Warens*, about the death of *Claude Anet*; when the fact is, that the former died two

\* The name by which he called *Madame de Warens*, with whom *Claude Anet* lived.

years before the latter. "Il survécut de deux ans à sa maîtresse."

See the *Preface* to *Mémoires de Mad. de Warens, suivis de ceux de Claude Anet*.

JACQUES.

A short but interesting *Character of Rousseau*, is given by Madam de Warens in the above *Memoirs*. A translation of it will serve for another paper.

NANCY \*\*\*\*\*

OR

THE PENITENT DAUGHTER.

(A Fact.)

MY DEAR SIR,

IT was on a beautiful day in the latter end of the month of August, that we left London; myself, a friend, and the lovely Nancy \*\*\*\*\* The heavens seemed to smile auspiciously upon the purpose of our excursion. Its object was to attempt the restoration to the bosom of her family, of a penitent daughter, an amiable, though erring wanderer. Cast out from her father's house, yet towards that cruel father did her heart yearn continually. I knew her well—you know her too—but you know little more of her than her personal attractions, and the unfortunate situation into which the harsh treatment of a stepmother, the treacherous assiduities of her seducer, and the inexperience of sixteen, had combined to plunge her. Notwithstanding her degraded and equivocal situation, I have had occasions to admire the propriety of her domestic conduct, and to know and appreciate the warmth with which all the social affections glow in her breast. She was a repentant child, seeking shelter under a paternal roof, and forgiveness of her errors from her sole remaining parent. Let us throw a veil over her faults; yet not too deep a one, for a censorious and hard-judging world would instantly set her down for one of those miserable daughters of infamy, who sell their promiscuous favours to every profligate. No; seduced indeed, and seduced too by a married man, yet to that one man she continued faithful. Calumny itself could not invent a tale by which

to stigmatize her with a second fall. With him she shared in his prosperity, and with him she bore the deepest adversity. Constant and loving, she doated on the destroyer of her peace, and her divided heart wavered between the affluence of her parental home, and her seducer's now mean abode. Many letters had she written, many overtures made, through a friend of her departed mother's, (her stepmother was dead) but in vain; inexorably had her father forbidden her return. Her mind could not rest satisfied; she would make a personal appeal; she felt that she loved her father with filial affection, and doubted not that her presence would raise a correspondent emotion in his breast. "Could he but once see, he will forgive and receive me." Ah! who would not have thought so? So young! so lovely! His eldest, and heretofore his darling daughter! To proceed, however, with the narrative of our journey.

After we had reached our first resting place, \*\*\*\*\* we had eleven miles further to go. "Do not let us get to \*\*\*\*\* whilst it is day-light," said she, "or whilst any one may see us. I could not bear to be seen by any who knew me. Do not, I pray. Let us go at night, my father will like it better; he would not choose that his neighbours should see me, or know of my return. O! I am a guilty wretch, and must steal home amidst the darkness of night, and hide my shame from all around me." It was therefore determined, for the sake of privacy, that we should proceed on foot, and so time our arrival as to be at her father's house, about the period of his retiring to bed, which was generally between eleven and twelve o'clock. We walked on; it was a fine moonlight evening: the trembling of her arm, passed through mine, announced the agitation of her mind; her resolution to throw herself upon the mercy of her father, wavered; she remembered his stern and unforgiving temper. She lost much of that conviction, which had before supported her, that he would receive her. We lingered on the road, in order that the moon, then near setting, might not betray the approach of this wailing Magdalen to her prying neighbours. We passed through a town in which a fair had been held that day. All was mirth and hilarity, dancing and joy, save the drooping wanderer, whom we led between us. "No doubt my sister and little brothers have been to the fair, and little do they think who is so near them." She had a sister somewhat younger than herself. "She will be my friend,

she will entreat my father for me, when she knows I am at his door." In this, even in this most natural hope, a hope that clung last and strongest, she was disappointed. But let me not anticipate.

Groupes of half-inebriated rustics, soldiers, sailors, and others, passed with licentious revelry. She shuddered to think to what she might have been exposed, had she not been under a sufficient safe-guard. But shortly after we had to encounter what was, perhaps, not an imaginary danger. A dreary road, along which extensive barracks are erected, was our nearest way; the moon had left us, and the place recalled to her memory, various tales of outrage committed in the same dismal hour of night, along that road, by the licentious soldiery. Vain were our efforts to calm her apprehensions. Her fearful glances were directed on all sides, and her imagination shadowed in the dusky outline forms of lurking villains all around. We passed two soldiers; soon after hasty footsteps were heard behind us. "Ah! now, now!" "Be calm, my dear girl, are there not two here to protect you, and two on whom you have placed sufficient reliance to travel on foot with them, in the dead of the night?" It is true we were not armed; not having intended to journey in darkness, we had omitted that precaution. Necessary precaution, alas! where man prowls after man, in search of prey, like the beasts of the forest, hunting, not for food, but for trash, for lucre, to rob and to destroy; or, if an helpless female fall in his way, for worse, for ravishment and disgrace. Never shall I forget the anxiety and horror with which her head was, in frequent repetition, turned back, as the footsteps approached. The stillness of the night deluded the ear into a belief of a greater proximity in the object of her apprehension. The steps were incessant, sounding on the gravelled road, and yet no form appeared distinctly through the dark. How close she clung! How rapidly she urged her trembling steps. I felt not the most distant shadow of apprehension: in fact, I had no leisure to entertain a sentiment of fear, my attention was so wholly occupied by endeavours to calm the agitation of the fair partner of our way. My companion, more locally acquainted with the place, and with the depredations and outrages for which the spot was noted, partook in some measure of her alarm, and suddenly turned down a narrow path with her to the left. In the obscurity I scarcely knew what had become of them. The descent of the path was steep; I followed them,

but on turning round as I descended, just perceived above me a man with a soldier's cap and feather, who half-turned down the path, stood hesitating a moment, and then returned again into the main road. This only circumstance gave me some suspicion of evil; but as he did not follow us down the path, with which my comrade was well acquainted, all apprehension soon ceased.

Now, however, fears for her immediate personal safety having subsided, again recurred the worse apprehension of rejection at her father's door. It was not long before we approached it. It was past eleven. We took a circuit round the fields in order to avoid a neighbouring public-house, in which the lights and noise announced that the guests had not yet departed. To be less obvious to notice, my companion was to wait for me at the entrance of the village, whilst I accompanied the drooping girl to a field in front of her father's house. A road and hedge were between us and the wicket, which led into a garden before it. "Now, dear girl, go, and Heaven prosper you." Hesitating, trembling, and in tears, she feared, yet longed to go. At length she summoned resolution, and tottered across the road. I watched behind the hedge. All was silent. She knocked. A rough voice from the parlour, which she instantly recognized as her father's, asked, "Who's there?" In accents that seemed to me as if they would have moved a fiend bent on destruction, she replied, "'Tis me, father! your daughter Nancy." The churlish answer came, "I don't know you; I don't desire to know you." "Will you not let me in, dear father?" Such plaintive accents sounding through the stillness of the night, never before or after met my ear. "Dear father—father!—will you not have pity on me?" Moanings so sweet and melodious, even in misery, as would make one doat on distress. No answer was returned; but to add to the keenness of obduracy with which admittance was denied, after a little bustle in the house, a maid-servant threw up an upper sash, and enquired "Who's there?" "Tell my father it is I, his daughter, Nancy; where's my sister?" The sash was then shut down, and all was silent again. Now, thought I, now will the door be opened, and this sweet penitent will be again received into the home, which she was born to grace. Minutes elapsed, and no one came.

*[To be concluded in our next.]*

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## REVIEW OF LITERATURE.

*Shall we for ever make NEW BOOKS, as apothecaries make new mixtures, by pouring only out of one vessel into another? Are we to be for ever twisting and untwisting the same rope? for ever in the same track--for ever at the same pace?*

Tristram Shandy,

*Some Account of the Life and Writings of John Milton. By the Rev. H. J. Todd, M. A. &c. The Second Edition, with Additions, and with a verbal Index to the Whole of Milton's Poetry. Vernor, Hood, and Co. 8vo. 1809.*

THIS elegant and learned editor of Milton's poetical works had undertaken, and with unwearied diligence accomplished, a verbal index to the Muse of our illustrious poet, which with a life accompanied his second edition. The biographical sketch and index are here presented to the world in a separate volume, and to all the lovers of the noblest genius on the records of poetry, Milton, the "*decus immortale*" of our country, they cannot fail to be highly acceptable. The index is not confined to Mr. Todd's edition, (although it might, for it must infallibly supersede all other) but is "applicable to any edition of these poems." P. vi.

Of his *biography* he speaks, as no man will find it—as a work requiring an apology for the *rashness* of its author. It is true that Johnson, Haylèy, and Simmons, have preceded him, but whilst he comes recommended by an accession of new anecdotes and facts, and is himself so highly gifted with judgment to discriminate, and penetration to detect error, the public has nothing to ask of him, but that he will accept their thanks. His narrative is professedly unadorned, but it has in it what Quintilian considers the primary quality of good writing, *perspicuity*, and is throughout exceedingly interesting. His differences with former biographers are conducted with all the amiable philosophy, of a sound scholar, and a perfect gentleman. Confession cheerfully follows the conviction that is produced by such an ingenuous and conciliating spirit of controversy. "*Pan etiam, Arcadiâ dicet se judice victum.*"

Mr. Todd seems very desirous of rescuing Milton from the indignity of a flogging at Cambridge. "It rests," says he, "solely

upon the testimony of Aubrey, which (however he candidly adds) I am unable to controvert." But it seems that no particular odium or ridicule attached to it, for, according to an extract, p. 10,

"In those days of simplicity and subordination, of roughness and rigour, this sort of punishment was much more common, and consequently by no means so disgraceful and unseemly for a young man at the University, as it would be thought at present."

And in the same page we have this anecdote.

"At Oxford, and I believe, at Cambridge, the rod was frequently used by the tutors and deans: and Dr. Potter, while a tutor of Trinity College, I knew right well, whipt his pupil with his sword by his side, when he came to take his leave of him to go to the inns of court."

Milton had, it appears, been accused of having been "vomited out" of the University, and as nothing was said by his libeller of this flagellation, it was probably as common at the universities at that period as it is now at schools, and of course attended with no lasting disgrace. Mr. Todd, in his attempt to save Milton from this lash, does more for the cause, when from the Oxford statutes (1635, ten years after Milton's going to Cambridge), he shews that the "*virgâ corrigatur*" applied only to boys under sixteen, and proves from the College Register, in correction of War-ton, who says he was but *fifteen*, that he was in his *seventeenth* year, when he was admitted at Christ's College.

The following romantic circumstance in Milton's younger days, Mr. Todd gives us here in a corrected form, and acknowledges his obligation for it "through his friend Mr. Bindley, to M. Whish, Esq.

"Believing that the following real circumstance has been but little noticed, we submit the particulars of it, as not uninteresting, to the attention of our readers:—It is well known that, in the bloom of youth, and when he pursued his studies at Cambridge, this poet was extremely beautiful. Wandering, one day, during the summer, far beyond the precincts of the University, into the country, he became so heated and fatigued, that, reclining himself at the foot of a tree to rest, he shortly fell asleep. Before he awoke, two ladies, who were foreigners, passed by in a carriage. Agreeably astonished at the loveliness of his appear-

\* Apol. for Smectym.

† General Evening Post, Spring, 1789.

ance, they alighted, and having admired him (as they thought) unperceived, for some time, the youngest, who was very handsome, drew a pencil from her pocket, and having written some lines upon a piece of paper, put it with her trembling hand into his own. Immediately afterwards they proceeded on their journey. Some of his acquaintances, who were in search of him, had observed this silent adventure, but at too great a distance to discover that the highly-favoured party in it was our illustrious bard. Approaching nearer, they saw their friend, to whom, being awakened, they mentioned what had happened. Milton opened the paper, and, with surprize, read these verses from Guarini: (*Madrigal*. xii. ed. 1598.)

“ Occhi, stelle mortali,  
Ministre de miei mali,—  
Se chiusi m’ uccidete,  
Aperti che farete?”

“ Ye eyes! ye human stars! ye authors of my liveliest pangs! If thus, when shut, ye wound me, what must have proved the consequence had ye been open?” Eager, from this moment, to find out the fair *incognita*, Milton travelled, but in vain, through every part of Italy. His poetical fervour became incessantly more and more heated by the idea which he had formed of his unknown admirer; and it is, in some degree, to her, that his own times, the present times, and the latest posterity must feel themselves indebted for several of the most impassioned and charming compositions of the *Paradise Lost*.” P. 26, 27.

That this event is *pretended*, is tolerably clear, from an extract from the preface to *Poésies de Mad. de Surville*, where similar circumstances even to *quatre vers Italiens*, are related of *Luis de Puytendra*.

“ His poetical fervour” is better accounted for by the close of Miss Seward’s poetic relation of the anecdote.

“ Thrice happy wound,  
Given by his sleeping graces, as the Fair,  
Hung over them enamour’d, the desire  
Thy fond result inspired, that wing’d him there,  
Where breath’d each Roman and each Tuscan lyre,  
Might haply fan the emulative flame,  
That rose e’er DANTE’S song, and rivall’d MARO’S fame!”

P. 28.

To works of more abundant space we must leave the happiness of enriching their pages with larger extracts.

*Liber Facietiarum; being a Collection of curious and interesting Anecdotes.* 18mo. pp. 344. 6s. Akenhead. 1809.

THE antiquity of collections of this nature, from the memorabilia downwards, is well known, and the appearance of them always welcomed, by the busy as well as the idle. To read bon mots, as Johnson would say, "the busy can find time, and the idle patience." To this general recommendation, we may add our concurrence in the particular one, which the compiler has expressed in these words :

"The present volume has certain claims, however, above the common works of this nature. Its materials have been drawn from a great variety of respectable sources ; and much caution has been used not to introduce anecdotes common to every collection, or otherwise grown vulgar by repetition."

Some selections will most agreeably describe the constitution of the volume.

"Theo. Cibber, in company with three other bon vivants, made an excursion. Theo. had a false set of teeth—a second a glass eye—a third a cork leg—but the fourth had nothing particular, except a remarkable way of shaking his head. They travelled in a post-coach, and while they were going the first stage, after each had made merry with his neighbour's infirmity, they agreed that at every baiting place they would all affect the same singularity. When they came to breakfast, they were all to squint, and, as the countrymen stood gaping round, when they first alighted, 'Od rot it,' cried one, 'how that man squints!' 'Why dom thee,' says a second, 'here be another squinting fellow!' The third was thought to be a better squinter than the other two, the fourth better than all the rest. In short, language cannot express how admirably they squinted, for they went one degree beyond the superlative. At dinner they all appeared to have cork legs, and their stumping about made more diversion than they had done at breakfast. At tea, they were all deaf; but at supper, which was at the Ship at Dover—each man reassumed his character, the better to play his part in a farce they had concerted among them. When they were ready to go to bed, Cibber called out to the waiter—'Here, you fellow take out my teeth.' 'Teeth, sir,' said the man. 'Ay, teeth sir. Unscrew that wire, and you'll find they'll all come out together.' After some hesitation, the man did as he was ordered. This was no sooner performed, than a second called out, 'Here you, take out my eye.' 'Lord sir,' said the waiter, 'your eye!' 'Yes, my eye. Come here you stupid,

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dog—pull up that eye-lid, and it will come out as easy as possible.' This done, the third cried out, 'Here you rascal, take off my leg.' This he did with less reluctance, being before apprized that it was cork, and also conceived that it would be his last job. He was however mistaken. The fourth watched his opportunity, and while the poor frightened waiter was surveying, with rueful countenance, the eye, teeth, and leg, lying upon the table, cried out in a frightful hollow voice, 'Come here, sir, take off my head.' Turning round, and seeing the man's head shaking like that of a mandarine upon a chimney-piece, he darted out of the room, and after tumbling headlong down stairs, he ran about the house, swearing that the gentlemen up-stairs, were certainly all devils. *Dibdin's Musical Tour.*" P. 3, 4.

"Grimani, after he had been in England about a month, happened, as he was strolling about, to find himself near Billingsgate. Seeing him a foreigner, he was presently hustled about; and in short, the fish-women and watermen determined to give him what they called, a complete blackguarding. Grimani, who scarcely understood a word of English, hearing the word *damn* frequently used, was struck as quick as lightning with an idea that he should conquer them with their own weapons. He thought he had nothing to do but think of a number of names unknown to the mob, and therefore began—damn Cicero, damn Plutarch, damn Aristotle, damn Demosthenes, damn Plato, damn Anaxagoras, damn Scipio, damn Hannibal, damn, damn Agamemnon, damn, damn Achilles, and thus he went on with extreme volubility, throwing his muscles, which was a pretty easy thing to do, into the most frightful contortions, till at length one of the mob cried out, 'damme, come along, Jack, we have no chance with this fellow, he blackguards ten times better than any one of us.' *Dibdin's Musical Tour.*" P. 16, 17.

"When the Fanatics in the year 1567, came to pull down the cathedral of Glasgow, a gardener who stood by, said—'My friends, cannot you make it a house for serving your God in your own way? for it would cost your country a great deal to build such another.' The Fanatics desisted, and it is the only cathedral in Scotland that remains entire and fit for service. *Earl of Buchan's Life of And. Fletcher.*" P. 25.

"A copy of the original letter containing the order issued at the Reformation, as given in the Stat. Acc. of Dunkeld, p. 422.

"To our traist friendis the lairds of Aratilly and Kinvaid.

"Traist friendis, after maist hartie commendacion, we pray you fail not to pass incontinent to the kirk of Dunkeld, and tak down the hail images thereof, and bring forth to the kirk-zyard, and burn thaym openly. And sicklyk cast down the alteris, and purge the kirk of all

kynd of monuments of idolatyre. And this ze fail not to do, as ze will do us singular empleseur; and so commitis you to the protection of God.

‘ From Edinburgh, the xii. of August, 1560.

‘ Signed      AR. ARGYLL.  
JAMES STEWART.  
RUTHVEN.’

“ ‘ Fail not, bot ze tak guid heyd that neither the dasks, windocks, nor durris, be ony ways hurt or broken,—either glassin wark or iron wark.’ ” P. 25, 26.

“ King William III. was passionately fond of hunting; and he made it a point of honour never to be outdone in any leap, however perilous. A certain Mr. Cherry, who was devoted to the exiled family, took occasion of this, to form perhaps the most pardonable design which was ever laid against a king's life. He regularly joined the royal hounds, put himself foremost, and took the most desperate leaps, in the hope that William might break his neck in following him. One day, however, he accomplished one so imminently dangerous, that the king, when he came to the spot, shook his head and drew back. *Universal Magazine*, v. 10, p. 190.” P. 26.

“ On the 2d of September, 1792, when republican assassins were butchering the prisoners at the prison called La Force, the national deputy, Reboul, observed David calmly drawing a picture of the dying, as they were heaped up on the pile of the already murdered: when asked what he was doing there, he answered, with *sang froid*, ‘ I am catching the last emotion of nature in those scoundrels.’ ” P. 37.

“ In 1559, people of all ranks were married at the church-door. When Elizabeth of France, daughter of Henry II, married Philip the II<sup>d</sup>, king of Spain, Eustache de Bellay, bishop of Paris, performed the celebration of the nuptials, at the church-door of Notre-Dame. Apparently it was then thought indecent to grant permission in the church itself, for a man and woman to go to bed together.” P. 37, 38.

“ We are informed, that the original of the following curious note is still in the possession of Dr. Wolcot :

“ ‘ I promise to paint, for Dr. Wolcot, any picture or pictures he may demand, as long as I live; otherwise I desire the world will consider me as a d—d ungrateful son of a b—h.

‘ JOHN OPIE.’ ”  
P. 40.

“ Eve, say the Rabbins, is derived from a word which signifies to prattle. The first woman took this name for the following reason :—  
“ When God had created the world, he threw down from heaven twelve baskets filled with prattle; the woman picked up nine of them,



pish, furious, grating, gross, growling, gruff, grumbling, hard-hearted, hasty, hateful, hectoring, horrid, huffish, humoursome, illiberal, ill-natured, implacable, inattentive, incorrigible, inflexible, injurious, insolent, intractable, irascible, ireful, jealous, keen, loathsome, maggotty, malevolent, malicious, malignant, maundering, mischievous, morose, murmuring, nauseous, nefarious, negligent, noisy, obstinate, obstreperous, odious, offensive, opinionated, oppressive, outrageous, overbearing, passionate, peevish, pervicacious, perverse, perplexing, pettish, petulant, plaguy, quarrelsome, -queasy, queer, raging, restless, rigid, rigorous, roaring, rough, rude, rugged, saucy, savage, severe, sharp, shocking, sluggish, snappish, snarling, sneaking, sour, spiteful, splenetic, squeamish, stern, stubborn, stupid, sulky, sullen, surly, suspicious, tantalizing, tart, teasing, terrible, testy, tiresome, tormenting, touchy, treacherous, troublesome, turbulent, tyrannical, uncomfortable, ungovernable, unpleasant, unsuitable, uppish, vexatious, violent, virulent, waspish, worrying, wrangling, wrathful, yarring, yelping, dog in a manger, who neither eats himself nor will let others eat." P. 115, 116.

"In all wars, it is usual for the contending powers to offer up prayers to heaven for their own success and the overthrow of their enemies, each party frequently adding, 'According to the *justice of our cause*, O Lord, help us, &c.' Now, considering that the cause of *both parties* cannot be *precisely* just, it would perhaps be quite as judicious, and certainly more sincere, as well as modest, to adopt the language or at least the spirit of an old Scotch woman, who was a sutler in the Duke of Marlborough's army. It so happened, that this faithful follower of the camp was one evening talking to a venerable sister of the same profession, but not of the same country, on the probable consequences of an engagement expected to be fought between the two armies next morning. 'Well,' said the English sutler, 'Well—it will certainly be a most bloody battle; and all I have to say, is, *May God stand by the right!*' 'De'el pick out your eyne for your wacked wish,' replied the Scotch one, 'God stand by Hamilton's regiment, *reight or wrang.*'" P. 122, 123.

"An Irish blockhead was once asked what age he was: 'I am only twenty-six,' he answered, 'but I ought to be twenty-seven, for my mother miscarried the year before I was born.' *Dutensiana*, p. 25." P. 125.

"'You are always yawning,' said a woman to her husband. 'My dear friend,' replied he, 'the husband and wife are one, and when I am alone I grow weary.'" P. 129.

"If you wish to be comfortable, marry at thirty a woman of twenty-one. You will not then be in danger of your children treading too closely upon your heels.

"A Roman emperor did not enjoy the luxuries of an English



washer-woman. She breakfasts upon tea from the East Indies, and upon sugar from the West.

"If your wife wears a wig, take care never to see her head newly shorn. It is one of the most disgusting sights that can be presented.

"It is a wise provision in nature, that tall men should love little women, and that little men should love tall women. It is this that prevents the world from being filled with dwarfs and giants. *Dr. Hunter's Men and Manners.*" P. 140.

"Charles, the haughty old Duke of Somerset, having occasion to employ Seymour the painter, at Petworth, his grace was violently offended at the artist, for hinting in a modest way, what was founded on fact, that he considered himself as distantly related to the duke. He quitted him abruptly, and considerably irritated; the steward was sent to pay him for what he had done, and to dismiss him.

"After trying in vain to get the pictures finished, which his cousin had begun, his grace condescended to invite the man he had insulted, to return: 'I will now prove that I am of your family,' said Seymour, 'I will not come.'" P. 147.

"The Virgin Mary of Atocha is made of wood, yet is seen melting into tears at the pathetic parts of a sermon annually preached before her every Good Friday. On such occasions, the spectators cannot help sharing in the bitterness of the virgin's sorrow. One day, the preacher, having exerted all his powers of oratory with the usual effect, perceived among his crying congregation a carpenter, who looked on with a dry eye. 'Impious wretch!' exclaimed the sacred orator, 'what—not weep!—not discover the smallest emotion, when you see the holy virgin herself dissolved in tears!'—'Ah, reverend father,' replied the carpenter, 'it was I, who fixed up that statue yesterday in its niche: in order to fasten the virgin properly, I was obliged to drive three great nails in her backside: 'twas then she would have cried, had she been able.' *Light reading at Leisure Hours.*" P. 159.

"About six months before the death of Daniel Dancer, during a hot summer's day, he was observed by a neighbour very assiduously employed in throwing water from a pool, by means of a frying pan, on the surrounding meadow, which happened to be burnt up. On being questioned as to the object of his labours, he observed, 'that he wanted a bit of nice fresh grass for his old horse, for hay being then very dear, a poor body ought to be sparing of it.' The same person, returning in three or four hours afterwards, found the old man in tears, and, on inquiring the cause, was informed, 'that he had worked with the frying-pan until he was tired, when falling asleep on the grass, some rogue had stolen a pocket-book from him containing three hundred and fifty pounds in bank notes, which he had received the day before for some sacks of hay that he had sold.' *Annual Necrology.*" P. 166, 167.

"*Hobson's Choice*.—Towards the south end of the market-place, Oxford, stands Hobson's conduit, from which water is always running, through several iron pipes. This conduit was built by the celebrated Hobson the carrier, who gave rise to the proverbial expression of 'Hobson's choice: this or none'—by letting out horses to the students, in such a rotation that they had an equal share of rest and work, and by resolutely refusing to let another horse than that which, in its turn, was placed next the door." P. 184.

"Lord Nelson, when about eight years old, being on a visit at his aunt's, went one day a birdnesting, and wandered so far that he did not return home till long after it was dark. The lady, who had been much alarmed by his absence; rated him soundly, and amongst other things said, 'I wonder fear did not drive you.' 'Fear?' replied the boy, with great simplicity, 'I don't know him.'" P. 189, 190.

"When the brave Admiral Kempenfelt, unhappily lost in the Royal George, was coming into port to have his ship paid off, a sailor eyed a gold-laced velvet waistcoat which his commodore wore, with great earnestness, and, in his best sea fashion, begged to know who made it. The admiral perceiving his drift, gave him the necessary information, and Jack went ashore. He forthwith applied to the admiral's taylor, who knowing the humours of his customers, went with him to buy the materials, and at last asked what he would have the back made of? 'Made of,' said Jack, 'the same as the front to be sure.' The taylor remonstrated, but in vain; so the waistcoat was made, and put on with an old greasy jacket over it. One day, in the High-street, the admiral met his man in this curious dress, which occasioned him to laugh heartily; and this merry fit was not a little increased, when Jack coming up to him, lifted up the hind part of his jacket, and shewed his gold-laced back, and exclaimed—'D—n me, old boy, no false colours; stern and stern alike, by G—d!' *Naval Anecdotes*, p. 335." P. 192.

"An eunuch of infamous character had caused the following inscription to be written above his door: 'Let nothing bad enter this door.' 'And where,' said Diogenes, 'shall the master of the house enter?' " P. 192.

"A West-Indian, who had a remarkably fiery nose, having fallen asleep in his chair, a negro boy who was in waiting, observed a mosquito hovering round his face. Quashi eyed the insect very attentively; at last, he saw him alight on his master's nose, and immediately fly off. 'Ah, d—n you heart,' exclaimed the negro 'me d—n glad see you burn you foot.'" P. 200.

If this taste of these comfits and sweetmeats of literature be not enough, a fuller "*trial will better publish their commendation.*"

## THE BRITISH STAGE.

Τα ἀμφὶ τῇ Σκηνῇ, καὶ τοῖς τοῖστοις Χωρίοις.

Marc. Antonin. lib. vi. § xlvi.

*Nihil novum, nihil quod non semel spectasse sufficiat.*

De Circensibus Plin. l. ix. ep. 6.

## COMEDIANS.

*"Qui doit connaître mieux qu'un comédien?"*

MR. EDITOR,

I GAVE you about a year ago D'ALEMBERT'S defence of comedians against the attack of ROUSSEAU, and I now add that of P. A. LAVAL, himself a comedian, on the same subject.

June 8.

C. HERBERT.

## TRANSLATION OF AN EXTRACT

FROM

## P. A. LAVAL'S LETTER TO J. J. ROUSSEAU.

IF I were to reply to all the infamous assertions, which you have thought fit to make against comedians, it would be necessary either to renounce the language of a gentleman, or to put on the armour of Job. How is it possible to contain one's self within the bounds of moderation, in regard to a man, who without provocation, wantonly delights in the execrable pleasure of tearing you to pieces with unexampled malice? The wisest way would, perhaps, be to treat your calumny with contemptuous neglect, and that would undoubtedly be the conduct I should pursue, if your work was likely to fall into none but reasonable hands. There are, however, certain little wits, as well as prejudiced persons, who will read it, and through the artful exposition of your sentiments, feel confirmed in their own erroneous opinions. It is right, therefore, to make one generous effort to undeceive them. This is the sole end which I propose to obtain by these pages; for as to Fanatics and Bigots, I hold them in too great contempt to take the trouble of addressing myself to their common sense, even if they had any.

I pass silently over all your invectives, and I come to that passage in your book, where you say—"That even in Paris, where comedians are in the greatest estimation, and conduct themselves with most propriety, a citizen would be afraid and ashamed to visit these comedians, who are daily seen at the tables of the great."

Do you imagine, sir, that I can for a moment suppose you to be so senseless as to be willing to draw, from this reasoning, any consequence disadvantageous to us? This conduct of the citizen arises from the prejudice, which he disapproves perhaps, but which he has not the courage entirely to shake off. The injustice of this prejudice, with respect to players, is sufficiently proved, by shewing that it originated in the drunkenness of low buffoons, or Merry Andrews. The higher rank, who are formed to give the ton to every thing, are not ignorant of this truth, and are desirous of destroying, by their example, the popular error—they will without doubt succeed, and the citizen will rejoice at it. Might we not also say, that if the comedian is not in the habits of intimacy with the citizen, it is because the former does not court his acquaintance? Accustomed to enjoy, in higher circles, those marks of attention which talents deserve, they are fearful of meeting with some mortification in houses where the masters, although very polite, might introduce them to persons of very different manners. At Paris, however, there are a thousand instances of their intimacy.

[To be continued.]

#### LAWYERS.

*The lawyers of the four inns of court, performed a masque or opera, before Charles the First, and his queen, at Whitehall, in the year 1634.*

MARTIN.

ACCORDING to the preface, p. xxxvi. to Beaumont and Fletcher's works, a *masque* written by Beaumont alone, and printed 1711, was presented before the king and queen, in the banquetting-house, Whitehall, at the marriage of the illustrious *Frederick and Elizabeth*, Prince and Princess Palatine of the Rhine. The actors were the gentlemen of *Gray's-Inn* and the *Inner Temple*.

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Among the letters of Lord Bacon in the reign of *Elizabeth*, we find this to a noble lord—" *It may please your good lordship.* " I am sorry the joint masque from the four inns of court faileth; wherein I conceive there is no other ground of that, even but impossibility. Nevertheless, because it falleth out that at this time *Gray's-Inn* is well furnished of gallant young gentlemen, your lordship may be pleased to know that, rather than this occasion shall pass without some demonstration of affection from the inns of court, there are a dozen gentlemen of *Gray's Inn*, that out of the honour which they bear to your lordship, and my Lord Chamberlain, to whom at their last masque they were so much bounden, will be ready to furnish a masque; wishing it were in their power to perform it according to their mind." See Harl. MSS. Vol. 7042. No. 2.

JAQUES.

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### THE THEATRICAL WIT.

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EDWIN, PARSONS, and old BANNISTER, are dead, and the younger BANNISTER being burnt out, the office of Wit at our theatres, seemed like to fall into the same neglect as that of fool at court. Mr. MATHEWS, however, on the 7th, in *Three Weeks after Marriage*, presented himself as a candidate, and made this probationary essay.

"Mr. Jones's slipper was too large, and in the violence of his gesture (in *Sir Charles*) it flew from his foot into one of the boxes, from which it was shortly returned, when Mr. MATHEWS, who performed *Drugget*, took it up, observing—'this was in the wrong box.' The *impromptu* was followed by peals of applause." *British Press*, July 8.

DANGLE.

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### PETRARCH AND SHAKSPEARE.

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HAVE you ever been struck with the coincidence between the nineteenth sonnet of Petrarch,

" *S'io credessi per morte esser searco—* "

and the celebrated *soliloquy* in HAMLET?

C. L.

## ORIGINAL POETRY.

## HORACE IN LONDON.

BOOK III.—ODE IX.

## AN ITALIAN DUET.

*Donec gratus eras tibi, &c.*

TAYLOR.

ANGELIC dame! when leagued with me,  
 Your *tweedle-dum* and *tweedle-dee*,  
 Charm'd each besotted ninny;  
 I thought not of the sons of France,  
 Nor join'd with VESTRIS in the dance,  
 LE CLAIRE OF ANGIOLINI.

CATALANI.

Whilst I possess'd the golden fleece,  
 Nor you, like him of ancient Greece,  
 Stuff'd your dull ears with cotton,  
 All other syrens on the shelf,  
 Ev'n stately BILLINGTON herself  
 Was in my fame forgotten.

TAYLOR.

In vain my whiten'd boards to grace,  
 Her skipping pantomimic race,  
 Indulgent *Gallia* proffers:  
 Alas! dear CATALANI fled,  
 My benches blush all rosy red,  
 And empty are my coffers.

CATALANI.

Young HARRIS now demands my aid  
 To win me he a price has paid,  
 More liberal than rational,

For pounds, *four thousand*, I engage  
To sing one season on his stage—  
Nicknam'd by me the *national*!

TAYLOR.

Nay, plight again with me your truth,  
Dear *Dalilah*, discard that youth,  
Smit with Italian singers;  
He, amorous *Sampson*, soon I dread,  
Will pull a new house o'er his head—  
I know he'll burn his fingers.

CATALANI.

Tho' you are but a slippery wight,  
And he in modish garments dight,  
Looks and behaves quite prettily—  
I scorn you both—my purse is full—  
So now dear credulous *John Bull*,  
Adieu! I'm off to Italy.

J.

---

MARY ANN CLARKE.

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MR. EDITOR,

In spite of the neatness with which your friend, *Horace* in London, always imitates his poet, allow me to have the impudence to attempt to rival him in the ode that follows.

BOOK III. ODE XXVI.

*Vixi puellis nuper idoneus, &c.*

Tho' late in the haram I sought for relief,  
And sported a lusty commander-in-chief,  
Yet now have I quitted these vanities all,  
So my sword and cock'd hat you may hang by the wall!

My sword and cock'd hat on that wall shall be seen,  
Which to left-handed *Venus* devoted has been;  
Here! hang up these mettlesome weapons, instead  
Of that list which is pinn'd to the head of my bed!

O Venus! thou queen of each alley and row,  
 From Hackney to Southwark, from Sloane-Street to Bow,  
 With your four-in-hand dove-whip chastise, if you can,  
 That impudent, arrogant, slut, MARY ANN!

Y—E AND A—Y.

### MARIA'S HEART.

THE diamonds from Golconda's mine,  
 Let Eastern monarchs prize;  
 With envy, even they would pine,  
 To find those diamonds cease to shine.  
 Beside Maria's eyes.

For pearls that lie in ocean's caves,  
 Let Indians dive beneath—  
 Would they thus dare the treacherous waves?  
 Would they thus seek their early graves?  
 'Had they Maria's teeth?

The coral from its rocky cell,  
 The bold Sicilian strips—  
 Would he thus go where dangers dwell?  
 Could he the envious sigh repel?  
 To see Maria's lips?

But eyes, teeth, lips—alas, how strange!  
 In time their charms depart—  
 Let others then for young one's range,  
 Be mine, the charm, time cannot change,  
 Be mine Maria's heart!

For what are eyes? the brighter they,  
 The keener wound they give—  
 They sparkle only to betray,  
 And often, even while they stay,  
 They seem to bid us live!



And what are teeth? that look as white  
 And spotless as the snow—  
 For like the snow in winter's night,  
 We feel too well that they can bite,  
 And dread their wound to know.

And what are lips? they tempt to kiss,  
 And seem a hive of sweets—  
 'Tis true—but still remember this,  
 That he who tastes the *honeyed* bliss,  
 The venom'd *sting* oft meets.

And what's a heart? when own'd by *thee*,  
 Ah that's indeed a gem!  
 Tho' Eastern monarchs proud may be,  
 Maria, give but *that* to me,  
 And I'll not envy them!

P. G.

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#### LINES IMITATED FROM THE FRENCH.

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PHILLIS, whilst her heart untender,  
 Gain prefer'd to am'rous bliss,  
 Made poor Corydon surrender  
 Thirty sheep to buy one kiss.

When next she bargain'd with her lover,  
 Kisses were become more cheap,  
 Phillis gladly now makes over  
 Thirty kisses for one sheep.

Next when love no longer burns him,  
 Phillis, oh! how strange the whim!  
 All his thirty sheep returns him,  
 All to buy one kiss of him.

Vain at length are all her offers,  
 Sheep, dog, crook, (so chang'd her fate is),  
 For that kind kiss she vainly proffers,  
 Which he gives to ~~Chloe~~ gratis.

June 16, 1809.

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THE THREE THINGS A GOOD WIFE OUGHT TO BE, AND THE THREE  
 THINGS A GOOD WIFE OUGHT NOT TO BE.

---

A WIFE, domestic, good, and pure,  
 Like snail should keep within her door—  
 But not like snail in silver'd track,  
 Place all her wealth upon her back.

A wife should be like echo true,  
 And speak but when she's spoken to—  
 But not like echo still be heard,  
 Contending for the final word.

Like a town-clock a wife should be,  
 Keep time and regularity—  
 But not, like clocks, harangue so clear,  
 That all the town her voice might hear.

Young man ! if these allusions strike,  
 She whom as wife you'd hail—  
 Must just be like, and just unlike,  
 An echo, clock, or snail.

E. C.

---

BOILEAU NEWLY ADAPTED.

---

*Tou oncle, dis tu, Lâpassin,  
 M'a guéri d'une maladie.  
 La preuve qu'il ne fut jamais mon médecin,  
 C'est que je suis encore en vie.*

Puffing Brodum declares he cur'd me of the phthisic ;  
 As I live now, 'tis clear I took none of his physic.

March 1, 1809.

J. P. S.

TO M. A. SHEE, ESQ. R. A.

ON SITTING TO HIM FOR A PORTRAIT.

WHILE Fashion hand in hand with Taste,  
A union that we seldom see,  
To court thy classic pencil haste,  
How kind to proffer it to me!

Yet though I sit, no pride I feel,  
Or impulse of a vain self-love,  
But a few hours from care would steal,  
And by thy various pow'rs improve.

For all, who know thy merits, find  
The poet's fire, the painter's art,  
The vigour of a manly mind,  
The spirit of an honest heart.

Hence well might those be proud, indeed,  
At whom such pow'rs direct their aim,  
Since to thy genius 'tis decreed,  
To give at once, and gather fame.

T.

• RECEIPT FOR BAD MEMORIES.

*Omnia promittis, cum tota nocte bibisti :  
Manc nihil præstas : Postume, mane bibe.*

You drink all night, and promise much,  
Your word at day-break scorning;  
I would, friend Dick, you'd take a touch  
At Bacchus in the morning!

NIBS.

## MEMORANDA DRAMATICA.

## THEATRE ROYAL, HAYMARKET.

1809.

June 21. *Wild Oats*.—Obi.22. *Village Lawyer*.—Love laughs at Locksmiths; *Vigil*, Mr. Taylor, and *Captain Beldare*, Mr. Jones, (*first time*).—Id.23. *Critic*.—*Barnaby Brittle*, (*revived*).—Id.24. *Beaux Stratagem*.—Son-in-Law.—Tom Thumb.26. *Iron Chest*; *Wilford*, (*first time*), Mr. Jones.—Love laughs at Locksmiths.27. *Stranger*.—Of Age To-morrow.28. *Battle of Hexham*.—*Barnaby Brittle*.—Peeping Tom.†

June

\* The jealousy of *Barnaby* is well hit off by Mr. Mathews—his scene at the window was an excellent piece of comic acting. Mrs. Gibbs' *Waiting-woman*, and Mr. Liston's *Jeffery*, were very effective, and Mrs. Glover played "*Punchy*" to the life. In this line she shews a wonderful deal of naïveté and cleverness.

The farce of *Barnaby Brittle*, is taken from Betterton's *Amorous Widow, or the Wanton Wife*, which is "no more than a translation *ad libitum* of Moliere's *George Dandin*;" although, as the play is printed with Betterton's life, the French ladder is entirely kicked down and unnoticed. If the original had never appeared, whatever the risible muscles might have lost, morality would have had no cause to complain.

† *Maud* cannot, we should think, be acted better than it is by Mrs. Gibbs, and if it could, we should hesitate about the change, for it is a million to one that no other actress would look half so pretty in the character. *Crazy* and the *Mayor* find very fair representatives in Mr. Grove and Mr. Noble; but a mutual change of parts would better correspond with their particular figures and faces. Poor *Peeping Tom* is badly off. After the *Toms* we have seen, this is very flat indeed. Here Mr. Mathews is again out of his latitude, no part being very good, except the scene with the lady sleeping. He sung the *Wry-mouthed Family*, as if he had an interest in bringing the song into discredit.

Through the tender care and parsimony of Mr Winston, a particular

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life

June 29. Africans.—Ghost.—Critic.\*

30. Finger-Post.—Tale of Mystery.—Katharine and Potuchio.

July 1. Honey Moon.—Killing no Murder.†

July

life and spirit, which is given to the overture, and the effect of the piece is utterly destroyed, by saving the few shillings required to introduce the bells as usual. Terence says something, which it may be worth Mr. Winston's while to buy COLEMAN's translation to read—" *Pecuniam in loco negligere maximum interdum est lucrum.*"

\* Mr. Sheridan being defunct (see vol. v. p. 378), or at any rate theatrically dead, dead both as a dramatic writer and the manager of a theatre, nobody thinks it necessary now to mind the caprices of his ghost, and we are consequently indulged with the performance of the *Critic*. After what we see in the *Sir Fretful* of Mr. Mathews, we must never despair on the loss of an actor, as if any particular character in the drama died with him. Making allowances for first impressions, we verily believe that his *Sir Fretful* leaves nothing, the absence of which the memory can with justice regret. The *Sneer* and *Dangle* of Mr. Holland and Mr. Eyre, are well acted, and Mr. Jones is an excellent *Puff*. This is a performer of great variety, but his variety is not always charming—nothing has pleased us more than his *Puff*, which he plays with judgment as well as originality.

The tragedy rehearsed, called the *Spanish Armada*, which is tacked to the *Critic*, is a perfect disgrace to the wit that precedes it—leadens heels to the winged Mercury—a poor copy of a superior original, and little more to do with the first act, than Pizarro, or any other trumpery. For the sake of Mr. Mathews' *Sir Fretful*, we would have the former part as an *extrémets* alone, unmixed with baser matter, and for the love we bear to every line of this portion, we would certainly not have the second scene omitted—the introduction of the *Italian family* and *French interpreter*, with mock Italian airs, would be a very just and seasonable piece of burlesque.

† *Perturiunt montes, nascetur ridiculus mus.*  
(that is)

Here's a droll little farce, after a mighty great fuss.

Last month (p. 379,) we introduced Mr. Theodore Hook in the character of a martyr for the sake of religion! We are happy now to find that things are not so bad—he has, however, passed through the fire, and the offspring of his brain has lost some of its members: in plain English, there is a deputy licenser, one Mr. LARPENT, who receives 400*l.* per annum, for reading plays—shame to such a righteous man,

## July 3. Beaux Stratagem.—Killing no Murder.

July

man, so to sacrifice to Moloch for the love of Mammon!—putting on his *methodistical* spectacles, this babe of grace sat him down to the perusal of *Killing no Murder*, where finding Mr. Liston first a *methodist*, and then a dancing-master, and not distinguishing between a wanton attack on what is sacred, and the just ridicule of hypocrisy, he refused to license the farce. Several other matters too trifling to mention, were also objected to as likely, we guess, to be offensive to “the *colling profession*.”<sup>a</sup> While such elegant taste, good sense, judgment, piety, and (not to waste paper) every other human virtue, are so conspicuous in the active president of the dramatic fine arts, we may indeed look forward with sanguine hopes to the realization of all Mrs. Dangle’s wishes—*The theatre a school of morality*, and “some *edification* to be got from the pieces.” Or rather is it not Mr. LARPENT’s holy “*idea to dramatize methodism*, and make the stage a chapel of ease to the *Hearts of God*.”<sup>t</sup>

During this delay our poor martyr was exposed to other fires. The piece was said to be entirely withdrawn, and many were the causes alleged. The *Morning Post*, regarding merely the title, which is that given to a famous pamphlet intended to induce the assassination of Cromwell, most wisely concluded that the reason must be political. A letter from the author appeared in explanation, and utterly denied it. Other hints were thrown out by the idle, but none was so idle as to think of coupling the name of Mr. Hook and religion together; Mr. Larpent excepted. At length Mr. Larpent having exercised the farce, and driven out the *methodist*, it made its appearance this evening, and was received with the most flattering marks of approbation.

*Buckin* the hero (Mr. Mathews), is what his name denotes, and in love with *Fanny* (Miss Kelly), the daughter of *Tap*, the host of the Red Lion, (Mr. Wharton). She, however, is plighted by her father, to *Apollon Belvi* (Mr. Liston), a gentleman brought up to the law, who is an eccentric moment, turns player, and afterwards dancing-master. The piece opens with *Buckin* in arrears at the Red Lion. He puts off the evil hour for some time, by assuming consequence and affability, on the principle of “make men think themselves clever, and you may

<sup>a</sup> Some little bits of this sort have since been thrown into the farce.

<sup>t</sup> Lord Barmouth, though biased, could not but be ashamed of the preposterous folly and imbecility of his colleagues.

<sup>u</sup> We're even, profane harvesters, we must state that in the environs of this town there is (next to an ale-house) a chapel so designated in large letters on the front of it.

July 4. Soldier's Daughter; *Frank Heartall*, Mr. Jones, the Widow, Mrs. Glover.—Killing no Murder.

5. Love laughs at Locksmiths.—Matrimony.—Id.

6. Wild Oats.—Id.

July

make them the greatest fools in the world." While playing on *mine host* in this way, *Sir Walter Winton* (Mr. Grove), arrives, and will not stay at the inn unless he can have every sort of attendance. Forgive me the bill, says *Buskin* to the host, and I'll personate them all, boots, waiter, hair-dresser, cook, &c. This is agreed to, and on the excellent mimicry of Mr. Mathews, the success of the farce rested, and was perfectly secured. The *Boots* was a fac-simile. The cook and the hair-dresser being to be represented at the same moment, was rather too much for credulity, but it was, through management, rendered tolerably effective.

The second act brings *Apollo Belvi* to marry *Fanny*. *Buskin* meets him, and insinuates that it is high time she should marry, as her character is in need of a little *Fuller's earth*. *Apollo* alarmed, declares that he will marry no woman with a *ready made* family, thanks his pretended friend, and promises not only to forgive twenty he owes him, but to give him twenty pounds more, if he will get him off the match. *Buskin* readily undertakes this—dresses him in black, and makes him announce his own death to the host—thus he kills himself, and *killing's no murder*. *Buskin* by these means obtains *Fanny*, and at the same time assists by a stratagem, *Miss Nancy* (Mrs. Mathews) to elude the vigilance of her aunt, the *Widow Watchet* (Mrs. Davenport), as well as the addresses of her guardian, *Sir Walter*, and marry *Jack Wilton* (Mr. S. Smith).

This farce, and *Catch him who can*, are the only dramatic works of Mr. Hook, that contain much originality, or rather business of his own planning, and dialogue of his own writing. These owe some incidents to foreign sources,\* but they have enough in them to shew that if Mr. Hook's pieces were not all flyers, that is, if he could but stand still, or sit still a little, he has wit and invention enough to produce something very superior to what he has done. *Killing no Murder* soars in its humour and witticisms considerably above *Catch him who can*. Puns certainly abound, but they are frequently accompanied by a species of wit of a better quality. The characters are very farcical. *Buskin* takes the lead decidedly, and was throughout admirably sustained by Mr. Mathews. In the various disguises, in a favourite comic song called *Bartholomew Fair*, and a singing and dancing duet with *Apollo*, he was unusually effective. Mr. Listen's *Apollo*, though inferior in merit and

\* *Le Suicide de Falaise*, &c.

consequence,

July 7. Three Weeks after Marriage,\*—Critic.—Killing no Murder.

8. Spoiled Child.—Africans.—Id.

10. The Foundling of the Forest,† (first time).—Of Age Tomorrow.

July

consequence, conducted a great deal to the merriment of the piece. In the dance, in the duett, he was exceedingly humorous, and will be more so.

Mrs. Mathews had Garrick's song, "Oh, what is the matter with thee, my poor heart," which she sung very prettily. The other performers acquitted themselves with much ability, especially Miss Kelly, who promises to become a very clever actress, in a line most useful, and barren of professors. Nothing can prevent her success in chambermaids, &c. unless, influenced by the moon, she should take it in head to play tragedy. And why not? Has it not happened to Miss Norton and Mrs. Glover, Mr. Liston and Mr. Elliston!

\* There is something singular in the history of this little comedy, by Murphy. *Three Weeks after Marriage*, is (without joking) "*What we must all come to*," (two acts,) which, as a tail-piece to *No one's enemy but his own*, was, with its head, universally condemned at Covent-Garden, in 1764. It was generally thought, says Baker, to have had merit enough to entitle it to a better fate—this comes of keeping bad company! It lay dormant for several years, until Mr. Lewis ventured to produce it again at his benefit, when it met with universal applause, and still continues to be favourably received. On this occasion the parts of *Sir Charles* and *Lady Racket*, *Drugget*, and *Dimity*, were filled, for the first time, by Mr. Jones, Mrs. Glover, Mr. Mathews, and Mrs. Gibbs. It would be gross flattery to say that we never saw *Sir Charles* and *Lady Racket* played better, but he must be more difficult to please, than worthy of being pleased, who would not pay a large tribute of applause to such acting.

† A three-act play, by Mr. Dimond.

*Baron de Longueville*\* during the absence of *Count de Valmont*,† sets fire to his chateau, with the design of destroying his wife and child, who are supposed to have been buried under the ruins. The *Count* returning from the wars, beholds at a distance the devastation that has taken place, and struck to the heart with grief, he betakes himself with his niece, *Geraldine*,‡ to another abode—in his way, however, he picks up a child, *Fabian*,§ the foundling of the forest, whom he adopts. Eighteen years

\* Mr. Eyre.

† Mr. Young.

‡ Mrs. Gibbs.

§ Mr. Jones.

elapse,



## July 11. Foundling of the Forest.—Killing no Murder.

July

elope, and *Fabian* himself becomes a warrior, and though unknown to the *Baron*, an object of his hate. *Bertrand*,\* a follower of the *Baron*, is sworn to murder him. With two others he way-lays him in a forest—in the dark inclemency of the night, *Fabian* escapes them, and finds shelter in a cottage. His repose here is soon interrupted by the arrival of the three cut-throats, two † of whom are for dispatching him on the spot, but *Bertrand*, the chief, who has *compunctious visitations*, proposes that they should drag him forth into the forest. While this is attempting, a former inmate of the old cottage-dame‡, who had absconded at the sight of *Fabian*, returns, and without uttering a syllable, manifests such an horrific apparition, as palsies the hands of the two thorough-paced murderers, and throws the half-bred villain, *Bertrand*, into convulsions, prayers, sighs, sobs, and every sort of extravagance.

Thus ends the first act, and the *dénouement* easily supplies itself. This horrible lady is known to the old woman by the name of *Silence*, but is *Eugenia*,§ the wife of the *Count de Valmont*, believed by her to have died in battle. *Bertrand*, during the conflagration, had met her with her child, (the *Fabian* already mentioned) and struck it with a dagger twice ineffectually—she loaths the sight of him, and his guilty conscience makes him believe her appearance supernatural. The *Baron* discovering that she lives, pursues her unrelentingly, but is baffled in his schemes by the repentant *Bertrand*. At length at midnight, a boat is prepared, and she is to be dropt in the middle of the Rhine, from which watery grave the aforesaid half-and-half gentleman saves her. She is restored to the *Count*, her son *Fabian* married to *Geraldine*, and the *Baron*, in great dudgeon, sent to a dungeon.

Now the *characters* of the persons of this drama, are thus briefly recapitulated. A *Count*, heart-broken for the loss of his wife and child, his wife heart-broken for the loss of her husband and child; and a foundling, the very child, in excellent spirits, without knowing that he has either father or mother. Add to these, a niece of the *Count*, a pretty girl, who is to marry the foundling; a bloody-minded *Baron*, who, with a vapouring inclination to use them, has every sort of death (fire, sword, and water) at his service; and a humane cut-throat, who *really* thinks his oath to commit a murder, binding on him, and *therefore* very ingeniously contrives never to keep it. It is impossible for us, who are occasional visitors at *Astley's*, not to remember all these characters,

\* Mr. Farley.

† Messrs. Noble and Smith.

§ Mrs. Davenport.

§ Mrs. Glover.

passions,

## July 12. The Foundling of the Forest.—Killing no Murder.

July

passions, ends, and means perpetually, with very sparing distortion, repeated there in dumb shew. What we have described, makes it superfluous to add, that Mr. Dimond's plot and persons would make a very good *bullet of action*; but we are ready to allow it further merits. The colloquy is well adapted to the speakers, and the language frequently poetical and forcible, and almost invariably void of originality. The play is somewhat too long, but exceedingly well put together, and the interest of the different situations, now very powerful and painful, would be far more reasonably so, were the *Baron de Longueville* not such a disinterested villain, as to do all this mischief gratis, and without, as it appeared to us, any provocation or proposed advantage. While we were horror-struck, with staring eyes, and mouth half open, breathless at the terror and distress produced by the *Baron's* machinations, the most ingenious critic of the present day put this query to us—"Pray, what is his motive for doing all this?" which so puzzled us, that we had half a mind to have stopt Mr. Eyre in his murderous career, and civilly asked him the same question. We doubt not that Mr. Dimond explains this privately, but it would certainly be to the advantage of the piece if it had been done more publicly.

The performers all did the play ample justice, but there is no one part in it, that can be called *good*. Mr. Young's talents were disgraced by this burlesque tragedy, only suited to the *tyrant in tapestry-acting* of Mr. Farley. Mrs. Glover being put into a serious character, the author could not do better than to tie her tongue. While her name was *Silence*, (the first time that any woman was so named) her appearance perfectly out-horrored all the horrors of the *Casile Spectre*. In the latter melancholy acts, her action was often good, but so was never her face, which possesses none but comic expression. Mr. Liston has a part, *Le Clair*, which we have not mentioned, and thought not to mention, because it would be missed neither here nor there. He is a soldier and a *trumpeter* of his own deeds, in tactical technicals. Mrs. Liston in *Rosabella*, a waiting-maid, finds him tipsy about the middle of the piece, and says to him—"Let me persuade you to go to bed.—I'm going to bed myself," and we never hear any more of them.

Delighted with the scenery, and much frightened at the play, but well pleased with their fright, the audience heard *The Foundling of the Forest* given out for repetition, with loud applause, and we indeed think it upon the whole a very ingenious performance for Mr. Dimond. But how do we judge? We can only judge from what we know, and we only know Mr. Dimond from the singular gaiety and finery of his dress. What says the *arbiter elegantiarum*? "We cannot help forming some opinion

July 13 to 20. The Foundling of the Forest.—Killing no Murder.

opinion of a man's sense and character from his dress. All affectation in dress implies a flaw in the understanding." Then, we do confess that he has exceeded our expectation, and to parody *old Dernton's* speech to *Mr. Sully*, we shall for the future do him the justice to say, that *he is a clever fellow, though he don't look so.* "On n'est pas toujours aussi fou qu'on en a l'air."

#### LYCEUM.\*

1809.

June 26 to July 5. Up all Night, or the Smuggler's Cave.—Love in a Tub.

\* Under a licence granted by the present Lord Chamberlain, Mr. Arnold, son of the late Dr. Arnold, opened on the 26th June, a new theatre, within the building called the *Lyceum*. Although the spot is the same as that on which the Drury-Lane company so recently figured, yet the extraordinary conveniences, improvements, and embellishments\* it has experienced, added to the novelty of the project, make it justly entitled to the denomination of a *new theatre*. The licence obtained by Mr. Arnold has this peculiarity—it gives the liberty of playing what he styles *English operas*, by which may be understood every sort of *opera* performed at the regular theatres, without, as was formerly the case, throwing the dialogue into recitative. In consequence of this grant, his lordship has had various applications and expostulations from the monopolizers. To their *generous* and *disinterested* appeals, this has been the reply—"Mr. Arnold has my licence to do what you see, and if you give me much trouble about it, I will not only not deprive him of what he has, but endeavour to obtain him permission to do all that you do." To call this nobleman merely *Lord Chamberlain*, were to degrade him. We must mention the name of the EARL of DARTMOUTH, and not sink him in the mob of *Lord Chamberlains*, who have had no more taste and feelings for the arts than so many Lord Mayors!

The titles of the pieces, with which this novelty in the theatrical world commenced its course, appear above. *Love in a Tub* is Mr. D' Egville's old ballet, but *Up all Night, or the Smuggler's Cave*, is a new comic opera from the pen of Mr. Arnold, whose dramatic talent is not

\* The interior of the theatre, which is enlarged by taking the former lobby, is light and elegant. The fronts of the boxes are painted in compartments, with a vermillion border, edged with gold; the ground pearl colour, with medallions in the middle of pearl, upon a vermillion ground. The avenues are spacious, and the appropriation of the panorama of St. Petersburg, now illuminated by a brilliant chandelier, to the purpose of a saloon, forms a charm of no ordinary merit.

unknown to the town. We have said enough of the vehicle, and now to give some idea of the steeds that are to put it in motion, we shall make out a list of the supporters of the principal characters in this drama.

<i>Admiral Blunt</i>	. . . . .	Mr. Dowton.
<i>Harry Blunt</i>	. . . . .	Doyle.
<i>Heartwell</i>	. . . . .	Marshall.
<i>Young Heartwell</i>	. . . . .	Phillips.
<i>Meddle</i>	. . . . .	Horn.
<i>Peter</i>	. . . . .	Smith.
<i>Smugglers</i>	. . . . .	} Fisher. Miller. Chatterley.
<i>Boy</i>	. . . . .	
<i>Juliana</i>	. . . . .	
<i>Flora</i>	. . . . .	Bishop (late Miss Lyon).
<i>Madge</i>	. . . . .	Orger.

From this nomenclature, it will be seen that Mr. Arnold's stud consists of some of the best breed, with several as yet untried. Through their exertions the opera was received with great favour and considerable applause. We suppose that the author intends the plot of his *English operas* to be very simple. Nothing can be more so than the fable of the present. *Admiral Blunt*, "a midshipman in 1764," retires into the country with his son *Harry*, and his daughter *Juliana*. Their marriage is all his thoughts, and to secure its happiness, like a good, tender, and considerate father, he gives them leave to make their own choice, with the assurance of his consent, *provided* it is perfectly to his mind; and for *Juliana*, he has already met with one that suits his taste, *Young Heartwell*. This hero returns from abroad, when some *operatic* disguise takes place on his part, and on that of *Flora*, his sister, which creates a degree of confusion, ending, however, in the infinitely happy marriage of *Young Heartwell* and *Juliana*, and *Harry Blunt* and *Flora*, the fathers all along stupidly opposing it, till the *éclaircissement*. There is no one (according to a certain writer) who has not felt that fathers are a great nuisance to the comfort of their children and there is no stronger proof of the miserable supineness of society than its toleration of such a crying evil!! In *comedies* and *operas* it is still more felt than in real life. What a consoling thing it would often be to the audience, if there were no *fathers*!

By these remarks it may, perhaps, seem as if we thought Mr. Arnold's opera too long—it is long enough. However, the action goes on smoothly, assisted by some very pretty scenery, a variety of airs, duetts, chorusses, &c. and is not on the whole without

a good share of merit. Still we must say that our idea of *English opera* is formed on a very different conception from Mr. Arnold's, if it so entirely precludes wit, and so sparingly admits of humour and character. The songs are remarkably well introduced, and connected with the passing scene. This is but a beginning. A fair field is open, and much may yet be done.

Of the new *débutants*, Mr. Phillips from Dublin stands "*first and foremost*." He has a genteel figure and a pleasing countenance. Coming from the land not much given to *mauvaise honte*, his diffidence by no means obscured or fettered his powers. As an actor, he has much to learn, although none that we know, who sings so well, can bear any comparison with him in acting. His voice is between a tenor and a contralto, and he sings with considerable execution and taste. His articulation is remarkably clear and distinct. In *Tom Steady*, and *O sigh not for Love*, he was loudly and deservedly encored. As we are not likely to part soon, we shall just hint at a vile vice, which we could wish corrected, namely, an imitation of Mr. Braham's *pumping*---

To copy beauties, forfeits all pretence

To fame—to copy faults is want of sense.

Churchill.

Of Mr. Horn we must speak in little—his voice is little, but pretty, and capable of improvement; his acting is incapable of deterioration: if nothing is stationary in this world, we think, he must rise. We say, *we think*, because we know several actors of whom we once thought the same, but were deceived, for they still continue to travel the old road, although it long since seemed to us impossible that they could move another inch in that direction. Of Mr. Dowton, in a testy old gentleman, and Mrs. Mountain, a captain but no soldier, i. e. a singer in *character unable to act*, we need say nothing. In an excellent comic song, *O! O! story of woe!* the former was irresistibly droll, and the latter in *Oh! roses are sweet*, gave us all the "*Mountain honey*" of her lips.

Mrs. Bishop is certainly an acquisition to this theatre, but there is no symptom of improvement in either her acting or her singing. Mr.

\* Dr. Johnson much objected to a verse beginning with *O!* but Mr. Arnold seems to believe Captain Morris a better standard---

Oh! that the French would but fight,

Oh! how we pepper our foes,

Oh! how we swim in delight,

Oh! how we're led by the nose.

Oh! with what wisdom we rule,

Oh! how we conquer each evil,

Oh! how the nation we fool,

And Oh! how we drive to the devil.

*A chapter of Oh's!*

July 5 to July 8. Up all Night.—Poor Vulcan.\*

10 to 20. Id.—The Nabob, or the Indian Lovers.†

Smith's bass is in accompanying most destructive of sweet harmony—a horrible species of roaring, rumbling, grumbling ventriloquism. In this compliment, Mr. Doyle, so clever in catches and glees, &c. may share as a solo singer—here he appeared, as Tom Dibdin would say, *without parts*. Mrs. Orger is a clever actress.

The music by Mr. M. P. King was lively and fully entitled to all that is expressed in the new motto to our *Review*, reading *music* for *books*.

\* This burletta, by C. Dibdin, was acted first at Covent-Garden in 1778. Its revival served to introduce Mr. Penson from the Liverpool theatre in *Vulcan*; Miss E. Bolton, sister of Miss Bolton, and pupil of Bishop, in *Venus*; and Mr. Fitzsimmons, of the Drury-Lane company, in *Apollo*. Mr. Penson seems to understand his business, and has some humour. Miss E. Bolton, as *Venus*, looked the character to perfection, if very pretty hazle eyes may be allowed as a substitute for the blue optics, which for time immemorial have been the property of *Venus*. The modesty and diffidence of her manner were certainly out of character in *Venus*, but it should be remembered that at that period the Queen of the loves was stripped of her goddess-ship, and adversity will humble the proudest of us. Miss E. Bolton appears to possess considerable skill in music, and has a figure, face, and deportment, which excite present interest and give earnest of future excellence. Her master being Mr. Bishop, is a promising omen—though, good man, he appears as yet to have done nothing for his wife.

† This piece is transplanted from the Opera House into certainly too confined a soil to flourish. The new Frenchman and Master Noble, aim to be *Deshayes* and *Vestris*, and Miss Lupino emulates *Angiolini*. With *tip-top* dancers, it might do very well *in toto*; but nothing short of the prime heroes and heroines of the toe will compensate for fable and incident. One *Raymond and Agnes*, or *Cinderella*, where the progress of events is not stopt by a *pirouette*, is in our opinion worth all the evolutions of the Opera House, especially when brought out, as now, at second-hand.

#### THEATRICAL CHIT-CHAT.

DRURY-LANE old Concern.—There is now a possibility of ten shillings in the pound. The debt is about 200,000*l*. Two parties have offered 60,000*l*. for the patent, which, with the 45,000*l*. insured, and the sale of the ruins, would amount to 106,000*l*. But sixty barley-straws have not been offered for the patent, if Mr. SHERIDAN is to keep it

company, and his faithful attachment is so rooted, that even death will not part them—his family, he says, will hereafter get 10,000*l.* a year by it.

TOM SHERIDAN has received great advantage from the 5000*l.* subscription, and is recovering very fast. In his merry moments he often repeats his father's words in *Puff*; "I was burnt out, and lost my little all. I lived upon that fire a month!"

A NEW DRURY-LANE THEATRE.—MR. SHERIDAN has sounded Mr. PERCEVAL on the projected plan of erecting one by lottery, but the Chancellor is decidedly against it. Mr. S. thinks of opening the *Lyceum* on the 9th of Sept. by licence, for his own emolument.

Mr. Egerton of the Bath theatre, is engaged at the New Covent to succeed Mr. Pope.

Mr. TAYLOR intends to endeavour to get a licence to play *English operas* at the King's Theatre, with the assistance of Mrs. Billington, Mr. Braham, &c. The Italian opera is clearly on the decline in this country.

On the 29th of June, died Miss MEADOWS, on a load of hay. She was seized with spasms, while riding with her father in a chaise, and conveyed to the hay on which she expired.

"The managers of the *Liverpool theatre* have (according to the public prints) presented Mr. COOKE with a piece of plate for his unequalled exertions during the last three weeks" of June—in *English*—having kept sober (Sundays excepted) the whole one-and-twenty days! The piece of plate, being "two silver gilt cups," was very satirical of Messrs. Lewis and Knight, for it was, as if they had said, Now, Master Cooke, you have what you like—a cup too much.

Lately at *Swansea theatre* a new ballet was produced, called *The Savages*, under the direction of Mr. Kean.

MR. ELLISTON'S *Macheath* at the *Circus*.—On the 13th of June, two days previous to this worthy display of his talents, he thought it necessary to address an apologetic letter to his friends. This long epistle was in our possession, but we would not then, nor shall we now find room for it. Our opinion of his letter-writing, and acting out of his particular line, is well known. On this occasion we shall borrow two of many similar sentences from an ingenious contemporary critic. Of the contents of the letter he says, they "convince us of nothing but the writer's consummate vanity." (By the word *writer* he is, perhaps, not aware that he kills two birds, a fat stubble and a green goose, with one stone.) Of his *Macheath* he speaks thus: "He has not a note in his voice, and knows no more of music than modesty."

CATALANI.—MR. HARRIS has begun to feel the pulse of the public. In the *British Press*, July 6, there is a letter signed *John Bull*, declaring how delighted he, Mrs. Bull, and all the little Bulls (alias calves) will

be to hear Catalani "for a few shillings," (*seven* we suppose) at the theatre, instead of *half a guinea* at the Opera. We believe the feelings of Mr. Bull to be here very much belied, and we trust that the writer has taken his name in vain. If so, we understand that Mr. HARRIS means to give CATALANI 1000*l.* to be off. Better give her the whole of the bond, and glut the rapacious avarice of her husband, than so degrade the British theatre.

"Some of the papers state, that there was a *fracas* between Mrs. Jordan and another performer at the Dublin theatre.—There was no *fracas*; but the fact is, Mr. Dwyer behaved improperly on the stage, and the manager very properly withdrew him during the remainder of Mrs. Jordan's performance in Dublin."

If Mr. Dwyer will send us a relation of the story, as he tells it, it shall be inserted.

Mr. INCLEDON is taking a tour of Norfolk, with his *Voyage to India*.

Mrs. CLARKE of the Manchester theatre is engaged by Mr. HARRIS for three years.

*Opera House*.—On Saturday the 8th, the *corps de ballet* refused their assistance, from respect to Mr. D'EGVILLE, who has been treated with so much illiberality by Mr. TAYLOR.

Mr. H. JOHNSTON has for 6000*l.* obtained Astley's theatre in Dublin licence to play *English operas*, &c. The house enlarged will hold 400*l.* He is in town engaging a company.

#### ASTLEY'S AMPHITHEATRE.

*The Arab; or the Freebooters of the Desert*; continues both with *foot and horse*, to levy very large contributions on the public purse. Mr. Astley's genius has never been more successful. He has also added a new comic pantomime, called *Harlequin Pygmalion, or a Tour through France*; in which the excellence of Mr. Laurent and Mr. Bologna junr. are very conspicuous. The *Hunted Tailor* is equally surprising and amusing.

#### SADLER'S WELLS.

If this theatre is not more profitable than any other, it is merely because it is smaller; for the entertainments have given so much satisfaction to all ranks, that the house overflows every night. Mr. C. Dibdin's *Wild Man* is still running, and nothing in scenic representation can be more delightful. Grimaldi's serious ballet acting is little inferior to his pantomimic, and Mr. Rees junr. in *Sancho* shews a good portion of comic talent.



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 PROVINCIAL DRAMA.
 

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*Theatre, Royal, LIMERICK.*—Our theatre has been opened here for several weeks under the management of Mr. Clarke. This city has never been remarkable for supporting the entertainments of the drama, and indeed chiefly occasioned by the little exertion that has been used to render the amusements attractive. The situation of the theatre is extremely incommodious, and the interior of the building has an appearance which does little credit to the proprietor. The present patentee, Mr. Jones, contents himself with sending down some few individuals from the Dublin theatre, with the aid, perhaps, of one performer of established celebrity, for about a fortnight, in the middle of summer, and at this period most of the families have left the city for the amusements of the country; but, however, at this period are the assizes; it is considered a public time, and it is the only season that Mr. Jones has ever found it *convenient* to send performers to us. Our present manager, Mr. Clarke, who is the proprietor of Galway, Tralee, and other provincial theatres, resolving to make the experiment, entered into arrangements with Mr. Jones, and has, with a spirit and enterprise highly praise-worthy, brought a most respectable provincial company, who have been performing here for several weeks, with a degree of success that was not expected. The encouragement Mr. Clarke has met with, we hope may be such as to induce him to visit this city annually, and as a new theatre is generally spoken of, as about to be erected in a situation more eligible than the present, we augur most favourably of the attempt. The present theatre is in every point most unfavourable to the interests of a manager, and the high terms which Mr. Clarke engaged it upon, we are apprehensive will leave but little profit to himself. We confidently trust, however, that it may be the means of leading to the formation of an establishment upon a more advantageous plan, and that full scope may be given to the energy and exertion of our present manager. The company consists of the manager, Mr. Lacy (who performed some seasons ago at Covent-Garden), Mr. Curtis, Mr. Connor, Mr. Smith, Mr. Richards, Mr. Helme, Mr. Williamson, Mr. Gahan, Mr. Ives, &c. Mrs. Clarke (wife of the manager), Miss Matthews, Mrs. Kelly, Miss Webb, Mrs. Connor, &c. Mr. and Mrs. Hill, late of the Covent-Garden theatre, performed here for a few nights. Mr. H. Johnston has been likewise engaged, and was rewarded last week by an excellent benefit; the receipts of the house we understand were 156*l.* *Pizarro* has been renewed here with great splendour, and performed several nights; H. Johnston was the *Rolla*,

Clarke, Alonso, Lacy, Pizarro. Miss Matthews, Elvira, and Mrs. Clarke, Cora; all of which characters were most ably supported. The merits of the company shall be more fully spoken of in a future number.

May 30, 1809.

A CONSTANT READER.

**Theatre, DURHAM.**—This theatre closed on Friday last, the 19th instant, with Mrs. Inchbald's comedy of, "*Wives as they were, and Maids as they are,*" and the "*Jubilee,*" for the benefit of our worthy manager, Mr. Anderson, after a very successful and profitable season. Messrs. Anderson and Faulkner have been indefatigable in their exertions to produce and bring forward every novelty; such as the *Africans, Exile, Portrait of Cervantes, Is he a Prince? School for Authors, &c. &c.* and in a style of expence, elegance of scenery, dresses, and decorations, certainly not surpassed in any country theatre. The present company are Messrs. Faulkner (*manager*), Flowerdew, Lancaster, Thompson, Russell, Wallis, Darley, Bland, Elliotts (father and son), Holmes, Adcock, and Diddear. Ladies—Mrs. Pitt, Darley, Elliott, Lancaster, Wallis, Bland; Misses Simpson, Campion, and Diddear. Mr. Faulkner's merits are well known, I shall therefore begin with Mr. Flowerdew, a very genteel young man, and a correct sensible actor, particularly in parts of cool declamation; he is successor to a Mr. Mann, who left this company last year, and was the reverse of every thing which an actor ought to be, and possess. Mr. Lancaster has come in Mr. Penson's place, and it is not saying too much, that he is, and deservedly so, a great favourite. Mr. Russell is new also, and in country boys, a great favourite. Mr. Russell also sings well, particularly comic songs. Mr. Wallis is first singer, possesses a fine genteel figure, and good face, but he seems young on the stage, and has much both to acquire and get rid of, before he can be properly qualified for such a situation. Darley is still the same good-natured stupid sot we have ever known him, and would he refrain from his daily guzzling down eight or ten pints of ale and porter, and wasting his time in the very lowest blackguard company, he might then be able to retain his faculties at night, and acquit himself with decency in parts of greater consequence, than the managers dare at present entrust him with. Messrs. Elliott are beyond doubt a pair of the vilest tormenting clogs that were ever hung round the neck of a manager, and did not humanity exonerate the managers from blame, for so long retaining them, this audience would have long since interdicted their appearance. Mr. Holmes has followed Mr. Carr, who was here two years ago, and to say the least in his dispraise, he is every thing which Mr. Carr was not; Mr. Carr was invariably correct to a letter, and Mr. Holmes repeats almost every sentence after the prompter;

Mr. Carr was a steady sensible actor, and "never overstepped the modesty of nature," but his "delicate" successor bellows out every word in the true *contenticle cant*, and caricatures "poor nature most abominably." Mr. Adcock plays the part of Irishmen, fops, old men, &c. &c.—is in *every thing the same*, and if ever an actor mistook his way *pre eminently above all others*, he is that "unlucky wight." Alas, poor Noble, "what a falling off is here!" I am afraid we shall "never look upon his like again" *here*. The remaining male part of the company are so far beneath criticism, that to mention their *defects* would be giving them a consequence not intended. Of the ladies, Mrs. Pitt and Miss Campion, have retrograded with rapid strides for the two last years, but their loss cannot be felt while Miss Simpson (from Manchester), and Miss Macauley (from Newcastle), who is to join at South Shields, take their places, and remain in the company. Mrs. Darley is a host in herself, and both as a singer and an actress stands unequalled in most country theatres. Mrs. Wallis is a pretty singer, and in some things, a lively actress; but she has acquired a disagreeable habit of entertaining a continual simper or grin, which in some characters makes her, although otherwise a pretty woman, highly disgusting. Mrs. Elliott has been prevented by illness from appearing much this season; but she was at the best an indifferent actress, and in the old women's line never exceeded mediocrity.

P. F.

May 26, 1809.

*Theatre, SUNDERLAND.*—Our managers brought us down for six nights, Mrs. Edwin, who is engaged for the ensuing season at Covent-Garden, and who is truly a most fascinating actress; she personated the following characters to a good assemblage of beauty, loveliness, and fashion:—*Letitia Hardy*, and *Ella Rosenberg*, *Juliana* (Honey Moon), and *Flora* (Midnight Hour), *Cora*, and *Clara* (Matrimony), *Angela*, and *Aura* (Farm-House), *Lady Townley*, and *Alexina*, and *Statira* and *Roxalana*, for her benefit. Our company is in as good a state as we can expect from the known liking the "lords" have for new faces; the following good people comprise the good company—Messrs. Faulkner, Bland, Darley, Wright, Thompson, Elliott, W. Elliott, Adcock, Holmes, Russell, Flowerdew, Lancaster, Wallis, and Gilchrist, (a youth just made his debut on any stage). Mesdames Pitt, Darley, Bland, Elliott, Wallis, Lancaster, Thompson, Miss Simpson, and Miss Macauley. There is another lady belonging to the company, a Miss Campion, but for what reason she has been left at the town, (South Shields) whilst the whole of the company else has been shewn, we cannot tell, but a good actress she is, and a lovely discreet girl into the bargain; but 'tis said she leaves for Portsmouth, through some quarrel with the

managers, as they have cast her into the back ground while she stays. Miss Simpson, I think, succeeds her in the graces of the manager both off as well as on the stage—she is a lovely fine-figured pretty little thing to be sure, but then old friends should not be thrown away for new faces. Russell sings a funny song well, as does also Lancaster, and they invariably sing every night after the play. Mrs. Darley is a most useful actress, and a deserving woman. Miss Macauley is an actress of superior merit. Mrs. Wallis pretends to sing well, but in general hurts the sense from her squall. Wallis, fit for nothing but to be set in a box to be looked at, when dressed. Flowerdew is a favourite, and rather deservedly so on the stage, but off not quite so good. Thompson is chaste and humorous. Mrs. Thompson, an automaton, though pretty. Adcock, a bustler; Holmes, a raunter. The Elliotts, Bland, Wright, Darley, and Gilchrist, below mediocrity.

By next season we understand we are to have nearly a new set, if to be had, as the following are reported to be on the leaving list—Mr. W. and Mrs. Elliot, Mr. and Mrs. Wallis, Mrs. Pitt, Mr. Gilchrist, and Miss Campion; so that there is a good opening for old women, young girls and sentimentals.

June 20, 1809.

PRIVADO.

## CHARACTERS IN TRAGEDY, COMEDY, AND FARCE,

*Performed by Mr. Lewis, at the late Covent-Garden Theatre.*

### TRAGEDY.

Posthumus, in Cymbeline.  
 Jaffier, Venice Preserved.  
 Biron, Isabella.  
 Warwick, Earl of Warwick.  
 Romeo, and Mercutio, Romeo and Juliet.  
 Hamlet, Hamlet.  
 Lothario, Fair Penitent.  
 Anrenzebe, Indian Emperor.  
 Douglas, Douglas.  
 Athelwold, Elfrida.  
 Hypolitus, Phedra.

Pharnaces, Cleonice.  
 Philotas, Grecian Daughter.  
 Edward, Edward and Eleonora.  
 Theodosius, Force of Love.  
 Marcus, Cato.  
 Antonio, Don Sebastian.  
 Lord Dudley, Lady Jane Grey.  
 Terebasus, Zenobia.  
 Etan, Orphan of China.  
 Aribert, Royal Convert.  
 Chamont, Orphan.  
 Lord Fairfax, King Charles.

H—VOL. VI.\*

The Bastard, King John.	Alfred, Alfred.
Publius, Roman Father.	Achilles, Achilles.
Osmyn, Mourning Bride.	Philippus, Philodemus.
Tancred, Tancred and Sigismunda.	Leostines, Bondman.
Arviragus, Caractacus.	Herodian, Herodian.
Theodore, Count Narbonne.	Captain Daunant, Mysterious
Lord Salisbury, Count Salisbury.	Husband.
Sir Thomas Overbury, Sir Thomas	Alexander, Alexander.
Overbury.	Cassio, Othello.
Lord Hastings, Jane Shore.	Dioclesian, The Emperor.
Lord Percy, Percy.	

## COMEDY.

Belcour, West Indian.	Sir Brilliant Fashion, Way to keep
Trueman, The Duellist.	him.
Sir George Airy, and Marplot,	Prince of Wales, Henry IV.
Busy Body.	Mawbry, South Briton.
Witmore, Man of Reason.	Lorenzo, Spanish Fryer.
Clody, Fop's Fortune.	Careless, Double Dealer
Archer, and Aimwell, Beaux Stra-	Faulkland, Rivals.
tagem.	Jupiter, Amphitryon.
Lord G. Brilliant, Lady's last	Duretette, Inconstant.
Stake.	Lord Townley, Journey to Lon-
Benedick, and Clandio, Much a-do.	don.
Beverley, Man of Business.	Milamore, Know your own Mind.
Florizel, Winter's Tale.	Orsino, Twelfth Night.
Lord Trinket, Jealous Wife.	Beverly, School for Wives.
Valentine, and Tattle, Love for	Captain Trueman, The Twin Rivals.
Love.	Woodville, Chapter of Accidents.
Ranger, and Frankly, Suspicious	Beauchamp, Which is the Man.
Husband.	Sir Courtly Nice, Man of
Young Bevil, and Tom, Conscious	Mode.
Lovers.	Sir Harry Portland, False Appear-
Orlando, As you like it.	ances.
Franky, The Refusal.	Doricourt, Belle's Stratagem.
Plume, and Brazen, Recruiting	Sir Charles Danvers, Second
Officer.	Thoughts are best.
Don John, the Man's the Master.	The Copper Captain, and the Pil-
Felix, and Lissardo, Wonder.	grim, Rule a Wife, &c.
Campley, Grief à-la-Mode.	Antipholis Syracuse, Comedy of
Lord Foppington, Careless Hus-	Errors.
band.	Egerton, Man of the World.

- Phormio, Widow of Delphi.  
 Carlos, Mistake.  
 Courtall, Woman's a Riddle.  
 Atall, Double Gallant.  
 Sir Harry Flutter, The Discovery.  
 Don Julio, Bold Stroke for a Husband.  
 Younger Brother, and the Knight of Malta, Capricious Lady.  
 Trapanti, Kind Impostor.  
 Belair, More Ways than One.  
 Witwou'd, Way of the World.  
 Count Almaviva, Follies of a Day.  
 Lackland, Fontainebleau.  
 Wilford, Fashionable Levities.  
 Sir Harry Wildair, Constant Couple.  
 Col. Lambert, Hypocrite.  
 Novel, Plain Dealer.  
 Tyrrel, and Lord Aberville, Fashionable Lover.  
 Faddle, The Foundling.  
 Twineall, Such Things are.  
 Crevelt, Would be a Soldier.  
 Kamiler, Miser.  
 Captain Clermont, Jealous Husband.  
 Wildlove, All on a Summer's Day.  
 Captain Daffodil, The Ton.  
 Count Valentia, Child of Nature.  
 Aircourt, The Toy.  
 Belmore, Old Batchelors.  
 Hazelwood, Pharo Table.  
 Lofty, Good-natured Man.  
 Marmozet, Widow's Vow.  
 Vapid, Dramatist.  
 Sedley, Force of Fashion.  
 Sir Paul Flippant, Seduction.  
 Nominal, Notoriety.  
 Count Villars, School of Arrogance.  
 Goldfinch, Road to Ruin.  
 Rover, Wild Oats.  
 Harry Haunden, Columbus.  
 Sir Robert Ramble, Every one has his Fault.  
 Pave, How to grow rich.  
 Doctor Gribaby, World in a Village.  
 Muscadel, Painter's Daughter.  
 Don John, The Chances.  
 Gingham, The Rage.  
 Tippy, World as it is.  
 Lord Arthur, Life's Vagaries.  
 Hilario, Mysteries of the Castle.  
 Lord Arthur, Life's Vagaries.  
 Beverly, All in the Wrong.  
 Tanjour, Speculation.  
 Tangent, Way to get married.  
 Aphazzard, Fortune's Fool.  
 Rapid, Cure for the Heart Ache.  
 Bronzly, Wives as they were.  
 Rostrum, Secrets worth knowing.  
 Sir George Versatile, Much to blame.  
 Sir Francis Delroy, Widow's Promise.  
 Charles, School for Scandal.  
 Gosamer, Laugh when you can.  
 Droply, Vetary of Wealth.  
 George Fervid, Five Thousand a Year.  
 Tim Period, The Sisters.  
 Cheverel, Deserted Daughter.  
 Captain Lavish, Management.  
 Clarensforth, Wise Man of the East.  
 Frank Liberal, Liberal Opinions.  
 Sir Harry Terpid, Life.  
 Fred. Bramble, Poor Gentleman.  
 Wellborn, New Way to pay old Debts.  
 Tom Tick, Folly as it flies.  
 Harry Sapling, Delays and Blunders.  
 Tom Shuffleton, John Bull.

Harry Hairbrain, Will for the Deed.	Jack Doric, Delinquent.
Charles Tourly, Blind Bargain.	Charles Peerless, Romantic Lover.
Ferment, School of Reform.	Brass, Confederacy.
Sir Larry M' Marrough, Who wants a Guinea?	Mirando, Knight of Malta.

## FARCE.

Petruchio, Catharine and Petru- chio.	Lord Duke, High Life below Stairs.
Apprentice, Apprentice.	Marquis, Midnight Hour.
Sir Charles Racket, Three Weeks after Marriage.	Glib, Peep behind the Curtain.
Young Wilding, Liar.	Trapolin, Duke and no Duke.
Squire Groom, Love à-la-Mode.	Shatterbrain, Absent Man.
Fine Gentleman, Lethe.	Jeremy Didler, Raising the Wind.
Dupely, Maid of the Oaks.	Jack Familiar, Arbitration.
	Count Almaviva, Follies of a Day.

134 Principally the first parts in comedy.

45 The principal the first in tragedy.

15 Principal in farces.

194 In the same theatre.

## ENDYMION THE EXILE.\*

## LETTER XVIII.

YOU are right, Ambrose. Example is rather better than precept, but it is also rather more difficult. There is a certain lantern-jawed lecturer, who has lately illuminated the cities of London and Westminster, with a dissertation on KEMBLE's defects. So far was well; but when he descended from the doctor's chair into the amphitheatre, and shewed by example, how *Macbeth* should address the imaginary dagger, he stuck that weapon up to the hilt in the body of his own reputation. One man makes a shoe, and another an epigram. A critic of common feeling can tell that the former pinches, and that the latter does not. But place an awl or a pen into his right hand, and 'tis ten to one he can go but a little way towards mending either. Captain Gregory Higgins, has a very pretty house in *Berkeley-Square*, and is celebrated in private parties, for his skill in imitating KEMBLE. You saw that celebrated English tragedian a few years ago on his visit to Paris, and I can assure you if you were present at one of Captain Higgins's exhibitions, and

\* A miscalculation has made us misplace, rather than delay the lucubrations of our witty and ingenious friend *Endymion*. Edit.

were to shut your eyes, (and your ears,) you might by dint of a creative imagination, suppose that Kemble himself was in the room! Ambition is progressive. If *Captain Gregory Higgins* gained so much applause by a single speech, what portion of glory would he acquire, by rivalling KEMBLE through a whole play? He did not wait to work this question by the rule of three, but forthwith hired the private theatre in *Tottenham Street*, and by promising the fashionables a subsequent supper, embellished with champagne, procured a numerous and splendid audience. Gregory has a good leg, and gives good dinners: qualities which have procured him the admiration of the women, and the endurance of the men. I obtained a pit ticket from my friend *Trelawny*, and repaired to the temple of *Thespis* at eight o'clock. A numerous audience had already assembled. *Lady Bridget Sidebottom*, and her three slim brothers occupied one stage box: *Sir Sam. Weazle*, and his imperious spouse nodded approbation from the other. *Old Squeez'em*, and his meagre wife, from *St. Mary Axe*; the *Misses Penelope*, and *Georgiana Snarl*, daughters of a deceased banker: *Sir Daniel Discount* himself a banker: young men of fashion from *Albany*, and their shadows from the city, and a countless host of ladies, loungers, and *litterati*, contributed to swell the note of welcome to the *dilettanti Rossians*. The scene lay in *Pera*, and Gregory was, you may be sure, even more plentifully bedaubed with gold, than when cased in his own dress coat as a captain in the guards. Nay the family jewels were pressed into the service, his great aunt, *Lady Macpledgit*, the widow of a Scots nobleman, having redeemed her diamond necklace from pawn, for that night only, by particular desire, to decorate the brow of her victorious nephew. Thus bedizened, he made his *entré* with a bird of *Paradise* upon his head, whose long tail might have tempted *Eve* herself, and was greeted with three distinct rounds of applause, to which he, though kinsman to the King of *Pera*, was condescending enough to return suitable acknowledgments.

Nothing occurred worthy of commemoration, till his speech to the soldiers, advising them to spend their last shilling, and shed the last drop of their blood in defence of social order and their holy religion, which you may well imagine charmed all hearts. *Mr. Caustic* who writes for one of the papers, said, it was really not so bad considering; and two slender young ensigns, whose long legs were united at the knee like great A, while their swaggering gait resembled bouncing B, withdrew their opera glasses from their half shut eyes, for the express purpose of declaring that it was damned fair. To speak my private opinion to thee, *Ambrose*, in confidence, it was execrably bad. At one time the captain spoke so low, that he might be supposed to be ventriloquizing, with a privy counsellor, and at another roared as though he were desirous that his own domestics in *Berkeley Square* should benefit by his rhetoric.



ric. In the unimpassioned scenes his arms hung stiff and lifeless, like those of a coat upon a dyer's pole, and when he took his soldiers to task for deserting their post, he elevated his hands with such a windmill motion, that I thought he was about to throw a somerset into the pit, and actually shifted my quarters to avoid the impending calamity. The drama had now arrived at a climax of distress. The Peruvian hero made love to his friend's wife, to which she expressed an aversion altogether unaccountable, considering that her husband was completely out of the way. The cousin to the king of the golden mines then good-naturedly determined to bring man and wife together: the audience were hushed in mute attention, and the valiant captain had every prospect of a brilliant campaign. But alas, as the dictionary-maker says, *What are the hopes of man?* A certain fashionable tailor, in whose books *Beau Higgins* had dipped far deeper than in the classics, becoming impatient for his money, had employed two journeymen, named *John Doe* and *Richard Roe*, to manufacture one suit more than *Higgins* had ordered. Those two worthies having been treated with proper contempt, had called one *Fierifacias* to their aid, and poor *Gregory's* cold ham, chickens, syllabub and champagne, were enlisted into the service of an ignoble botcher of broad cloth. The evil news spread through the house like the dry rot. The audience who had endured bad acting in hopes of a good supper, were immediately in motion: back rolled the fashionable tide with a rapidity that carried every thing before it. A series of other engagements were straightway recollected, which could not be violated with any appearance of decorum. *Sir Daniel Discount* was upon his honour expected at *Tom's Coffee-House*, *Lady Bridget Slide-bottom*, had a sick aunt at Chelsea, and moreover must positively finish her lilac ridicule by the morning. Her three brothers had a wager to decide about one of our native tumblers at the Opera-House. The *Misses Pope* and *Georgiana Snarl*, pleaded a game at Casino: *Sir Samuel* and *Lady Weazle*, sneaked off to a methodist meeting, and the two ensigns called it a *complete hoax*. The poor captain redoubled his efforts which were drowned in the noise of rattling benches, and before the commencement of the fifth act, he had ranted himself bare to the very fiddlers. Nor were his misfortunes destined to stop here. One of his domestics, who had been drilled to convey his master's remains to a Peruvian grave, had made rather too free with a bowl of gratuitous negus which stood in the window of the green room. The consequence was, that while he was carrying the *dilettanti* corpse on his uplifted hands, stiffened with all its might, and as proud of its elevated leg, as a dead gentleman's body should always be, the unfortunate carrier reeled and fell, and the deceased Peruvian descended head foremost on his right shoulder, with a force which has since occasioned him to parade Bond-Street, with his right arm in a sling.

*Captain Gregory Higgins*, adieu! thy career was short but glorious. Like a Vauxhall rocket thou didst for a little moment outshine the established luminary of the night; and if a sheriff's officer cut short thy glories, why should *Captain Higgins* repine at what *Captain Mackerath* was forced to endure? Be comforted—the *Morning Post* has registered thy dinners: *Endymion the Exile* has recorded thy theatricals, and the poet *Ovid* has penned thy prophetic epitaph—

*Hic situs est Phaëton curru auriga paterni,  
Quem si non tenuit, magnis tamen excidit axis.*

### LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

SIR W. BROWNE's two medals, value five guineas each, were adjudged, the first, to Mr. E. BLOOMFIELD, of Caius, Cambridge, for the best Greek ode in Sapphics; subject—*Desiderium Porsoni*; and the second to Mr. LONSDALE of King's, for the best Horatian ode, subject—*Lusitania liberata*. '*Desiderium Porsoni*! O, well-timed love!—*Hec sterilem cantum*, BLOOMFIELD,  $\psi\upsilon\delta\iota\sigma\sigma\iota\ \chi\epsilon\iota\sigma\iota\lambda\alpha$ ! Most preposterous affectation!

SIR RICHARD PHILLIPS is always before the public in some amiable shape. On the 1st of July, Sir Samuel Romilly moved the Court of Chancery for an injunction to restrain our great popular knight and bookseller from printing and selling a *spurious edition* of another man's property. Mr. Parke, a man of learning, had written *The Chemical Catechism*, and sold it at twelve shillings. Its success induced Sir Richard, merely for the love of trade, and through public spirit, to make up a thing from it at the easy rate of three shillings. To this publication he put the name of BLIGH, and Sir Samuel had an affidavit that there was no such person in existence. At the end of Mr. Parke's work there is a chemical dictionary—at the end of Sir Richard's book there is a chemical vocabulary, in which even the errors of the press in the former, are copied. The CHANCELLOR ordered the injunction to issue.

PERCONTATOR, a correspondent, puts three queries—"Whether the *Icon Basilike* is now a scarce book, and its value? Whether there exists any collective edition of all *Sir John Suckling's* poems? And when, and by whom the common almond-tree was first cultivated in England?"

He adds a

"P. S.—Let me take the opportunity of this letter to suggest to Mr. Mark Noble, that an investigation into the *Downing* family, and

the recent transactions respecting *Downing College*, might prove interesting, and worthy of his researches."

The second number of *Architectural Reliques*, containing views of *Tintern Abbey*, Monmouthshire, by Mr. Cooper, of Clifford-Street, Bend-Street, was published in the course of last month.

LORD VALENTIA has, in his *Travels*, taken occasion to complain of certain charts of Messrs. LAURIE and WHITTLE. This hasty and illiberal charge has in a printed circular been ably met by these popular map-sellers, and very satisfactorily explained.

LONGMAN and Co. proprietors of the *Court Calendar*, have obtained a rule to shew cause why an injunction should not issue to restrain the sale of *The Imperial Calendar*, which appears to be a pirated edition of the former. Amongst other errors copied, the words, *the wives of*, are left out of a passage, which now runs thus in both—" *Lying-in-Hospital for the soldiers of the life-guards.*"

A poem from the pen of a lady, intitled, "Brighton," descriptive of the place and its amusements, will shortly appear, dedicated to the Prince of Wales.

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#### SIR ROBERT KER PORTER.

WE did not promise an engraved portrait of SIR ROBERT, until we had procured a *Memoir*, and seen, through a friend, a very polite note from Miss J. PORTER, enclosing one from the Rev. J. THOMAS, of Epsom, which gave us, in a very gentlemanly manner, (as we foolishly thought!) the *most unreserved permission* to avail ourselves of a picture done for Mr. Thomas by Mr. Harlowe. According to the direction of the owner, we sent, early in the month, to Mr. Thompson, *printseller*, for the painting; when, to our surprise, we were told that it was at Epsom. The *reverend* THOMAS had conveyed it away, and when Miss Porter, with a proper feeling, wrote to him, "that the permission was now past recall," he replied, with infinite coolness, that he had since taken it into his head to have the picture engraved in some other way. As we could lose no honour by breaking a word, which it was impossible for us to keep, the necessity of the foregoing statement has been all the concern we have felt about this paltry affair. Our subscribers will, however, in return for their disappointment, enjoy one advantage from our experience.—We shall borrow a little prudence from this *reverend* person's namesake, and for the future, like SAINT THOMAS, *not believe*, until we feel!

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# THE MONTHLY MIRROR,

FOR  
AUGUST, 1809.

*Embellished with*

A PORTRAIT OF MR. JONES, ENGRAVED BY FREEMAN, FROM  
AN ORIGINAL PAINTING.

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1809.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

Our poetical friends are requested to read the following extract from E. C. an ingenious fellow-labourer, and to admire and copy her patience and resignation. Anticipating a warm reception, she says, "I suppose my poor epigram will suffer in the general devastation. You critics have an occasional *auto da fé*, at which, after a severe inquisition of your humble disciples, you fancy you discover something heterodox, and then burn, rack, and destroy, without a single 'compunctious-visiting.' You ought to exercise your mercy on us minor wits, who labour with such mountainous exertions, to bring forth our respective mice; we are the children of your bounty, who ask alms of praise to feed the famished appetite of vanity—'tis an appetite that sustains the vitality of the mental machine, and stimulates its creative powers. Most of the modern jingle, from the epic poem to the epigram, owe their origin to it, and you, who partly live by its gleanings, should encourage the harvest by the sun-shine of your approbation. Excuse this long letter of tropes and figures; and, believe me, though I have murmured at the severity of your verdict, my better judgment admits of its justice, and even should you in future sign the death-warrant to my *Parodies*—pass over my Epigrams in silent contempt, and even consign my *Birth-day Odes* to bottomless perdition, I shall remain the disinterested admirer of your very excellent and *Reflecting Mirror*."

Mr. Hutt, Gray's Inn, makes this earnest enquiry after his poems—"Is there any hope? Say, *When shall I see them out in print, as fresh as farthings from the Mint?*" We refer the query to time.

C. M. G. on a *Dream*; *Newcastle*, and *Worthing Theatres*; and *Levande's Odes* are received.

"A Friend of Mr. Larpent" wishes us to inform Mr. T. Hook, that "his own brother has three or four livings, as well as Mr. L. his three or four places." Surely this can be no news to Mr. Hook.

The remarks of Z. Z. Q. on our work, will, when judicious, never be lost upon us. Originality in such prose articles as *Scrapiana*, or Anecdotes from *Bracciolini Poggio*, is of course out of the question. Being so every where else is the greatest eulogium that Z. Z. Q. could have pronounced on us. As to *blushing*—it's quite out of our way—we leave it to him.

Mr. Loft on *Rousseau*, and *The Cambridge Prize Poems*; "Answer to a Correspondent's Remarks on JOHNSON'S *Opinions of Players*, by Carlos; "*Deer Stealing*;" *War and Love*; Lord Duberley's *Consort*; and "*The singular piece of Wit*," by *Catamaran*, next month.

The Rev. M. Noble, and A. F. G. in answer to PERCONTATOR, and Mr. Valentine Green on his *Birth-Place*, is our next.

ERRATA.—Vol. V. p. 342. l. 39. read *Widow*.—At p. 345, l. 14. *Minstrelsy*; and at p. 348. l. 23. *Ferrers*.  
Vol. VI. p. 8. l. 36. read *Parlby*; and p. 45. l. 9. in *her* head.





*Painted by Chas. Robertson. Engraved by Freeman.*

*Mr. Jones.*

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THE  
MONTHLY MIRROR,  
FOR  
AUGUST, 1809.

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MEMOIRS OF MR. JONES, COMEDIAN.

(With a Portrait.)

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THE FOLLOWING LETTER IS FROM MR. RICHARD JONES TO THE  
EDITOR, AND IT DOES CREDIT TO HIS GOOD SENSE.

SIR,

THE MEMOIRS OF PERFORMERS and of most PUBLIC CHARACTERS,\* when written by good-natured friends, are generally so overloaded with encomiums on their merits, whether real or imaginary, that they defeat the purpose for which they were designed, and in the opinion of the judicious reader gain the subjects of them a reputation for *vanity*, (as they are always supposed to be themselves the authors) which *may* not properly belong to them, and which I should most particularly wish to avoid the stigma of;—therefore as you express a desire to give some account of me in the *Monthly Mirror*, I will myself endeavour to furnish you with an outline of the trifling occurrences of my life, which will contain nothing worth reading, unless you undertake the trouble of altering, correcting, and filling it up, according to your own judgment. I have only to request you will speak of my theatrical abilities exactly as you think, and whatever your sentiments may be, I shall feel perfectly satisfied that they are just.

I was educated for the profession of an *architect*; my father, who resided in Birmingham, was a builder and surveyor of some eminence. My early partiality for the stage was imbibed from

\* This remark shews that Mr. Jones is a man of reading and penetration.



the applause I received for reciting passages from the most celebrated authors when at school, and I soon became acquainted with some young gentlemen, who had established a private theatre, where most of my leisure hours were spent, and where I performed several characters with considerable *éclat*.

I had just arrived at my eighteenth year, when an unfortunate speculation of my father's, caused so much embarrassment in his affairs, that I was soon induced to indulge my favourite propensity of enrolling myself among the children of Thespis, rather than continuing a disciple of Palladio.

Like most other actors, I commenced my career in tragedy; and after performing *Romeo*, *Douglas*, *Hamlet*, &c. in Litchfield, Newcastle, and Bolton, remaining only a few weeks in each town, I acted one season in Birmingham, which led to an engagement in Manchester, where a circumstance occurred, which laid the foundation of my theatrical prosperity. Mr. REYNOLDS's comedy of *Laugh when you can*, was announced for the first time. Mr. Ward, who was to have personated the part of *Gossamer*, being taken ill the night preceding the representation; sooner than disappoint the town, as a *dernier resort*, I was entreated to study the part. Although certainly an arduous undertaking, I complied, and after having performed *Laertes* to Mr. Young's *Hamlet*, I sat up the remainder of the night, and perfected myself in *Gossamer*, in which character, on the following night, the audience were pleased to honour me with the most flattering marks of approbation. This proved a fortunate event; the fame of my success occasioned Mr. Jones, the proprietor of the *Dublin theatre*, to offer me a lucrative engagement, and I made my *debut* in Dublin on the 20th of November, 1799. The encouragement I met with on my first night, was repeated on every succeeding one, and, for nearly eight years, I had the happiness of enjoying both the public and private favour of the inhabitants of Dublin, Cork, and Limerick, and most of the principal towns in Ireland. It would be impossible for me to dwell too much upon the gratitude I owe for their support and friendship. I shall always feel a pride in reflecting that the same respectable names remained in my box plan, from year to year, and were not erased at my last benefit.

During my stay there I had frequent overtures from the London managers, but found myself so happily situated, that I resisted them all, till one more tempting than the rest, together

with the advice of my friends, and the consideration that the London stamp was necessary, to rank me at the top of my profession, brought me to *Covent-Garden*. Of my success there, and at the Haymarket, this summer, you are most competent to judge, and into your hands I consign the task of shewing me to the world, in any light you may deem me worthy of.

I am, Sir,

No. 14, Chapel-Street,  
Grosvener-Place.  
Aug. 12, 1809.

Your obedient,  
Humble servant,  
RICHARD JONES.

### THE MEDICI FAMILY.

MR. EDITOR,

I WILL be obliged to you to insert this in your very entertaining and instructive publication. The family of *Medici* had been well known to the English monarchs before the accession of the royal house of *Tudor* to the crown, as may be learnt from Edward IV. on May 30, 1745, giving to Prospero Camilla de Medici, collector in the papal revenue for Pope Sixtus IV, one hundred marcs; and June 6th following, the same king granted to Lorenzo de Medici, and Giuliano de Medici, with others, merchants of Florence, some peculiar privileges. All these tokens of royal regard were expressive of the desire his majesty had of keeping up a friendly intercourse with the house of Medici, who then ruled, by their influence, the Florentine republic, and from whence the most potent and puissant monarchs often stood in want of their pecuniary assistance, to raise loans, for the purpose of carrying on their wars. These grants may be seen in *Rymer's Fœdera*. How is Italy fallen since the fifteenth century ! She lies prostrate at the feet of Gallic usurpation.

I am, Sir,

Barming Parsonage,  
1809.

Your most obedient servant,  
MARK NOBLE.

## ENDYMION THE EXILE.

## LETTER XIX.

WHEN SOCRATES once built a house, he was reproached with the smallness of it: to which he answered, that small as it was, he wished he might be able to fill it with real friends. The proprietor of *Covent-Garden Theatre* has now nearly finished a large house. He too will, I dare say, be reproached with the largeness of it, and will return the same answer as Socrates. When the Library at Alexandria was destroyed by fire, the books were heard no more of, because, unfortunately, printing was not invented: the late *theatre* in *Covent-Garden* has suffered the same misfortune, but its *tragedies, comedies, operas, and farces*, are unfortunately preserved by the aid of printing, and we shall find the new house full of old lumber. This I consider a calamity of no ordinary magnitude. The great fire of London was said to have destroyed the plague, why did not the late conflagration do the same? To the run of a new piece, if it be good, I have no objection; but if it be bad, an event not quite impossible, it keeps men of taste, among whom, of course, I rank myself, out of the theatre. Who shall remedy the evil? Who shall demolish what Vulcan has spared? If we lived in the days of Homer, a prayer to Apollo might do the business: but as the age of metrical miracles has ceased, I know of no method to purify the stage so feasible as the following:

Let the SHERIFFS of *Middlesex* convene a meeting of the inhabitants of *London* and *Westminster*, in the pit of the new theatre, on the day previous to its opening for stage representation. A red velvet chair should be placed in the centre of the stage for Mr. HARRIS, *Senior*; another on his right hand, a step lower, for Mr. HARRIS, *Junior*; and a third of black velvet, at the table, for Mr. JOHN KEMBLE, the *Manager*, who should officiate as secretary. I would then have the purification-scene performed on the English stage-plays, as it was acted by the *Curate* and *Barber*, upon the knight of *La Mancha's* romances. Let them one by one be held forth to candid criticism, and those which shall be declared unfit for Christian representation, consigned to the god of the pagans. I know that well-meaning people may raise many objections to my scheme, as tending to

reduce dramatic pieces to a very few in number. They may say, in the words of the musical pickpocket—

*'Twould thin the lund such numbers to string  
Upon Tyburn-tree.*

They may contend that such a volume of smoak would suffocate all the spectators, and may compare it to recreations of another sort, exclaiming, "If all the bad wine were broached into the kennel, the Lord have mercy upon half the taverns in town." But all this, *Ambrose*, is foreign to the purpose. If two theatres have an exclusive patent, they are bound to treat the public with the best of the commodity. I cannot now tell our Managers what they should acquire, but as *A clear stage and no favour* is my motto, I will, with all due deference, tell them what they should destroy.

In the first place I would shew no mercy to a certain spurious personage, born of *Momus* upon *Thulia*, and christened a *Pun*. A pun in conversation is as different from a pun in writing, as fencing is from assassination. The former is a private frolic: the latter a public offence. The author resembles the dog and the shadow; in his eagerness to convey two meanings, he conveys no meaning at all.—In the next place I would commit to the flames all those preposterous exceptions, which knock General Rule on the head, and usurp his crown. *Brave tailors, humane bailiffs, benevolent Jews*, and a countless *et cetera* of exotics, which are about as correct a specimen of human nature, as the maimed beggar, who pushes himself on in a sledge, is of the human form divine. "*I too can write, and I am twice as tall,*" as Dr. ARBUTHNOT said to little Mr. POPE; but if, in the plenitude of wag-gery, I were to exhibit on the stage an *ambitious prelate*, an *adulterous countess*, or a *minister of state pocketing a bribe*, what a clamour would such a libellous exception to all rule raise against me! I should be driven out of *Covent-Garden* by the LORD CHAMBERLAIN, and out of *Great Britain* by the *alien act*.—Again, my friend, I would enter my humble protest against all those operas, of which the author says, adjusting his neckcloth in the glass, "*I meant it as a mere vehicle for music.*" Such vehicles are like the sledge of the native of Newfoundland; they carry the author merrily for half a mile, when some freak gets into the head of the critical dogs in the pit, and away goes car and rider down a precipice.

I might here mention a variety of very amusing gentlemen, who, with a watch-word like "*Hey, damme,*" or, "*that's your sort,*" contrive to keep the galleries awake and reason asleep. But, upon second thoughts, I will spare Curate KEMBLE and Barber HARRIS the trouble of burning them. Their works are so completely soaked in the waters of Lethe, that by the application of fire they would only send forth the hiss they ought to receive—" *Requiescant in pace.*" Before I finish this letter, I will just allude to a very noxious animal that has made considerable inroads on modern comedy. I mean a *loyal sailor*, garnished with sentiment. Is it not a lamentable thing, *Ambrose*, that a being, who on the stage of life is never seen westward of Tower-hill, should, on the mimic stage, be found squirting sentiment and tobacco spittle about a lady's dressing-room or a nobleman's library, bawling "*Nelson for ever!*" with his eyes cast up to the lion and unicorn over his head, and his right paw upon his heart? All these, my dear friend, are noxious weeds, and must be burnt, or the real flowers of Parnassus will be choaked by them. You, who are as good-natured a fellow as ever received the world's buffets, will probably say, that in decrying the dullness of bad writers, I reproach them with an involuntary crime—I cannot subscribe to that position. If these self-taught genii would spend half their time in reading and thinking, which they now exhaust in scribbling, they would either write better, or not write at all. In either event the British public would have reason to be thankful.

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### CURIOUS ANECDOTE OF CHARLES II.'s FARTHING.

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IT is well known that one of the ROTIERS *minters* was romantically in love with Miss STUART, the beautiful favourite of Charles II. afterwards *Duchess of Richmond*. ROTIERS proved his gallantry, taste, and art, by cutting the head of the *Britannia* upon the *farthing* so like, that if a glass is used, there will appear the most beautiful set of features imaginable. N.

Some have weakly supposed that it was meant to try the public mind, how far they would like to have the representative for *Britannia*—in other words *the queen*.

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## MEMOIRS OF DR. THORNTON.

[Concluded from P. 7.]

A TEMPORARY cure of a rare nature was performed on the mother by this accident. After the recovery from her first fright, although she had for years been subject to the asthma in the most dreadful manner, and was at that time confirmed; such a turn did it give to her constitution, that, wholly absorbed in the situation of her son, she forgot every ill of her own, and for two years after continued perfectly free from the complaint. Several similar recoveries in asthma are recorded by physicians. The Doctor has since often been heard to mention his illness as the chief cause of his strong love of *natural history*. This principally arose from a perusal, during his long confinement, of GOLDSMITH'S *Animated Nature*, and the delightful sensations he experienced when he first approached the window, and saw the gardens in blossom and full of flowers.

A public school was no longer fit for his constitution, and he was consigned, at fifteen, to the private tuition of Mr. Taylor, the rector of Kensington, from whom he went to Cambridge, where he was entered a pensioner at Trinity College. Here his studies were indefatigable under the most distinguished professors of the different branches of science. His Latin and English declamations were so much admired, that Dr. Hinchcliffe, bishop of Peterborough, wrote to his grandfather, advising him to dissuade young Thornton from thinking of physic, and promising his best patronage to promote him in the church. His inclination, however, led him irresistibly to the profession of physic, and the death of his elder brother, making his circumstances independent, he was left to his own choice. As a student, while he walked the hospital, he was remarkable for his assiduity. In the study of natural history, what Professor Martyn, at Cambridge, had so well begun, was as well perfected by Mr. Curtis, the author of *Flora Londinensis*. After four years' residence at the University, and three years in Guy's Hospital, he took a bachelor's degree in physic with great honour in 1792, after reading a thesis, "*that ANIMAL HEAT arises from oxygen air, absorbed by the blood flowing through the lungs, and taken from the atmosphere, &c.*" As the

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agitation of his mother's feelings had before relieved her from the asthma, so did it now destroy her. Her alarm for his success, brought on a violent paroxysm of asthma, which soon after numbered her with the dead.

Dr. Thornton then visited Edinburgh, Dublin, and Paris, in search of science, and finally settled in London. Here as a vindication of his introduction of factitious airs into the practice of physic, he published a work anonymously, intitled—*"The Philosophy of Medicine,"* &c. It is now out of print, and a fifth edition of the same number as the former, three thousand, is now in the press. He has, as yet, only printed the first of twenty *fasciculi*, elucidating, by coloured engravings, all the parts of the human body. This is to be lamented. The *Mary-le-bone General Dispensary*, shamefully neglected, was by the election of Dr. Thornton, physician, restored to the pristine virtues of the institution. In this situation, he discovered that the tincture of *foxglove* with antimonial wine, is a specific in the scarlet fever, with ulcerated sore throat—since which discovery he has never lost a single patient in that disease. He is a great patron and promoter of *vaccine inoculation*. He published two tracts on the subject. We cannot stay to particularise the numerous honorary rewards, which he has received, but come immediately to his other literary and scientific works. The late LORD LONSDALE, when he was attending him at Lowther Hall, offered the Doctor a large annuity to reside there, but he preferred the labour of *going about doing good*, and the completion of his researches in those three great botanical works, *The New Illustration of the Sexual System; The Temple of Flora*, and the *Philosophy of Botany*.<sup>\*</sup> With all the fame of the first botanist, and one of the most successful physicians in the kingdom, we have to record what in other cases would be the disgrace of the candidate, but what is in this instance, the near-sighted meanness, envy, and illiberality of the societies themselves. He applied to be admitted a member of the *Royal London College of Physicians*, against whom his father had written an ingenious satirical poem, called the "*Battle of the Wigs*," and they were so despicably vindictive as to visit this harmless sin of the father on the son, and reject him on the plea of not having enough knowledge! He was also a candidate to become a fellow of the *Linnaean Society*, but he was as unsue-

<sup>\*</sup> See his *Proposals* to publish with *Plates*, &c.

cessful here, for an *insufficiency* of botanical knowledge. The great LINNEUS met at first with the same opposition. No period has been exempt from "Envy, hatred, and malice, and all uncharitableness."

Doctor Thornton has published two works on a smaller scale, for the accommodation of the student, viz. "*A Grammar of Botany, or easy Introduction to the Science,*" which meets with universal and deserved approbation; also "*Practical Botany, or a New Illustration of the Genera of Plants,*" illustrated by a great number of plates, which by the concurrent testimonies of Professors Martyn, and Dr. Smith, is a work of the highest value, and a *desideratum* in that science. The prices affixed to each of these works proves, that the Doctor's object is not gain, but only the advancement of the science of Botany.

He has also another work in the press, and nearly complete, "*The History of all Plants used in Medicine, Diet, Agriculture, and the Arts.*"

To finish.—As a lecturer, Doctor Thornton has considerable merit. His lectures are always delivered without notes, and adapted to his audience. He constantly keeps up attention by new observations, and suits himself to his hearers. At *Guy's Hospital* all his illustrations are from medicinal plants: at the west end of the town, he intermixes poetry, and illustrates by the choicest flowers: and one of his pupils, Sir Paul Joddryl, to produce to Doctor Thornton more advantage from his lectures, has, the next season, offered him the use of his house, in Portland Place, where his next course of lectures will be delivered.

Of his character as a man, in every domestic relation, we can add nothing that does not heighten the charm, and improve the value of all his other excellences.

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## LAW SUITS.

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To use the emphatic language of an elegant writer, "*Our inheritances are become a prize for disputation, and disputes and litigations are become our inheritance.*" "The end of the professors of the law seems to be," says the same author, "to confound the



reason of man, and abridge his natural freedom, by an inextricable maze of forms and institutions; the worst cause cannot be so prejudicial to the litigant as his advocate's or attorney's ignorance or neglect of forms." A *law suit* is like an ill-managed dispute, in which the first object is soon out of sight, and the parties end with matter wholly foreign to that, with which they began. In a law suit the question is—Who has a right to a certain house and farm? And this is determined, *not*, perhaps, upon the evidence of *the right*, but upon the observance or neglect of forms in use with lawyers, about which there are even among themselves such disagreements, that the most experienced veterans can never be positively sure they are not mistaken.

BUTLER thus truly describes a *law suit*.

"He, that by perjury is griev'd,  
And goes to law to be reliev'd,  
Is sillier than a sottish chouse,  
Who, when a thief has robb'd his house,  
Applies himself to *cunning man*,  
To help him to his goods again;  
When all he can expect to gain,  
Is but to squander more in vain."

The suit lasts as long as the contending parties have money to go on with it.

"For lawyers, lest the BEAR, *defendant*,  
And *plaintiff*, DOG, should make an end on't,  
Do stay and toil with *writ of error*,  
*Reverse of judgments*, and *demurrer*,  
To let them breathe awhile, and then  
Cry *whoop* and set them on again,  
Until with subtle cobweb cheats,  
They're caught in knotted law, like nets  
In which, when once they are enbrangled,  
The more they stir, the more they're tangled,  
For while their *purses* can dispute,  
There is no end of th' immortal suit!"

What would BACON or HALE have said—what would they have advised, had they lived to see our present statute book, swelled to more than a tenfold size beyond that which alarmed *their* apprehensions, still extending its dimensions, by such a *ratio* as

must soon terminate in a bulk immeasurable by the most accomplished of legal understandings? We may say of the English, what GIBBON said of the Roman laws,—“They fill so many volumes, that no fortune can purchase, nor capacity comprehend them.”

A digest of our laws, although certainly a very arduous task, is by no means impracticable. We have an example on record, equally difficult, performed in the sixth century. *The Justinian Code*, digested from an infinity of books, and yet executed in the space of three years.

“It is the fate of legislation,” says FILANGERI, “to be always hurrying forward without reflection, whence has arisen the countless multitude of laws, which oppress the tribunals of Europe, and render the study of jurisprudence similar to that of the character of the Chinese, which, after twenty years attention, they are scarcely qualified to read.” It may be practically impossible so to compress the laws, and simplify their proceedings, as to prevent their being under the guidance and direction of a particular profession, but they would certainly be much benefited by a digest and revision, which might be silently carried on, with the authority of the legislature; and without any consequent inconvenience, under the inspection of wise and able delegates, obsolete and unnecessary laws might be expunged, chicanery restrained, and tautology and surplusage corrected. \* \*

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NANCY \*\*\*\*\*,

OR

THE PENITENT DAUGHTER.

(A Fact.)

[Concluded from P. 21.]

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I HEARD the mourner sob with agony.—Minutes passed on, and no sound of welcome or reception. Overpowered by her sensations, she sat down upon the threshold.—Minutes, long, long minutes, still crept silently along. Again the mournful, the pathetic

tic invocation, "father, dear father!" rang upon my ear; and it rang also upon his; but it made no harmony there. All harsh and grating, no responsive string vibrated to his heart. Minutes upon minutes, like the unceasing waves of the tide, rolled on, and nought broke the solemn silence but the plaintive voice, "father, dear father!" He heard, but heeded not:—but the time will come, when that mourning voice of a repentant daughter will ring in his ear; the time will come when he will hear it again; prostrated on the bed of sickness, will that still small voice of agony and distress pierce his ear, and impede the utterance of that sublime prayer for the forgiveness of our trespasses, "even as we forgive those that trespass against us." Was there no chord that could be roused in that merciless heart of thine, to recall the memory of her mother? to recall the endearments of her childhood, the promise of her ripening years, her opening beauties, and cultivated blandishments? no trace to bid thee identify the blooming girl of sixteen, with the sorrowing petitioner that sues for admittance at thy door at midnight? "But only for this night, dear father, father,"—in vain. Even the uttermost stranger would have admitted a wretched, weeping female, wandering without a roof to shelter her, at midnight; and a father denies his helpless daughter, his repentant, returning daughter, even one night's repose. No, he will rather cast her forth to all the horrors that might await her. 'Twas dead midnight—'twas past midnight. Long time she sat and moaned on her father's threshold—she leant her aching head against the wall. Twice or thrice she started up, and called again most piteously upon her father. Deaf as the wild adder, he disregarded the sound of repentance and lamentation. And where was her sister? Why not try her entreaties and solicit admittance but for one night, for her forlorn, her unhappy, sister? No, proud of her own yet uncontaminated character, she, doubtless, looked down upon the wretch that presumed to claim relationship with her. Yet, as there are many who are chaste, only because they are untempted, so also are there many who hide their frailties from the world's observation,

—and in the morning  
 When they are up and drest, and their masks on,  
 Who can perceive this, save the Eternal Eye  
 That sees thro' flesh and all?

An hour had flown in unabating wailing, and repeated solicitation on her part, and in silent, obstinate obduracy on his. "Come, come away," I cried, "'tis folly longer to remain."—She heard me not, and still, "father, dear father!" was her cry. But her father cared not for his child. He knew not that there was any one near to comfort and protect her—he cared not for that. Shelterless and forlorn she might wander whither she list. He knew not but the licentious and lawless prowlers of the night might assault his desponding daughter on the desolate road through which she must pass. He turned her away to every misery and infamy that might await her in that dreary hour. What mockery of argument and of feeling is it, in such an instance as this to say, as it has been said, I will not receive this polluted girl into my house, because she is a shame to my family! Will it redeem the honour of your family, to sink her into still deeper pollution? To drive her from your door to be violated by the midnight ruffians from the neighbouring barracks, or the drunken votaries of dissipation, who have been carousing at the fair? Or, if she escape these horrors, will it redeem the honour of your family, if you compel her into those paths of dismay and prostitution, from which she has hitherto kept aloof? He recks not; he is callous; he has no such daughter. Surely, sweet girl, some evil star ruled at thy nativity, that thou should'st experience from mankind (not only in the instance of thy unrelenting father) brutality that would better characterize the untutored savage of the desert, than the supercilious man of supposed civilization.

At length, wearied with solicitation, with sobbing, and with anguish, she came away. I felt irresistibly impelled to clasp her to my breast, and to vow that from thenceforward she never should want a protector and parental friend. I too am a parent; I have daughters; one rapidly approaching to the years when temptation of every kind will assail her. God forbid that she should ever forsake the path of virtue; but, if she should fall, and if I knew my own heart, I could not thus relentlessly press a daughter down to yet deeper perdition, by refusing her the only asylum, which nature and repentance must teach her to seek.

We had now to return. Two o'clock came before we got back to the town where the fair had been held. The voice of revelry was dying away. A few houses were yet open, but no accommodation was to be procured at any. She was fainting with fatigue;

yet it was necessary to walk on to the next town, or lie on the road. She had walked nearly fourteen miles. Her feet were blistered. Mustering the remains of her strength and spirits, the latter physically recruited by a little brandy and water, which we persuaded her to take where the mail-coach stops, at \*\*\*\*\* we pursued our solitary way. A short distance, however, was all she could accomplish, and she gave way to our entreaties to seek repose in an oat-field, which had been reaped and shocked. A couch, commodious enough for the emergency, was made for her with the sheaves of corn; and she laid her wearied limbs and aching head to rest. We watched beside her. It was a fine star-light night. I am an elderly man, a family man, a man of principle; but, had I not had a companion, I know not what rebellious workings, *le nuit et le moment* might have occasioned. A youthful beauty sleeping by my side; one too of known frailty. 'Twas well there were two of us. With the first dawn of day we awakened her from a refreshing slumber. The birds carolled around us, and all was gay, save the bosom of our lovely charge. 'Twas one of the most delightful mornings I ever witnessed. We got to \*\*\*\*\* to breakfast.

As we had not been perceived by any one, either on our approach to, or return from, the village, a report was circulated afterwards by the servant maid, that it was Nancy \*\*\*\*\*'s ghost which had appeared, and had called upon her father at midnight. No unnatural conclusion, as the mind of the village girl could not conceive that a father would really have been so cruel as to deny his daughter admittance at that time of night, had it indeed been her.

Thus, my dear sir, I have given you an account, as you desired me, of an excursion, the pathetic incidents of which you have heard me dwell upon. I have related them as they occurred, without arrangement or art; but the whole is the exact truth. You are perfectly welcome to make whatever use you please of my letter, provided you suppress names.

I am, dear sir,

Feb. 16, 1809.

Very truly yours,

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## NOTES ON ATHENÆUS.

BY GRÆCULUS.

No. XXIV.

*"The wit and genius of those old Heathens beguiled me, and as I despaired of raising myself up to their standard upon fair ground, I thought the only chance I had of looking over their heads, was to get upon their shoulders."*

MUCH has been said of wine. In my last two numbers I find that I ought not, for several reasons, to have finished those papers without noticing what ADDISON has written on the subject. It is never *too* late to mend, we say; and so we seem to think, or rather, *the later the better*.

In No. XXII. I remark that Alcetas was honoured with the cognomen of *Xarn*, *The Funnel*, which seems to have given our great essayist the hint of a name for a toper in the *Spectator*, No. 569. "I was the other day with honest WILL FUNNELL, the West Saxon, who was reckoning up how much liquor had past through him in the last twenty years of his life, which, according to computation, amounted to twenty-three hogsheads of October, four tons of port, half a kilderkin of small beer, nineteen barrels of cider, and three glasses of champagne; besides which he had assisted at four hundred bowls of punch, not to mention sips, drams, and whets, without number?" The *decay of moisture* in our globe is ascribed, says he, to the growth of vegetables, but he wittily attributes it to men, who, compared, with their fellow creatures, drink much more than comes to their share!

In the same paper he tells this anecdote:—"When a young fellow complained to an old philosopher that his wife was not handsome,—Put less water in your wine, says the philosopher, and you'll quickly make her so." By a reference to my last, p. 12, it will be found that this is told incorrectly. The same Anacharsis, as an *arbiter bibendi*, differed greatly from our judges. "Being invited to a match of drinking at Corinth, he demanded the prize very humourously, because he was drunk before any of the rest of the company, for, says he, when we run a race, he who arrives at the goal first, is entitled to the reward." I have quoted so much that I must leave the excellent observations on drinking, which terminate this number, to be visited by the reader in the volume itself. After three bottles, he contends that the drinker

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is not the same man he was, and says that this of Publius Syrus, is one of the prettiest sayings he ever met with—*Qui ebrium laudificat, laedit absentem*.—He, who jests upon a man that is drunk, injures the absent. What a sacred character!

To return to Athenæus, book x. p. 455, E. I don't know whether the etymologists derive *Ptisan* from any other source than the French *Tisane*; but here we are told it is *απο τῆς ψήσαντος* and *ανιν*. (See Casaub. p. 768.) At p. 456, C. for *ἡρισαντο* read *ἡμισαντο*. In page 457, we find that the solution of these difficult and obscure questions called *Griphi*, was rewarded, and the failure fined. Here in C. it appears that this riddling was not considered as unworthy of philosophers.

A sort of *capping* verses was also in use among them, and quoting such as began and ended with the same letter, with other *nugæ canoræ*.\*

Σοφὸς εἶναι ἔφηνεν' ἀπο τύχης καλῆς.

P. 458, C. This is not so correct, as sensible—before *τύχης* insert *της*.

The fines for not being able to solve the enigmas were various. That which is described here, and brings us to the end of book x. will remind the reader of a custom that obtains in our Bacchanalian revels, and perhaps owes its introduction to this source. The punishment was *αλμῆς ποτηρίου*, a cup of salt water, or a kind of brine mixed with his liquor, and taken off at a draught, his hands behind him.

August 2.

\* For information consult *Parson Adams*, in cap. xi. of *Joseph Andrews*.

This *stultus labor* has been common in all times. Tryphiodorus, we are told, wrote an *Odyssey* in 24 books, leaving successively one letter of the alphabet out of each book. Even Pindar wrote an ode without using an S. These were *Lipogrammatists*. There were also *Pangrammatists*, who put all the letters of the alphabet in a single line. Leo Allatius has preserved two. One will be enough,

Ζευχθεῖς ἄλφοι πλάγῃς βασιλῶν Ἰσφεν.

These seem, however, to have been more use than wit in this, for several of the learned have imagined that these alphabetical verses were written for the assistance of children, and were intended as a help to their memory and pronunciation. See Merriek's Dissert. on Tryphiod. The French have what they call *Poemes Lettrises*.—Such were two works by Germans, the first intitled *Pugna Porcorum*, by Petrus Porcius Poeta, or rightly Petrus Placentius, of about 350 verses, every word of which began with a P; the second *Christus Crucifixus*, by Christianus Pierius, each word beginning with a C.

## MEMORANDA LUSITANICA,

BY JOHN ADAMSON.

'No. III.

## THE HOUSE OF BRAGANZA.

*A realm, which held its head among the nations,  
Droops in despondence, and expects its fall.  
The hour when nature, in convulsion, hurl'd  
Our lofty domes and temples to the dust,  
Was fraught with less calamity....*

*I see and hail a glorious beam of light,  
Which pierces through the darkness of the cloud,  
And gives a promise of a brighter day  
To great Braganza's House.*

VI. JOAM, the eldest son of Theodosius, succeeded his father in the dukedom of Braganza. He was constable of the kingdom; a situation of distinguished importance, and particular trust, first instituted by King Fernando, in the 14th century, and presented to Don Alvaro Perez de Castro, the youngest brother of the beautiful but unfortunate Dona Ignez de Castro, who, with his brother Fernando, Earl of Castro Xeres, in the early part of the reign of that monarch, deserted; with several others, the cause of Castile\*.

The first act of consequence recorded of Duke Joam, was his attendance at the magnificent coronation of the Cardinal Henrique, last King of Portugal, of the House of Loraine; who, after the fatal battle of Alcazar, in Africa, fought between the Christian and Moorish forces, on the 4th of August, 1578, in which his grand-nephew, Sebastian, perished, as was generally supposed; with the flower of the Portuguese nobility and army, succeeded to the throne. Previous to his departure from Portugal, Sebastian, anxious for the welfare of the kingdom in his absence, entreated his uncle Henrique, to accept the office of regent. Hen-

\* The two brothers of Dona Ignez were particularly honoured by Fernando, he presented fifteen towns to the Earl of Castro Xeres, and conferred the title of Earl of Arroyolos on Don Alvaro, with the seigniories of eight towns, and the office of constable.

*Preface to the Tragedy of D. Ignez de Castro.*



rique, during the minority of the youthful sovereign, had been induced, by the wishes of the people, to undertake this arduous office; but, being now in his 67th year, he declined, alleging his advanced age as a sufficient reason for his refusal. In consequence of this determination, the regency was vested in Jorge d'Almeida, Bishop of Lisbon, Pedro d'Alcasova, Francisco de Sada, and Joam de Mascarenhas, who, on the arrival of the tidings of Sebastian's decease, resigned their appointments, committing the administration of the state to the cardinal, as heir to the throne. Henrique was shortly afterwards proclaimed king, and took the oaths.

The ceremony of proclaiming and administering the oaths to the kings of Portugal, was conducted with the utmost pomp and splendour, and the annunciation of the demise of a monarch with every demonstration of funeral magnificence and woe. The following is the account given by the historians and chroniclers\*, of the ceremony of Henrique's proclamation.—On the morning of the 25th of August, 1578, the Hospital Church of Todos os Santos, was hung with silk tapestry, a little scaffold being erected in the inside, on which was placed a throne with a seat of golden cloth. These preparations being made, Henrique, attired as a cardinal, set out from the Palace in the following order of procession:—Eight atabales, or drummers, on horseback, after the Moresco manner, followed by nine heralds on horseback, bearing on their mantles the royal arms; then succeeded the officers of the court, chamber, and household, on foot, followed by the Duke of Braganza on horseback, bearing in his hand a sword in a golden scabbard, as constable of the kingdom; the king immediately followed, riding upon a mule, led by Don Alvaro de Silva, Conde de Portalegre, lord steward of the household. The noblemen and gentleman on horseback, succeeded by the mob, closed this magnificent procession. Being arrived, Henrique, amid the acclamations of the multitude, ascended the steps, and entered the church, where divine service being performed, he seated himself upon the throne, and received the sceptre from the hand of Francisco de Sada, one of the late regency, Miguel de Mora at the same time reading aloud, That king Henrique had, by the death of Sebastian, succeeded to the throne of Portugal, for which reason the sceptre had been placed in his

\* Conestaggio, Blount, Sandford, Birago, &c.

hand, and that he was come to take the accustomed oaths, to maintain and observe to his people, and to others, all liberties, privileges, and conventions, granted by his predecessors. Henrique, laying his hands upon the Scriptures, swore to observe his oath; upon which the drums sounded, and he was hailed by the acclamations of his subjects as their sovereign. The ceremony being finished, the procession returned slowly to the palace, the king carrying the sceptre, and the heralds and drums, at stated periods, announcing his accession.

Henrique commenced his reign, by displacing from their situations most of the officers of the court, who, imagining from his advanced age, and the youth of Sebastian, he would never ascend the throne, had not treated him with that ceremony and respect which his illustrious birth demanded: it does not, however, appear that the Duke of Braganza was of this number. As the House of Loraine now vested in Henrique, and he was a priest, consequently unlikely to marry and have heirs, he was, shortly after his accession, petitioned to declare his successor to the throne, in consequence of which he convoked a solemn assembly of the states, in the city of Almerim, to hear and decide upon the claims of those princes who pretended to the crown.

The different pretensions and claims of the respective princes, who attended either personally or by representative, at this assembly of the cortes, are related at length by several historians: It will be sufficient for our purpose to observe, that they universally agree in attributing the most substantial claims to Joam, in right of his wife Catharine, daughter of the infant Don Duarte, son of King Manoel, whose right of succession was warranted, both by descent, and also by the fundamental laws of the kingdom. Placed in a situation where he saw himself first grandee of the state, surrounded by vassals extremely numerous and powerful, and, moreover, a favourite of the king, the mind of Joam viewed his accession to the throne, on the demise of Henrique, as a matter of certainty; during the sittings of the cortes, however, on the last day of January, 1580, after a reign of seventeen months and eight days, Henrique died. When the tidings of this event reached Madrid, Philip II. who had also put in his claims to the crown, dispatched the Duke d'Alva, with an army of 20,000 men, to enforce his pretensions by conquest, if other means should prove fruitless. The only opposition made to his

arms, was by Don Antonio, Prior of Crato, a prince much esteemed by Sebastian, bastard son of the Infante Don Lewis, Duke of Beira, who, having possessed himself of Lisbon, at the head of an ill-accounted army, endeavoured at first to make a resistance, but being discomfited, and the city pillaged, the Spanish monarch took the oaths, and was proclaimed king, the Duchess of Braganza waving her right. Philip, on entering upon his reign, gave the Duke of Braganza evident demonstrations of his high favour, and associated him, in 1581, into the Order of the Knights of the Golden Fleece. Joam did not, however, long survive the usurpation of Philip, but died in 1582, and was interred in the family vault, at Villa-Viciosa.

Joam had issue by his Duchess Catharine, Theodosius his successor; Duarte, Marques de Flechilla; Alexander, Archbishop of Evora, and Inquisitor-general; Philip, who died an infant; Maria, who died young; and Serafina, espoused to Joam Fernandez Pacheco, Duque d'Assalona, and Marquez de Villena.

*(To be continued.)*

### SINGULAR STORY OF A MADMAN.

A PHYSICIAN at Milan, who took care of insane persons; on their being guilty of any irregularity, used to have them placed up to the chin or knees, in a stinking pond, according to the degrees of their fault. One of these persons, who had undergone this discipline, and was allowed to walk about the yard, met a gentleman with his hounds coming through: he addressed the sportsman, "What are those dogs for?"—"To catch hares," replied the gentleman. "And what do they cost you by the year?"—"Two hundred pounds, including servants and horses."—"And what is the value of the hares which you kill in a twelvemonth?"—"About forty pounds perhaps, or less," replied the gentleman. "Ride away, then, as fast as you can," said the madman, "for if the doctor finds you here, you will soon be in that pond up to your chin."

PÖGGIUS.

## REVIEW OF LITERATURE.

*Shall we for ever make NEW BOOKS, as apothecaries make new mixtures, by grinding only out of one vessel into another? Will we to be for ever building and unbuilding the same tower? for ever in the same track—for ever at the same pace?*

Tristram Shandy.

*A Letter to the Livery of London, relative to the Views of the Writer in executing the Office of Sheriff. By Sir Richard Phillips, Knight, one of the Sheriffs of London and Middlesex. 1808.*

THE author of this letter has, within a few years, made no inconsiderable figure amongst the citizens of London, or rather amongst the venders of printed paper, vulgarly cyleped booksellers, for we believe it is but lately that he has aspired to any civic honours. To some men such honours come unlooked for; some have them thrust upon them, as *Malvolio* says; but we have been told that Sir Richard besought the citizens of London to elect him sheriff: whether with a view to become practically acquainted with the business of the office, and so to be enabled to write this book, which may be considered as resembling the *Jachin and Boaz* of free-masonry, as an *Apocalypse* or revelation of the mysteries of the *Shrievalty*, or whether it was as the means of obtaining the honour of knighthood, and wearing a gold chain, we shall not attempt to determine. With Sir Richard Phillips, the ever-memorable witness in the trial of Carr (Sir John Carr, *Knt.*) *v.* Hood, we can be supposed to have but few sympathies, and may not unfairly be suspected by those who do not know us, of entertaining some bias against him, and of reading *all* his books with a partiality not in his favour; but we are determined to be just. We have read the book, and although we do sometimes suspect that the publications which come from the shop of Sir Richard, are not of the most useful or entertaining kind, and though we have, in many instances, in his *Public Characters*, and the *Voyages of his travellers*, found much to condemn, yet we candidly confess we have risen, though not better pleased, yet better informed, from the publication before us, and we attribute this solely to one circumstance.—When the Knight employs any of his drudges to write for him, they being paid by the sheet, and

having much labour to undergo, before they can earn their dinner, are very much inclined to reduce their labour as much as possible. To think and to write in such a case, is too much to be expected; their thoughts are naturally turned inwards upon the belly, their eyes continually wander from the paper to the little fire, whereon the porridge-pot stands or ought to stand, and in many instances we never think of Sir Richard's authors, but we instantly bring to mind the well-known picture of the Welch curate, blowing the fire, rocking the cradle, and teaching his boy to read, all at the same time. In this distress they generally have recourse to the never-failing expedient of book-makers. Instead of writing from their own knowledge and observation, they reprint a variety of garbled and disguised extracts from other authors, and use the scissors and the paste, as a substitute or a principal auxiliary to the goose-quill. (See our *Motto*.)

Sir Richard, on the contrary, *we suppose*, being smit with the love of fame, is determined to do his best to acquire it, and having a pretty easy stomach, has taken some pains to digest well the matter of his book. Having been practically employed in office the whole year before he wrote it, his mind was full of his subject, and having acquired in that year about as much as would fairly fill a neat volume, he gives it to the world, who may be thankful that he has fairly exerted his industry to inform them. He has indeed produced a book of much practical information concerning the noble office of sheriff, from the dignity of which he is not willing to detract one iota.

The object of Sir Richard is to point out some objects of reform, and he states some grievances and some irregularities, which have crept into the administration of the office, in which he was engaged, all of which he strove to correct, but we are sorry to say with no very great success.

The principal of these may be reduced under a few heads, such as the summoning of juries, the controul over the gaols of the county, the detention of persons against whom bills of indictment are preferred, and afterwards thrown out; but we had better let Sir Richard speak for himself, and the reader will find the various subjects of the book, summed up towards the conclusion, in a sort of list of *non neganda*, or *indisputables*, from which he will infer that the Sheriff has previously shewn that all these things which *cannot be denied*, and which ought not to exist, yet do exist, and want to be reformed.

Sir Richard then introduces his catalogue.

"Without endeavouring to remove all imperfections in the organization of society, it is our duty to approximate as far as possible, towards that state of social perfection, which it is the constant object of our legislature to attain, and which is the best calculated to promote the happiness of all the individuals which compose the community. It would be irrational to shut our eyes against the palpable evidence of truth; to cherish errors for their own sake; and to uphold acknowledged evils, which it is often as easy to remove as to retain. If then, the facts which I have laid before you, when impartially examined, are indisputable, and my inferences in like manner are incontrovertible, no apology can, I trust, be requisite for having called your attention to them, nor can I run any hazard of being considered either as chivalrous or utopian.

"*It cannot be denied*, that the freeholders' book, whence all juries are struck, should be made as perfect as possible.

"*It cannot be denied*, that no persons should be detained in any prison, not under the controul of the Sheriff, except those under temporary examination, and those suffering under a sentence of the law.

"*It cannot be denied*, that any man should be subject to restraint or punishment, after a Grand Jury of his country have declared that there exists no ground of accusation against him.

"*It cannot be denied*, that it is the duty of every Sheriff to visit the prisons within his jurisdiction, and to protect his prisoners from undue severities, and from the impositions of subordinate agents.

"*It cannot be denied*, that no suffering should be inflicted in prisons, beyond what is necessary for purposes of safe custody.

"*It cannot be denied*, that Newgate is much too small for the various purposes to which it is appropriated.

"*It cannot be denied*, that twice as many debtors have been detained for several years in the Giltspur-street Compter, as the place was built to accommodate.

"*It cannot be denied*, that Ludgate is far too small to be a place of imprisonment for unfortunate Citizens of London.

"*It cannot be denied*, that the present gaol-fees, in London, are exorbitant and oppressive, and that gaolers ought to be paid by the public, rather than by the victims of misery and want.

"*It cannot be denied*, that no man is justly responsible to laws of which he is ignorant, and consequently that the penal laws of England should be reduced to an intelligible system, and circulated through society by every possible means.

*"It cannot be denied, that punishment should be apportioned to crimes, and that young offenders should not be confounded with old and hardened criminals.*

*"It cannot be denied, that no greater punishment ought to be inflicted on offenders, than has been adjudged by the law, and consequently that those ought not to be virtually expatriated for life, whose sentence extended only to a limited term.*

*"It cannot be denied, that the law ought, in all penal cases, to set bounds to the discretion of judges.*

*"It cannot be denied, that Petty Juries ought to be taken from persons of various occupations and various local interests.*

*"It cannot be denied, that Grand Juries should consist of persons of the highest respectability; brought together from various districts, and independent of every kind of influence.*

*"It cannot be denied, that those Special Juries which try causes between the crown and the subject, in the exchequer or crown office, should be exempt from the suspicion of influence, and should be chosen strictly according to the letter of the statutes made for their regulation.*

*"It cannot be denied, that any person under arrest on mesne process, should be detained owing to any pretence of risk to the Sheriff, which risk may be removed by a simple arrangement.*

*"It cannot be denied, that those who are arrested on mesne process, should be protected from the impositions of the officers immediately concerned in the arrest and detention.*

*"AND SUCH ALONE ARE THE OBJECTS INSISTED ON IN THIS DISCUSSION!" P. 194—198.*

The book also contains a correspondence with Lord Hawkesbury, respecting the cases of several transports, who are stated to be banished from their country at an expence of 120*l.* each, (most; and those not the worst of them, for life) and whom the just humanity of the Sheriff endeavoured to separate into distinct classes, and to remit the sentences of a great number upon the following very sensible principles of distinction :

*"The cases to which the sheriffs allude are those which unite the following points of recommendation :*

- "1. First offences.*
- "2. Offences which do not imply the confederacy of others.*
- "3. Offences which do not indicate fixed and radical depravity.*
- "4. Previous good character.*
- "5. Orderly and contrite behaviour since conviction.*
- "6. The power of honest subsistence, if set at liberty, either through friends, or the exercise of some trade.*

“ 7. Extreme youth or advanced age, incurable disease, bodily disability, or mental imbecility.

“ 8. Families of children dependent on the superintendence and labour of the convicted parent.

“ Cases which unite in themselves EVERY ONE of these recommendations, possess, it may be conceived, irresistible claims on the immediate compassion of government; and a number of such have been submitted to its notice by the sheriffs and by the prisoners themselves, in separate petitions and memorials, authenticated by their prosecutors, friends, and relatives.” P. 102, 103.

We are sorry to say, that in the result the cold indifference of office was little roused by the appeal.

With respect to the interior accommodations of Newgate, we have the following curious anecdote, in a note to page 131.

“ I have observed, with great concern, that these women's wards are unprovided with beds: indeed, the whole of this prison is destitute of any public accommodation of this kind, and it is usual for those who do not possess a bed, to hire one at the rate of 3s. 6d. per week. I have taken some pains to raise a competition in this business of bed-letting, in order that the prisoners might be accommodated at 2s. or 2s. 6d. per week, which would pay the owners after the rate of 100 per cent. per annum; but I have been unable to succeed. I hope, however, that some future sheriffs will be able to obtain a grant of iron bedsteads and mattresses for the general and gratuitous use of all the prisoners.”

We remember Burke, in one of his declamations upon the French revolution, expresses himself to the effect, that it is a principle of the English law, that no prisoner shall be put to plead in irons. We are sorry to find from the Sheriff, that the practice is otherwise, and indeed it is well known that *witnesses* (accomplices) are often seen with irons on their legs. In many cases we believe these irons are chiefly useful in procuring certain fees for the gaoler, though we by no means would assert that in all cases they can be dispensed with. In general, however, experience has evinced to our own observation the remarkable patience and submission of offenders in every stage of their progress, from their first apprehension to their final execution. This resignation is amongst the most curious phenomena of the human mind.



Shakespeare tells us, the good citizens of London are unaccustomed to be spoken to but by their recorder. We may see by the following epistle how much they would improve the literature of the age, if they were allowed only to write by their recorder.

"The Recorder of London to Mr. Sheriff Phillips.

*"Chancery Lane, 14th Nov. 1847.*

"The Recorder of London presents his compliments to Mr. Sheriff Phillips, and acknowledges the receipt of a paper, purporting to have been written in the names of both the sheriffs, of which he could take no notice, as the senior sheriff utterly disavowed it, and denied all privity thereof, or knowledge of its contents.

"As the commission of gaol-delivery at the Old Bailey, is constituted of the highest and of all the law authorities in the kingdom, the twelve judges of England, the whole magistracy of the city, besides other great and respectable names therein, Mr. Phillips, upon consideration, will surely see how indecorous it would be in the Recorder of London to discuss and argue of the power, authority, and practice of that court, with one of the sheriffs, who, however privately esteemed and regarded by the Recorder, is, with respect to that commission, but an officer and minister of the court.' " P. 69, 70.

This letter was written in answer to a memorial in the names of both the sheriffs upon the subject of discharging persons against whom bills of indictment are thrown out, and who are frequently detained four or five days afterwards, till the end of the session, and then discharged. Sir Richard contended upon the authority of the stat. 14 Geo. III. c. 20, that they should be discharged immediately. The recorder stood up for the good old practice, and threatened to fine the sheriffs 50*l.* a piece, if they discharged any one. Finding the recorder bold, Mr. Sheriff Smith was a little alarmed, and complained that Sir Richard had delivered in a statement with both names, which should have run only in his own. This produced some explanation, in which it appears to us that Sir Richard acted with the firm consciousness of rectitude, rather than with delicacy to his colleague, and that Mr. S. had very good intentions, but was afraid to enter into a contest with the lawyers. He seems to have wanted the Bookseller's nerve. The practice of the court is, we think, hardly justifiable. If a bill is thrown out, the judges might very well, by their commission of Oyer and Terminer, discharge, at the end or beginning of every day, all prisoners so circumstanced, by proclamation, instead of doing it by

wholesale, at the end of a long sitting of ten or twelve days. Any person may indeed move by counsel to be discharged immediately, but then he must pay a guinea fee to him, together with some other expences. The act says it shall be done immediately, but this is not to our minds imperative either way, as it stands in the text. As the practice stands, a person who is declared by the grand jury, the very first day of the sessions, not to deserve to be put upon his trial, may be kept in prison to the end, generally a week, and is then discharged without fees. If the grand jury find a bill, and the petty jury acquit the prisoner, he is discharged instantly upon paying his fees. This, we think, is wrong both ways. No man should be detained longer than is necessary to secure the court against fraud and surprise, if not liable to just accusation; and surely no man who is innocent, and frequently poor and miserable, should be made to pay a fine in the shape of fees. Prisons and gaols are instruments of public convenience only, and no individual, merely as such, should be made to pay any thing but his quota, as one of the public, for their maintenance. Gaol fees are, in all shapes, modes, and forms, frauds, impositions, and extortions.

Upon the subject of striking *special juries* we have a full statement of some important facts, many of which were already before the public, in the speech of Mr. Horne Tooke, and his trial before Lord Mansfield for a libel, see *State Trials*, vol. xi. and also in Mr. Thomas Paine's letter: but here we have the truth from better authority. The Lord Chief Baron seems, in a very polite letter inserted in the body of the work, to admit all the facts, but to think that strict adherence to the law in this respect was not advisable. He concludes by putting it to the sheriff *ad referendum*, whether he would wish to see the exchequer better than well. His lordship has been in office twenty-four years, and says he has seen few instances in which he should be dissatisfied with the verdicts, and those cases were in favour of the defendants. May not the practice of twenty-four years have given his lordship a certain bias?

We are told in this work, that the ordinary number of prisoners in Newgate is between four and five hundred, and that when it exceeds six hundred, it is very likely to breed infection in the very heart of the city. P. 20, 21.

In such a work we did not expect to find any thing light and amusing. Our readers shall judge if we have stumbled upon any thing of this kind in the contrast between the following *dietary* or system of *light food*, and its opposite account of *heavy expences*.

#### No. VI.

*"The following is the Dietary for the Prisoners kept at work in the Penitentiary House of the County of Gloucester; communicated to me by George Onesiphorus Paul.*

*"BREAKFAST, every morning, 1½ oz. oatmeal made into porridge with onions, or leeks, and ½ oz. of salt.\**

*"DINNER, Sunday—1lb. of beef without bone, (or 12 oz. when dressed) and 1lb. of potatoes.*

*"Monday—½ of a pint of peas, with the broth of the preceding day.*

*"Tuesday—1½ oz. of rice, and 1½ oz. of oatmeal made into porridge.*

*"Wednesday—2lb. of potatoes, or a proportionate quantity of cabbage or carrots.*

*"Thursday—The same as Sunday.*

*"Friday—The same as Monday.*

*"Saturday—½lb. of cheese.*

*"½ of an ounce of salt to each man per day: a loaf of bread every day to each man, weighing 1lb.*

*"The cost of this dietary is about 2s. 4d. to 2s. 6d. per man per week.*

*"When it has happened to be necessary to work the men very hard, in moving ground in hot weather, the number of meat days have been increased. But the rule excluding all other liquors than water, has never been broke through on any occasion. By reference to the surgeon's journal it will be found, that although there are generally thirty men of different ages in this division, not one has died, nor has any one been dangerously sick in the last three years." P. 233, 234.*

#### No. X.

*General Idea of the Expences of serving the Office of Sheriff of London and Middlesex. (Vide Page 136.)*

*"As it may be an object of curiosity to many persons, and of useful information to others, to know the expences of serving the office of sheriff at the present time, I have subjoined an outline of my own expences.*

\* *"We introduced this breakfast into the starving female-wards of Newgate, out of the means afforded by the sheriff's fund."*

Inauguration dinner at Stationers' Hall, exclusive of wines - - - - -	l.	s.	d.
	230	0	0
A fourth of the expences of the Guildhall dinner, on the 9th of November, one fourth being paid by each sheriff, and two-fourths by the Lord Mayor, exclusive of wines - - - - -	270	0	0
Dinners for three sessions at the Old Bailey, nineteen days, at 35l. per day - - - - -	665	0	0
One hundred and forty-five dozen of wine consumed at the above dinners, consisting of nine dozen of Champagne, sixteen dozen of Hock, eleven dozen of Claret, nineteen dozen of Madeira, seventy-nine dozen of Port, and eleven dozen of other wines, spirits, and liqueurs - - - - -	450	0	0
Other public dinners, breakfasts, &c. - - - - -	100	0	0
Fee-farm rents, city officers, &c. &c. - - - - -	180	0	0
Meat at the prisons, &c. &c. - - - - -	200	0	0
State chariot, horses, state liveries, &c. &c. - - - - -	550	0	0
	2745	0	0

From which may be deducted about 500*l.* of various allowances from the city, leaving the net expences to the person serving the office, of upwards of two thousand guineas.

"I should, however, observe, that the quantity of wine is not always so great, many late sheriffs having consumed only from 100 to 120 dozen, and my colleague this year but 134 dozen. Sometimes the Old-Bailey dinners are not so numerous, but the present year may be taken as an average." P. 266—268.

We leave the reader to contrast the health and spare diet of the prisoners, with the gouty habits and plethoric rotundity of the citizens, who we are told invite the recorder to upwards of four hundred such dinners every year, and having read that "*small rogues hang, that jurymen may dine,*" we seriously recommend to the justice of the Lord Mayor and Aldermen to consider whether, by giving such very good dinners, they do not hold out too great a temptation to a hungry judge to dispatch a prisoner before his time, who may chance to be upon his trial, about the wonted hour of five, when the judges are summoned to dinner.

And so we dismiss the good sheriff, leaving him to join Mr. Waithman and Mr. Wardle, in their exertions for reform, just slyly hinting, by way of consolation, that it has been whis-

pered to us, that the excess of the wine drank at his dinners, over that expended by his colleague, who was a wine-merchant, was owing to some wags amongst the lawyers, who were determined to make his claret pay for his interference in their old established practices. Thus, also, shalt thou learn, good reader, what a man gains by being a reformer.

We omit to make any observations upon the style of this book, which is professedly written by a mere man of business, and which aspires to nothing beyond mediocrity. We have, besides, no particular scale by which we can justly estimate the strictly proper style of a Sheriff of London and Middlesex.

*Letters from an Elder to a Younger Brother, on the Conduct to be pursued in Life.* 8vo. pp. 198. Taylor and Hensley, 1809.

ALTHOUGH we must grant that it is our more immediate province to represent the world as it is, we are ready, at every convenient opportunity, to reflect society as it should be. However disposed to laugh at the follies which cross our path, as finding ridicule our most effectual means of drawing men from error or from vice, we still have an eye to serious objects; and, indeed, without this great end in our purpose, "a tymbrel's sound were better than our voice." But, if we have found ridicule the most effective corrector of folly, we have not, therefore, an objection to the more didactic style of the correspondent before us: though ridicule be a proper instrument for the chastisement of folly, instruction requires a somewhat soberer vehicle. The letters before us, sixteen in number, which are very appropriately dedicated to the venerable Dean of Westminster, are said by the author to be published as they were written to a youth between thirteen and fifteen years of age, who was at that time destined for the army, and were particularly directed to those subjects on which he was, or would be, in the most need of advice. How far they were calculated to influence the pursuits of that flexible and wayward age, may be best appreciated by a few extracts. The first letter, which is introductory to the rest, explains the necessity of self-examination, and the propriety of withholding from youth books of infidelity or of immoral tendency: but we doubt if the author does not carry his liberality too far, when he suggests the propriety, at an advanced age, of "perusing the worst writings of the worst men, in order to become acquainted with

all the subtle artifices and malicious contrivances of vice, and be the better able to oppose them." The second and third letters, on virtue, for we consider as virtue, an open, generous conduct both in matter and manner, cannot be too highly praised, nor can the recommendation of such a habit be too strongly enforced.

"This truth and openness of behaviour will, above all things, tend to preserve us from that host of *secret faults*, which, as they are silent and unresisted, are the most dangerous enemies to our virtue and prosperity in life. It will teach us to relinquish practices which we persevere in, only because we know that we are able to conceal them. Too many of these secret vices are contracted in our earliest years, and not a few of them do we carry to our graves. They are thus, through life, a drawback to our virtue, and an antidote to our happiness. They poison all the seeds of the former, corrupt the sources of the latter, and often injure our health, and hurry us to an early death. Against these vices, and against *every action* which would tempt you to concealment, I caution you in the strongest terms. Concealment is but another name for hypocrisy." P. 20.

This is the voice of sense and reason; and every one who has made the impulses of the heart his study, will feel the truth and justice of the foregoing observations: next to religion, no principle should be more earnestly impressed on the youthful mind. The letter on swearing, contains nothing new; for what could be said new on a subject, which, as the practice was always contemptible, is, we have reason to hope, falling into decay; and which will soon, it should seem, in the absence of wit and genius in the drama, be confined to the *stage*. We agree with the author as to the effect of an early introduction to the bustle of the world, in promoting courage; and, if we do not go all his lengths against duelling, it is because we can discover no other protection for strength of mind, joined to inequality of corporeal strength, against the brutal attacks of vigorous insolence; and, though the chance of a bullet be no better evidence of a just cause, than the ordeal of a plough-share, we must be content, unless some better mode of decision shall be disclosed, to lament the practice of duelling as a painful but necessary evil. Letters sixth and seventh are devoted to the recommendation of independence: the independence which relies on its own exertions for its freedom from the controul of another; and that which is the consequence of

economy, as distinct from parsimony. The two following epistles, chiefly addressed to the military character, we leave to a profession better qualified to judge of their application; and come to letter the tenth, which, after a few sensible observations on what is generally understood by Charity, we are, somewhat archly, told

“There is another branch of charity, of the merit of which, were we to judge by their conduct, we should suppose mankind to be almost ignorant. For although we may be laudably punctual in all the other duties of this virtue, yet the best of us feel no repugnance to giving publicity to the errors of others, and have no scruples to deter us from picking holes in a declining character. This is thought fair game, for the destruction of which we need no qualification. But it is truly a most unchristian-like sin; we check the progress which the unfortunate object of our scandal may be making towards virtue; and, by publishing their failings, damp their exertions to atone for their faults, and redeem their reputation,” &c. &c. P. 73.

The subject is pursued through this letter, at the close of which is a curious piece of biblical criticism. The eleventh letter, in which the subject is continued, is, perhaps, the most original piece of reasoning in the volume; we wish we could, consistently with our limits, extract it—we cannot abridge it without injuring its effect. The twelfth letter, on drunkenness, which is a little over-strained, is amended by some good practical observations on the advantages of what are vulgarly termed, *good hours*; and the thirteenth, on the subject of dress, will be read with advantage and pleasure, by all but those who conceive that foppery is elegance, and that filth is the emblem of wisdom and of learning. This volume closes with three letters on the important subject of religion—not the religion of any particular sect, or as belonging to any prescribed form of worship, but religion in its broad and comprehensive sense, which the New Testament has admirably defined in these simple words:—“To do justice, love mercy, and walk humbly with thy God.”

“These,” says our author, “are plain and expressive terms. If we make them the universal canon (and surely we are right in doing so) by which to judge all polemic disputes, and controversial questions, I fear the sentence will be, that those questions and disputes have no connexion with true religion and real christianity. Christianity is a broad and extensive principle; it can comprehend its professors of all denominations, whether their outward ceremonies be performed in a church or in a conventicle; whether by the mass, or by the taciturnity of the

quakers. Peace is its great end and object; and none can more oppose that, and consequently less deserve the appellation of Christians, than those who, by raising new controversies, or awakening dormant disputes, create or promote the virulent heart-burnings, the animosities and disturbances, to which mankind are so peculiarly prone. Far more Christian is he, who ministers to the repose and oblivion of all subjects of dispute, whether he conceive that they sleep in truth or in error." P. 108.

Recommending this passage to the serious consideration of Mr. Perceval, we close our review. The leading feature of this little volume is good sense; and, but that a few terms occur of doubtful authority, and that the style is occasionally somewhat too colloquial, it may be praised without hesitation, while it cannot be read by any age without advantage.

*The Husband and the Lover. An Historical and Moral Romance.*  
3 Vols. 18s. Lackington. 1809.

It has been justly observed by JOHNSON, that to select a singular event, and swell it to a giant's bulk by fabulous appendages of spectres and predictions, has little difficulty; for he that forsakes the probable, may always find the marvellous—and it has little use; we are affected only as we believe; we are improved only as we find something to be imitated or declined. Such, however, is in general the whole merit of our writers of ROMANCE; such the sum and extent of their ability. This easy and worthless display of invention, so common amongst our horror-mongers, the LEWISES and RADCLIFFES of the day, has been most judiciously avoided in this work, which, with a powerful and pleasing interest, is *romantic* without being disfigured by the wild, extravagant, and tortured fancies of a morbid and delirious imagination.

This is the production of Mrs. Richardson, and, by confession, her "first essay."—The confession was necessary to the belief, for, viewed with regard to style, connection, plan, or execution, it is so superior to any of the labours of the old professors of romance-writing, that we cannot but consider it as a model in this amusing and instructive branch of literature. Our commendation of it is the more full and unreserved, in consequence of the excellence of its precepts, and the purity of its moral.



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*A Practical Treatise on the Merino and Anglo-Merino Breeds of Sheep; in which the Advantages to the Farmer and Grazier, peculiar to those Breeds, are clearly demonstrated. By an experienced Breeder. 8vo. pp. 198. 7s. Piercy.*

Many and various are the publications we have lately perused on the breed of Merino sheep. The author of this treatise endeavours to prove by arguments, which we acknowledge are to us satisfactory and convincing, that the propagation of the Spanish, or rather the Anglo-Merino, will be eventually productive of great advantage to this country: he shews, in opposition to the surmises and apprehensions of the Leicestershire farmer, that the mutton is both fat, and excellent in its flavour.—“I have killed a great many Anglo-Merinos myself, all of which have turned out to my most complete satisfaction; and though I have frequently produced the mutton at my table to gentlemen by no means friendly to the breed, having imbibed all the prejudices usual against innovation, I have never met with one who did not allow that the mutton was excellent.” P. 119.

We recommend this treatise to the perusal both of the farmer and the gentleman: it may, and we trust, it will, have the happy effect of removing the prejudices of the former, and of reconciling him to an animal which, singularly useful in itself, he may have been accustomed to hold in contempt; it may stimulate the latter to extend, and, by judicious management and attention, to improve the breed—to employ the looms of Yorkshire, of Somerset, of Wilts, and Gloucestershire, with our own staple, and to gratify the palate of the epicure, by the choicest food produced, reared, and fed on our own soil. This treatise, we are to observe, is not written by an author by profession; it seems to be the production of a gentleman who lives in the neighbourhood of Christ Church, printed solely for the laudable purpose of encouraging and promoting the most patriotic end, the real welfare of the country. The reader in perusing the book will not be disappointed by the assurances given in the title-page: he will derive much curious information conveyed in an unaffected and pleasing style.

## DRAMATIC.

*Killing no Murder, a Farce in two Acts, as performed with great Applause at the Theatre Royal, Haymarket; together with a Preface, and the Scene suppressed by Order of the Lord Chamberlain. By T. E. Hook, Esq. Music by Mr. Hook. pp. 53. 2s. 1809.*

THE weakness of a cause is never more fully proved and exposed, than by the fanatic imbecility of its over-zealous, ignorant, and presumptuous defenders. In this predicament stands the venerable patriarch of Putney, Mr. JOHN LARPENT, a man of many callings, (as will presently appear,) but disgraced, we hope, by no call so much as that which, while in the receipt of 400*l.* a-year, for the profane employment of reading *plays*, made him as it were, the piebald patron of "*inspired tailors and illuminated cobblers.*" We spoke very freely last month of the acting-merits of this farce, and of the conduct of Mr. Larpent, the sub-chamberlain, who, for some wholesome ridicule of the *black sheep* of his miserable flock, refused to license the performance of it—*'tantæne animi caelestibus iræ?'* We have now before us Mr. Hook's exposition of all the circumstances, as well as the *scene suppressed*, than which nothing was ever more harmless, even to a trifling nothing; or, at the same time, by the stir it has made in the conventicle, better calculated to shew the lively, trembling fears, which the vulgar mob of Methodists entertain for the duration of a superstructure, reared on a basis no better than lunacy, hypocrisy, and imposition. *'Ira deos, ira x, adus, where there is fear, there also is shame,* and what must be the portion of fear felt by them for the strength of their fortress, when they are all in arms at the sound of such a pop-gun as this? We know that there are some wise, good, and pious men amongst the sect called Methodists, but they are above the ridicule which applies so well, and sticks so close, to the visionary LARPENT, and his senseless followers. "*Religentem esse oportet, religiosum nefas,*" says an unknown author in Aulus Gellius; and Addison, one of a strong, steady, masculine piety, tells us that "there is not a more *melancholy object*, than a man who has *his head turned with religious enthusiasm.*" He told Mr. Hook, that "GOVERNMENT DID NOT WISH THE METHODISTS TO BE RIDICULED." As he is an adept at expounding a text, he should have added, "*By which, Mr.*

Hook, you are to understand that government think some few unworthy of such treatment, while they are perfectly convinced that I and the greater bulk of the devotees, illuminated through a crack in the skull, will do it abundantly well ourselves, without any assistance." Rather, more seriously, they are sure that there is nothing to apprehend from them, while they receive no consequence from persecution. If nothing more than the *ridicule of fanaticism* had ever taken place on the stage, we very confidently believe that the statute of 10 Geo. 2. would never have existed, and consequently Mr. Larpent, the pluralist, would have been a calling less. This is the little history of the matter. The act prohibits "acting, representing, or performing for hire, gain, or reward, of any interlude, tragedy, comedy, opera, play, farce, or other entertainment of the stage\*," without letters patent from the king, or license from the lord chamberlain; and in the third section it requires, that "a true copy thereof shall be sent to the lord chamberlain, fourteen days at least before the acting, representing, or performing thereof." Now, we come at the origin of this precaution through Lord KENYON, who from the Bench ingenuously confessed his belief, that "possibly the notion of the statute's being confined to such productions arose from the occasion which is supposed to have given birth to it; which was, some plays written by Mr. GAY and others, *levelled against the existing administration*, with intention of bringing it into disrepute with the people." *Term Rep.* Mr. LARPENT will henceforth know, *what sort of diligence and jealousy ministers require of him*, as an official reader of plays!

Mr. Hook's *Preface* is written with ability and acuteness, sufficient to countenance what we affirmed in our last †, of his powers with application. He tells us that he is "*a young man*." Let him remember, that in the world of letters, without study, he will always be so.

The evening before he expected the performance of his farce, he was informed that Mr. Larpent would not license it.

"Thus situated, I set off in search of the gentleman who had strangled my literary infant in its birth, and to find him I referred to the Red-

\* *Tumbling* excepted, which was first introduced at Sadler's Wells, and did not exist when the statute was made. Besides, a copy of the piece represented is required by the act, and how could Mr. Larpent, though doubtless a very good judge of *tumbling*, have received a readable copy of this entertainment?

† P. 44.

Book, where I discovered that John Larpent, Esq. was clerk at the Privy Seal Office, that John Larpent, Esq. was deputy to John Larpent, Esq. and that the deputy's secretary was John Larpent, Esq. This proved to me that a man could be in three places at once; but on enquiry I found he was even in a fourth and a fifth, for it was by virtue of none of these offices he licensed plays, and his place, i. e. his villa, was at Putney. Thither I proceeded in a post-chaise, in chace of this ubiquitous deputy, and there I found him. After a seasonable delay, to begot an awful attention on my part, he appeared, and told me with a chilling look, that the second act of my farce was the most 'indecent and shameful attack on a very religious and harmless set of people, (he meant the *Methodists*); and that my piece altogether was an infamous persecution of the sectaries.'—Out came the murder."

In a note we read—

"The licenser told me that I had introduced a clergyman to ridicule him: I said, 'not a clergyman—a Methodist preacher.'—'It is exactly the same,' was his reply." P. iv.

After some other remarks on Mr. Larpent, he observes—

"At all events, how perfectly improper is it to select such an officer from any particular sect of people; he will naturally incline towards them, and if Mr. Larpent is allowed to suppress a Methodist's character, because he is *one himself*, no author, while he is in place, for a similar reason will be suffered to introduce on the stage the character of a conceited consequential old man."

We have only room for the following anecdotes, which we give on the authority of Mr. Hook's *theological* researches.

"It is a notorious fact, that the Methodists are not contented with following their own fashions in religion, but they endeavour hourly to overturn the established church, by all means, open and covert, and I know as a positive fact, that it is considered the first duty of Methodist parents to irritate their children against the regular clergy, before the poor wretches are able to think or consider for themselves. Nay, some are so ingenious in their efforts for this purpose, that they inculcate the aversion, by nick-naming whatever object the children hate most, after some characteristic of the episcopal religion; and I have known a whole swarm of sucking Methodists frightened to bed, by being told that the bishop was coming—the impression resulting from this alarm, grows into an antipathy, and from having been, as children, accustomed to consider a bishop as a bugbear, it becomes no part of their study to discover why, but the very mention of lawn sleeves throws them into agonies ever after." P. vii.

In a note—

"To prove how fit Mr. Larpent is for his office, it may not be amiss to state, that, at that sty of mud and corruption, Rowland Hill's Chapel, the congregation were congratulated from the pulpit on the destruction of Covent-Garden Theatre, and the annihilation of a score of firemen, noticed as a singular proof of the wisdom of Providence, in these words: "Great news, my brethren, great news, a great triumph has taken place over the devil and the stage-players—a fire in one of their houses—oh! may there be one consumed every year!—it is my fervent prayer." P. vii.

A succeeding "*Advertisement*" is taken up with *remerciements* to all the actors in this farce, beginning with the LORD CHAMBERLAIN and Mr. LARPENT. This is the strain of the *satirical* rogue:—

Mr. Mathews. "All the approbation he receives in public as an actor, he fully deserves in private as a man."

Mr. Liston. "No part, as originally written, can be equal to his talents." P. viii.

There is something ungenerous, however, in this share of the irony, as every one must see, who attempts to read the farce, that it owes all its success to the mimicry and mummery of these drolls.

*The Catechism of Health; containing simple and easy Rules for the Management of Children, &c.* 1s.

*The Mother's Catechism; or First Principles of Knowledge and Instruction for very young Children.* 1s.

*Catechism of General Knowledge; or, a Brief Introduction to the Arts and Sciences.* 1s. By W. Mavor, LL.D. Lackington. 1809.

DR. MAVOR had long since formed the plan of writing a series of CATECHISMS, which he has now, in part, happily executed. The titles will speak the nature of his little manuals, and we are ready to allow that their merits are equal to their pretensions.

Does our worthy Doctor mean to entertain us with a pun, when, at page 4, he talks of a *Catechism of Health* being introduced into schools with *salutary* effects?

## THE BRITISH STAGE.

Τὰ ἀμφὶ τῇ διατέσει, καὶ τοῖς τοῖς τοῖς ἡγετοῖς.

Marc. Antonin. lib. vi. § xlvii.

*Nil novum, nihil quod non semel spectasse videlicet.*

De Circensibus Pila. l. ix. ep. 6.

## COMEDIANS.

(Continued from P. 40.)

THE remark, which you make on that famous actress, whom the English have interred by the side of their kings, is perhaps the most characteristic proof of *mauvaise foi* that can be imagined. Let us cite it at length. I blush for you.

"If the English have buried the celebrated MRS. OLDFIELD by the side of their kings, it was not her profession, but her talents which they wished to honour. With them, great talents ennoble the humblest birth; imbecility degrades the most illustrious. But as to the profession of an actor, the bad and the middling are despised in London, as much, or more than any where else."

Tell me, I pray, is it possible to honour the talents of a comedian, without doing honour to the profession, seeing that the talent is its essence? Any profession, indeed, the exercise of which might give him, who embraced it, pretensions to a degree of glory as eminent as that of being buried with kings, can never be esteemed disgraceful. What have the English done, if the profession of a comedian is infamous? They have proportioned the grandeur of their homage to the ability of the actress, to exalt that which is infamous. For what is that talent which they honour?

"The art of counterfeiting, of assuming a foreign character, of appearing different from what you really are, of affecting a passion you do not feel, of saying things which you do not think." Such is the definition which you give of the talent of a comedian, to prove that his profession is dishonourable. This nevertheless was the talent for which they mingled the dust of *Oldfield* with that of kings.

C—VOL. VI.\*

According to your opinion, the nature of this talent constitutes the dishonour of the profession of a comedian; then this talent is disgraceful in itself, and consequently the English have insulted the tombs of their kings, by associating disgrace with honour.

*"As to the profession of an actor, the bad and the middling are despised in London as much or more than any where else."*

If in London none but bad and middling actors are despised, it is not from the nature of their profession, but because they are poor proficient in it; because, as you remark, imbecility degrades the most illustrious situations. It may be further asserted that if middling actors are wholly despised, there would be great injustice in it, since the most excellent were not always so.

*"What," you ask, "is the talent of a comedian? It is a talent through which he exhibits himself for money, and submits to the ignominy and insults, which people purchase the right of treating him with."* I answer you, that the profession of a comedian is the art of bringing forward his own talents and those of others. Why had we not enough to prevent the damnation of your comedy of *Narcisse, ou l'Amant de lui-même!*

If our profession is dishonourable, because *we exhibit ourselves for money*, we have that in common with authors, who also submit to the ignominy and insults, which people purchase the right of treating them with; when after having sold their pieces to us, they await the judgment of the Pit. A hiss is as terrible to them as to us, and as they receive money for their labours, we may conclude that whoever writes a play, participates in our disgrace. You yourself, sir, have written a bad one—*Imbecility degrades every situation!* You are as infamous as ourselves. Let us be at peace then! for what have I to complain of? You have measured us by your own standard.

I contend, however, that the profession of a comedian is not dishonourable, even when considered in the light, in which you take it. To receive the public money for the exertion of talent, is not humiliating. The most renowned painters of Italy formerly exposed their works to the censure of the people, and thought themselves in no degree dishonoured by their animadversions. These men laboured for profit as well as fame. There is at least not more disgrace in enforcing the payment of a certain sum for a box at the theatre, than for a pew at church!

You insinuate that comedians are led to abuse that sort of gallantry, which they are obliged to mimic, for the purpose of seducing innocence; and you add—" *These sharper valets, so subtle of tongue, and dextrous with their fingers on the stage, will they never, in the need occasioned by a profession more expensive than lucrative, have certain useful absences of mind? Will they never take the purse of a prodigal son or an avaricious father, for that which on the stage they have been used to pilfer from Leandre or Argan?*"

[To be continued.]

### "STRAIGHT-PIGHT."

IN CYMBELINE, act v. sc. 5, *Iachimo* says—

"For feature, laming

The shrine of Venus, or *straight-pight* Minerva."

On the following passage in *Lear*—

"And found him *pight* to do it."

Act 2. sc. 1.

And on this in *Troilus*—

"Tents

Thus proudly *pight* upon our Phrygian plains."

Act v. sc. 5.

JOHNSON and STEEVENS agree, that "*pight* is pitched, fixed, settled;"—the obsolete preterite and participle past of *to pitch*—but here, in *Cymbeline*, they give no interpretation, and their other comment does not afford any very sensible assistance—for what the devil is *straight-pighted* Minerva?

Query—Should it not be *straight-thigh'd*? Or *pyged*—*pygt*, from *πυγή*? This suits the chaste character of the Athenian Pallas, as the *καλλιπύγη*, or *belles fesses* was agreeable to the disposition of her rival; and this distinction alone would perhaps be sufficient to confirm the taste and warrant the choice of the shepherd of Ida. But I leave this delicate matter to be determined by those who are upon more intimate terms with *Minerva*, than I can pretend to be. My guess, as it is not very complimentary, is clearly *invidiâ Minervâ*.



## ORIGINAL POETRY.

## THE VISIONARY \*.

WRITTEN DURING CONFINEMENT IN THE COUNTRY.

" O, then I see Queen Mab hath been with you ;  
*She is the fancy's midwife.*" ROMEO.

" *We are such stuff  
 As dreams are made of, and our little life,  
 Is rounded with a sleep.*" SHAKSP.

" *Dreams are but interludes which fancy makes  
 When monarch Reason sleeps, the mimic wakes.*" DRYDEN.

OFt when the day's ethereal light,  
 Was wrapt in misty clouds of night,  
 Slumb'ring to me, in fancy's eye,  
 Appear'd bright forms mysteriously ;  
 And scenes, which not the sons of earth,  
 Howe'er inventive, e'er gave birth,  
 Nor yet from worldly thoughts disjoin'd,  
 Left their bright image on my mind.  
 These apt allusions, fairy themes,  
 Compact of many coloured dreams,  
 Among my waking cares imprest,  
 The love of song imbu'd my breast.

O Muse! whose fanciful controul,  
 Sways to thy wish the willing soul,  
 And from the spring of tender thought  
 Inspires the more corrected draught;

\* We have received this poem, with several others, from Mr. William A stin, who has, for two years and a half, been confined in a private mad-house, near Salisbury. Our readers will recollect this ingenious but unhappy youth, under the signature of "*Marcus*." The letter, that accompanied them, would move a stouter heart than ours to tears; but we are no competent judge of his complaints. Edt.

Here did I court thee to display  
Those glowing beauties to the day ;  
Yet would arise a secret pride,  
That all imparting force defied,  
Which bade me nurse the teeming mould,  
Then deem'd incondite, crude, and cold ;  
This cherish'd hope from mem'ry flown,  
I mourn th' expected treasure gone !  
So from the hand of cult'ring care  
Fades many a plant of promise rare ;  
Haste, or neglect, or chilling gales  
Proclaim why most our purpose fails.

Th' Aonian steep I view'd too long,  
Fond to be deem'd a son of song,  
And stoop'd to take, on either side,  
Flow'rs sweet, diverse, in blooming pride ;  
Yet some with baleful malice fraught,  
Denied my wish, that humble lot,  
And bade me in confinement show,  
By pain, my sense of moral woe.

Remote from towns, on rising ground,  
Where scarce we catch the village sound,  
Where oft combines the wrangling jar  
Of pris'ners ta'en in mania's war ;  
I start to hear the mingled fray,  
And wish and wish myself away !  
Yet here some Good has met my view,  
Some friend, of female feature new,  
I thus more reconcil'd remain,  
Till time shall soothe my mental pain ;  
Turn some instructive page, or toy,  
More healthful for my day's employ ;  
On flowers contemplative I gaze,  
Or range the garden's sinuous maze ;  
Or watch, from seeds, the rising shoot,  
Or trace the blossom to its fruit ;—  
Not that trim art can long bestow  
Arms to repel life's weary foe,

When most restrain'd swift fancy flies,  
 Excursive the wide country tries;  
 To scenes more wild delighted roves,  
 To such as youthful poet loves;  
 The woodland wild, the breezy hill,  
 The shepherd down, meand'ring rill,  
 A bold broad stream, the torrent sound  
 Of waters, deep, diffuse, around:  
 Or notes the raven-flight, or caw  
 Of rooks, whence some deep presage draw;  
 Or bird athwart the twilight fall,  
 Heavy of wing; or gentle call  
 Of Philomel, in sylvan pride,  
 Break on the calm of even-tide.  
 Pensive, to these my mind will roam,  
 Then grieve to find me far from home,  
 Where, by the moon's effulgent light,  
 I press my homely couch of night,  
 Invoke some fair-one for my muse,  
 And trust to dreams in dearth of news.

1809.

W. A.

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### REPLY TO AN AGED SUITOR.

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WHY thus press me to compliance?  
 Why oblige me to *refuse*?  
 Yet tho' I shrink from *your* alliance,  
 Perhaps a *younger* I may choose.

For 'tis a state I'll ne'er disparage—  
 Nor will I war *against it* wage—  
 I do *not*, sir, object to *marriage*,  
 I but object to *marry* age.

P. G.

## D E A T H.

I HEARD the voice of woe ; I bade mine ear  
Catch the low mournful murm'ring, passing sad.  
It seem'd as tho' it issued from the grave  
Of some poor wretch, inurn'd ere life had fled  
Its lethargied abode—(the starting tear  
Would scarce forbear to flow).—Yet sweet withal  
Was it as those melodious notes I've heard,  
Breath'd thro' the far-off flute most musical,  
When his lone hours the nighted sea-boy cheer'd,  
Waking the midnight echo on the wave.

“ King of the narrow dwelling ! shadowy lord !  
Thy shaft unerring flies, thy trackless dart  
Speeds sure, tho' silent, and thy viewless sword  
Severs at once the knot of life ! Can aught  
Avail thy destin'd victim ? aught avert  
The fated blow ? No !—nor by riches bought,  
By prayers relented, or by wily art  
Won to delay thy stroke—nought *can* avail.  
Oh dread implacable ! I flatter not,  
Nor sue thee to be kind, nor fondly wail  
In unavailing plaints, nor seek to buy  
An hour's short respite—Respite ? said I, No !  
With care and sorrow freighted all too slow  
My ling'ring carrack rides ; by many a sigh  
Wafted, and floated on by many a tear—  
Urge thou its tardy course.— Oh not thy frown  
Dark'ning, nor thy uplifted arm I fear.  
Strike—spectre monarch ! let thy shaft be hurl'd !  
Sharper are life's keen thorns.—I lay me down,  
Nor wish again to rise in this bad world.”

A lengthen'd pause ensued—a trembling beam,  
Lent from a dying lamp, just shew'd me where,  
Prone on the earth, a female form was laid.

Then feebly shot a last blue quiv'ring gleam.  
I look'd, alas ! the victim of despair,  
Friendless and poor and woe-begone—was dead.  
Sleep on and be at peace ! Short was thy day  
Of life and comfortless, poor hapless maid,  
When the long night is past, oh may a ray  
Of heavenly splendour light thee from thy bed,  
A flight of seraphim about thee play,  
And bind immortal glories round thy head !

C.

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LINES WRITTEN ON A LEAF OF LITTLE'S POEMS.

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" WHEN Time, who steals our years away,  
Shall steal our pleasures too,  
The mem'ry of the past will stay,  
And half our joys renew."

So LITTLE sang in soothing strains,  
And so, perhaps he thought ;  
For where's the heart, regret retains  
For pleasures *cheaply* bought ?

But I, who love but *one* alone,  
And not for *twenty* pine,  
Shall grieve to think those days are flown,  
That now so brightly shine.

When youth can second each desire  
That ardent love may form ;  
And her dear breast conceals a fire,  
Than mine, perhaps, more warm.

A fire, that still, alas ! will burn,  
Amidst the blight of age,  
And till this form to ashes turn,  
Will never cease to rage !

Then, when Time steals my years away,  
 He'll steal my pleasures too,  
 And mem'ry of the past will stay,  
 To cloud my future view—

For I shall sigh for moments past,  
 For hours of fond delight,  
 For days that fly, alas! too fast—  
 And years so truly bright—

That ev'ry season seems a spring,  
 And ev'ry month, a May;  
 While Cupid ever on the wing,  
 Yet never flies away—

And I shall think each hour a day—  
 And days prolong'd to years—  
 And ev'ry month, e'en that of May,  
 Sullied with Winter's tears.

And tho' sweet Spring shall spread her flowers,  
 For me, no more they'll bloom;  
 For over Summer's sunniest hours,  
 Regret will cast a gloom.

Then, when Time steals *my* years away,  
 My *mem'ry* let him steal—  
 Or if remembrance still *must* stay,  
 Ah! let me cease to *feel*!

P. G.

### HORACE IN LONDON.

BOOK I.—ODE III.

#### SIR WILLIAM CURTIS'S YACHT!

*Sic te Diva potens Cypri, &c.*

DEAR Venus, quit Idalia's lawn,  
 In Cyprian car by turtles drawn,  
 At Neptune's sea-green footstool fawn,  
 And make him, *willy nilly*,

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Sweet oil upon the waters pour,  
 And thus the venturous YACHT restore,  
 That carried off from *Thanet's* shore,  
 My soul's best half—SIR BILLY.

He surely view'd in looking-glass,  
 A nose of copper, cheek of brass,  
 Who thus in feeble *yacht* could pass  
 Within the range of cannons:  
 When hostile squadrons beat the hoof,  
 And citizens won't keep aloof,  
 A pair of pantaloons bomb-proof,  
 I reckon *sine-quâ-nons*.

That hardy mortal knows not fear,  
 Who ventures out from *Ramsgate Pier*,  
 And as the Gallic cliffs draw near,  
 With careless eye looks at 'em—  
 But bolder he, himself who coops  
 In his own little bark, nor stoops,  
 To heed the quizzing of the troops,  
 Led by the EARL OF CHATHAM.

In vain shall Neptune's prudent tide,  
 Old *Kent* from *Picardy* divide,  
 SIR WILLIAM's boat in painted pride,  
 Has made their shores embrace.  
 His bosom fraught with conquering zest,  
 Has half the continent imprest,  
 All *Hungary* below his breast,  
 And *Flushing* in his face.

What wonders all the papers fill!  
 With rockets now the foe we kill,  
 We burrow under *Highgate Hill*,  
 Each day outdoes the other.  
 See thro' *Pall-Mall* each lovely lass,  
 By night illuminated pass,  
 While WINSOR lights with flame of gas  
 Home to *King's Place*—his mother.

In *parachute* by way of change,  
 With *Garnerin* in air we range,  
 Surpassing all the wonders strange,  
 That e'er *Munchausen* told us.  
 Great Jupiter! for mercy's sake,  
 Me to a cooler planet take,  
 For at this rate we soon shall make  
 The world too hot to hold us!

J.

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 TO MR. ELLISTON.

On his conniving at MR. CROSS's *Versification of the Dialogue of the Beggar's Opera*, and making a spectacle of GAY.

*Quantum mutatus!*

"Terrible show," you well may say—  
 Indeed it is too bad,  
 With gain, so mean, to make Cross Gay,  
 And GAY so very sad!

\* \*

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 TO GAY.

Poor murder'd bard! O, shun the day,  
 And grieve not at thy loss;  
 For could'st thou see why Cross is Gay,  
 Thou surely would'st be Cross.

August 2.

\* \*



## MEMORANDA DRAMATICA.

## HAYMARKET.

1809.

July 21 to 24. Foundling of the Forest.—Killing no Murder.

25. Id.—Critic.

26. Id.—Love laughs at Locksmiths.

27. Seeing is believing.—Africans.—Is he a Prince?

28. Foundling of the Forest.—Killing no Murder.

29. Id.—Sylvester Daggerwood.—Tom Thumb.

31. Iron Chest.\*—Killing no Murder.

Aug.

\* This relief from the *Foundling*, was very agreeable to us, and to the town, as we surmise from the appearance of the house, which, in spite of SIR SAMUEL ROMILLY's assertion,† suffered no diminution in its receipts from that or any other change to which he might allude. It is refreshing to witness the representation of one of Mr. Colman's plays after such a wild specimen of the drama run mad, as we have lately been favoured with by Mr. Dimond.—Looking at the first production of this gentleman, the namby-pamby, love-sick Della-Cruscan sonnet; and his last, the to-tatters passion-tearing play, called *The Foundling of the Forest*, we cannot help thinking of the character given to the French, who, it is said, know no medium, but are either monkeys or tigers.

Whatever our contemporary critics may feel, or seem to feel, respecting certain performers at this theatre, we can allow no one of the company the merit of running away with our judgment of excellence, and making us bankrupts in language to express our admiration, except Mr. Young, in the graver walks of the drama. Mr. Kemble would not, and Mr. Elliston could not, do justice to the character of *Sir Edward Mortimer*.—Mr. Young, on the contrary, is honestly willing, and puissantly able. His performance of the part on this occasion, was excellent throughout, but in the trial-scene he was more than usually distinguished—a greater portion of inspiring animation, pathetic modulation of voice, and exquisite judgment, has rarely been exhibited. The *Helen* of Mrs. Glover, considering it is out of her best line, was entitled to praise. Nature has played Mr. Jones a very scurvy trick—either

† See *The Haymarket Theatre in Chancery*.

Aug. 1. Soldier's Daughter.—The Vintagers, a Musical Romance.\*

Aug.

either for the purpose, or in the hurry of business, she has evidently clapt another man's head upon his shoulders, and we now see him, up to the neck, with every thing elegant in miniature, while the skull for shape, and the face and eyes, (or goggles) for expression, are ineffably vulgar. His judgment, however, is good, and in the servant *Wilford*, he was certainly seen to considerable advantage—the more so, we think, because the part is serious. Mrs. Liston, in *Barbara*, sung her airs in her old way, which is assuredly very pleasing, but her compass is so narrow that she may be said to have a *cuckoo* voice—hear her once, and you have heard all that she can do. Mr. Mathews was easy and happy in *Samson*, and Mr. Grove, as he always is in silly old men, was a very good *Winterton*. *Orson*, a rough bandit, displays Mr. Farley at the top of his histrionic powers—here the peculiar delicacy of his acting streams from all his pores. *Judith*, so terrific and hateful as described by Godwin, is only disgusting as described by Mrs. St. Leger.

*Killing no Murder* followed, and has, through the exertions of Mathews and Liston, increased in public favour. See our review of the *Preface* to the farce.

\* OPIE, the painter, was pleased at the difficulties of his art, which prevented so many idle and unfit admirers of it from making it a profession; and by way of elucidating their advantage, he, in one of his lectures, tells this story:—Two highwaymen were crossing a heath, when one observed a gibbet, and said to his companion—"Curse those gibbets! if it were not for them, ours would be the best trade in the world." "You are a fool," cried the other, "there's nothing better for us than gibbets—come, I don't mean to be hanged on—but really and unequivocally speaking; for if it were not for gibbets, every body would turn highwayman, and we should be ruined." Now, there are no gibbets in dramatic writing, or at least that seems to be the opinion, and

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† They have *damnation* it is true; but then they are so used to it! If two or three of them were hanged, the example might do sound service to the cause; and it could very well follow on the charge of robbery, of which they might easily be convicted. The law, however, would perhaps not allow of this severity, since they only rob one another, which is, it must be confessed, the lowest species of petty larceny, and

## Aug. 2. Foundling.—Vintagers.

3. Three Weeks after Marriage.—Id.—Killing no Murder.

4. Foundling.—Vintagers.

5. Matrimony.—Id.—Killing no Murder.

7. Iron Chest.—Killing no Murder.

8. Love laughs at Locksmiths.—Vintagers.—Animal Magnetism.

Aug.

and the melancholy consequence is, that every body turns dramatist. They take their motto from the Latin poet, and *fancy you are able, and you are able*, is all their education. Mr. Eyre, a scholar, and the author of the *Vintagers*, goes, however, on more logical ground. SHAKESPEARE was a bad actor, and wrote good plays; but I am a bad actor, says Mr. Eyre, *ergo*—I must write good plays. A *non sequitur* by this light—most logically true, and most indisputably false! We will not allow him to say that he is a *bad* actor—he is amongst the minor middlings—correct, dry, and unentertaining; open to little blame, and entitled to as much praise. “By their works shall ye know them,” and *vice versa*—he is like his play, and his play is like him. With this general remark, we have merely to add that the characters are common, and that the plot is in the old routine; as thus—a lover supposed dead, and the mistress about by force to marry his assassin, when, his villainy being detected, and he brought to shame, the man gets his mare and all’s well. It is called the *Vintagers*, because the scene lies in France, near a vineyard, tenanted by as mad, a whining, loyal, nauseous, English *true blue*, rough

and could at best give them, as *Tom Dibdin* would justly observe, a title (their only one) to the *Bay*. But as that great wit, in arguing this case, in which he is so deeply interested, might probably and emphatically add—“Why should you *transport* us, who never *transported* you!” Yet if the hanging could happily be brought about, and who can tell what justice may one day do, (perhaps “*dabit Deus his quoque funem*,”) the form and ceremony of the execution are clearly pointed out by SHAKESPEARE himself. A WRITER (of plays for what we know) says in the 2d *Henry VI.* act iv. sc. 2.—“Sir, I thank God, I have been so well brought up, that I can *write my name*,” which is considered a full confession of guilt, as he might then probably have written a *melo-drame*, and *Cade* immediately directs what is to be done—“Away with him, I say; *hang him with his pen and inkhorn about his neck*.”

Aug. 9. Seeing's Believing.—The Foundling of the Forest.\*—Is he a Prince?

10. Hunter of the Alps.—Tekeli, (*in two acts*).—Killing no Murder.

11. Foundling.—Tekeli.

12. Sylvester Daggerwood.—Africans.—High Life below Stairs.†

Aug.

rough vagabond sailor as ever road dead drunk in three coaches at the same time—himself in one, his hat in a second, and his stick in a third—

“The thing, we own, is neither *new nor rare*,  
But wonder how the devil it came there!”

After all, the piece is creditable to the talents of Mr. Eyre, which are remarkably barren of amusement, though by no means destitute of good sense. In other days, he would have admired the jugs, but never thrown his gauntlet—now, however, we are less surprized at his yielding to such tempting *encouragement*, than we are inclined to pardon his unworthy ambition.

The music, by Mr. Bishop, adds another wreath to his brow, and shews what he is capable of, under better literary leaders. Mrs. Liston, in *Nannette*, in the first act had a delicious air, which suited her powers admirably. The quartet was such an excellent composition, that no vice of the singers could destroy its effect. The piece was favourably heard, but given out for repetition without a hearing.

If the valuable services of Mrs. Gibbs give her any privileges at this theatre, she certainly takes no advantage of them that can create any envy, when she condescends to play such wretched parts as the waiting-maid in the *Vintagers*, and *Geraldine* in the *Foundling of the Forest*.

\* Miss Kelly undertook the part of *Rosabella*, in the absence of Mrs. Liston, and the audience found the exchange no robbery. Mr. Grefulhe's excellent farce of *Is he a Prince?* was played with Mr. Harris's permission, and Mathews, Liston, and Mrs. Davenport, produced a vast deal of merriment. Mr. Mathews performed the *Baron*, and more humorously, we thought, than Mr. Munden. He is none the worse for being sick. Mr. Farley and Mr. Grove, in *Lindorff's* servant, and Mr. Bluffberg, deserve praise for their exertions.

† After the *Africans*, in which Miss Kelly played *Sutta* for the first time, the farce of *High life below Stairs*, was revived at this theatre after

† Mr. Farley.—This character was heightened to its present degree of perfection, to suit the taste of the actor, and against the better judgment of the author.

Aug. 14. Iron Chest.—High Life below Stairs.

15. Hunter of the Alps.—Vintagers.—Plot and Counter-plot.

16. Merchant of Venice.—De la Perouse.—(*Mr. Farley's benefit.*)

17. Mountaineers.—Waterman.—Hunter of the Alps.—(*Mr. Taylor's night.*)

18. Tekeli. —High Life below Stairs.—Killing no Murder.

19. A Cure for the Heart Ache, (*not acted five years*).—Is he a Prince?

ter a suspension of ten years. This little piece, exemplifying the "*Like master like man*," and shewing in a very ludicrous light the vanity and extravagance of servants, was brought out at Drury-Lane in 1759, and is the production of Mr. Townley, the then master of *Merchant Tailors*.<sup>\*</sup> BAKER says that it was ascribed to Mr. Townley, but that the *real author* was Garrick. He is wrong. Although we are told that this satire or exposure did some service in Scotland, where the opposition of the servants occasioned a league amongst the masters, which terminated in the correction of many abuses in the œconomy of the *lower house*, the vices it makes manifest are immortal. It was acted with considerable effect through the assistance of the talents of Mrs. Gibbs, Mr. Jones, and Mr. Liston, in *Kitty*, *Sir Harry*, and the *Duke*. Mr. Liston, however, is by no means all that is required of an imitator of a *Duke*. Mr. Farley in *Lovel*, did something for *Jemmy*, the bumpkin, but it was no metamorphose—he was disguised in the parlour, not in the kitchen. This Mr. Jones is a perfect *Atall*—he played *Daggerwood*, in the prelude—*Madiboo*, in the play, and *my lord* in the farce. *Memento*. Though many grains make a mountain, this is not the way to make a great actor.† *Pondere, non numero*, that's the way. The *Daggerwood* is very bad; but the others could not be performed better at this theatre.

The joke in this piece of "*Who wrote Sheekspur?*" Reply—"Ben Jonson," was introduced originally by Mrs. Clive, in *Kitty*.

<sup>\*</sup> Baker spells this word with a *y*. The error is common. It might be more seriously corrected than by the following anecdote.—The *Westminster-boys* used to quarrel very often with the watermen about Millbank, who were accustomed in return to assault them. Finding these water-rats too much for them, they sought the alliance of the *Merchant Tailors'* boys. They came, and were proceeding to the field in great form, two by two, when old *Vincent*, then a lad, tickled with the sight, could not help exclaiming, "*March on tailors!*" on which they turned round, licked the Westminster boys, and marched off. Here besides what we want, we learn, that Sheridan is right in pronouncing merchant, "*martchant*."

† At this rate, Mr. *Elliston* would be one.

## LYCEUM.

July 21. Up all Night.—Nabob.

22. The Russian Impostor; or, the Siege of Smolensko.—  
Poor Vulgar.

July

\* This night was represented for the first time, a new opera, intitled  
“The Russian Impostor; or, the Siege of Smolensko.” The characters  
are—

<i>Pugatcheff</i> , (the Impostor)	-	-	Mr. Raymond;
<i>Zamoski</i> , (Governor of Smolensko)			Mr. Marshall;
<i>Colonel Risberg</i> ,	-	-	Mr. Phillips;
<i>Oso</i> ,	-	-	Mr. Smith;
<i>Lowdobrog</i> ,	-	-	Mr. Penson;
<i>Luitfrad</i> ,	-	-	Mr. Horn;
<i>Kiski</i> ,	-	-	Mr. Oxberry;
<i>Officer</i> ,	-	-	Mr. Wallack;
<i>Adelina</i> ,	-	-	Mrs. Mountain;
<i>Kossa</i> ,	-	-	Mrs. Bishop;
<i>Liska</i> ,	-	-	Mrs. Orger.

The plot of this piece, ascribed to the pen of Mr. H. Siddons, is founded upon an historical fact, which took place in the reign of CATHERINE II. The characters and situations of the opera are calculated to exhibit good acting and good music to considerable advantage. Of the acting we have not much to say in reproof—the singers at this house are better performers than singers are wont to be: of the music by Mr. Addison, we are sorry to be obliged to speak in terms of disapprobation—it possesses neither science, melody, nor expression. We occasionally trace in it (to speak *Discreetly*) Mr. ADDISON'S *travels in Italy*, but we think it will not much increase the number of his spectators. It had, indeed, “a dying fall,” from the beginning to the end, and proved that the composer had no music in his soul. When another opera is forthcoming, “let no such man be trusted.” Mr. Phillips looked well in his Russian uniform, but his songs were not adapted to his style of singing, and time and tune frequently toiled after him in vain. His first song is a favourable specimen of the poetry of the piece.

“Thy bosom, sweet maid, is as pure as the snow,  
By the blasts of the north on the temple enroll'd;  
As chaste as the ice, but I find to my woe,  
That if 'tis as pure—yet, alas! 'tis as cold.

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July 24 to Aug. 3. The Russian Impostor; or, the Siege of Smolensko.—Nabob.

Aug. 4 and 5. Russian Impostor.—Knapschou: The Forest Fiend\*.

July

“ The flame in my bosom, so silently borne,  
Shall in silence expire like th’ opening flower,  
For the blossoms of hope from my bosom are torn,  
And faint like the leaves unrefresh’d by the shower.”

We caution him against all imitations, especially an imitation of KELLY, and if he moderates his action, and uses more discretion in his ease and familiarity, he will be the best acting singer that we have known in our time. Mr. Marshal, as the *Governor of Smolensko*, entered the field of battle in shoes and buckles; and Mr. Oxberry, as *Kiski*, was a chicken-hearted vender of chickens. The latter made his first appearance here upon this occasion; he is a sort of articulate Liston, and promises to become a favourite. Mrs. Mountain’s *Adelina*, was a *ditto* repeated of Mrs. Johnson’s character in *The Exile*; as was Mr. Smith’s *Osko* of Mr. Young’s *Doran*. The duet between *Osko* and *Kiski*, was chiefly remarkable for exhibiting a talking-horse, which, we believe, has not been seen since the days of *Diomed*.

*Osko*. From the village I was riding—

*Kiski*. Liska met you on that day,

*Osko*. When she heard my war-horse chiding,

*Kiski*. How you frisk’d away.

Mrs. Orger, on her *entrée*, was seized with a nervous tremor, which for a while suspended all her powers, but the applauses from above restored her to herself; from which we infer, that a beautiful woman, like a virtuous man in distress, is a spectacle at which the *Gods* themselves look down with applause‡. The dresses and decorations speak highly in favour of Mr. Arnold’s liberality. The former are chiefly taken from Sir R. K. PORTER’s book of travels. The house was not full, considering that it was the first night of a new piece; but the *Russian Impostor* was patronized by the public, and given out for repetition with much applause.

\* This is, says the Bill, “ a new grand pantomimic ballet of action, founded on a romantic German legend.” The whole was in dumb show—*Mum!*

The action, though ornamented with pretty dresses and scenery, was

‡ Non miror, si quando impetum capis (Deus) speculandi magnas vires, collectas cum aliqua calamitate. Senec. de Provid.

- Aug. 7 to 10. Duenna \*.—Knapschou.  
 11. Russian Impostor.—Knapschou.  
 12. Nabob.—Poer Vulcan.—Id.  
 14 to 18. Up all Night.—Knapschou.  
 19. Id.—Nabob.

entirely inexplicable to us, and but one thing met our eye, which deserves notice for its novelty. *The Forest Fiend*, who is not himself, but like Mr. Hook's *Apelle*, his cousin's cousin, or some such relation, (as we presume to guess) is a green man. Ay, but no common green-horn—no, one most perfect in all his parts. Turning to Mr. Twiss's excellent *jeu d'esprit*, the verbal *Index* to SHAKESPEARE, we find, through the word *green*, that *Billy* made some odd compounds of that colour, but the inventor of the *Forest Fiend* has beat him hollow. We have there "green girl,"—"green mantle,"—"green sleeves," and "green hair," all of which our *Fiend* has, adding a green dagger and sheath, and green pistols! This is a full and true account of the merits of the piece.

Some people hissed very much at the end, but most ill-naturedly, for if it be just to understand before you condemn, their judgment must have certainly been premature. Mr. Pocock is the author.

\* This sort of Opera is the model, which we recommend to the study and imitation of Mr. Arnold and his brother-bards. After many years absence from the London boards, Mr. Quick was again introduced to us in the character of *Isaac Mendoza*. His reception was very flattering, and he was much affected. Considering that he is on the wrong side of sixty, he is a surprising man. There is very little difference in his appearance, saving that he comes much nearer the description given of *Isaac* by the *Duenna*—"the only consequence attached to your person is owing to the dropsy." He is much fatter, but his powers, though considerably impaired, are not so gone as to give more pain from the recollection of what is past, than pleasure from what we see present. We wish, however, that he had not returned, since avarice is his only want of money, and by his acting he will, through this engagement, get nothing else. It was said that he meant to play out the last act in the country, but *Justice* would, it seems, be heard—"Return to town, Quick," said she, "for it is just that they should have the grouts, who have had the first of the flask."

Mrs. Mountain, in *Chira*, Mr. Phillips, in *Carlos*, Mr. Penson, in *Don Jerome*, and Mr. Oxberry, in the *Porter*, acquitted themselves with considerable ability. Mr. Horn, in *Don Ferdinand*, appears to improve in confidence, but not in elegance of manners. He is prodigiously ignorant, but he has his excuse—he is a singer. Mrs. Sparks is as coarse a *Duenna* as any in "all Andalusia." *Antonio*, by Mr. Mayo,



"A gentleman, his first appearance on any stage." The last shall be first, and the first last. Mr. Raymond came forward in the third act, and promised, by way of *douceur* for hearing him out, that he should never appear again. If Mr. Mayo aims at *comic* acting, however, we think he has been ill-used, for we never saw any one produce more laughter.

### HAYMARKET-THEATRE IN CHANCERY.

MORRIS V. COLMAN.

This cause stood over from the 19th, by order of the Court, till the 22d of July, for the purpose of giving the parties an opportunity of agreeing, if possible, for referring the matter in dispute. The LORD CHANCELLOR now enquired, if any such agreement had been entered into by them?

Mr. HART, for the Defendant, said—"There had not. He conceived the Court had to decide upon what had been put in issue between the parties, before any reference could be made to the Master."

COURT.—"Can I decree a partnership, in common for ever, in such a subject-matter as theatricals?"

Mr. HART.—"My Lord, I thought that before any reference to the Master, the Court had to decide whether Mr. Morris, a proprietor of one-fourth part, could become a tenant, in common, in the half contrary to the inclination of my client, and contrary to the terms of the articles between them."

COURT.—"Mr. Hart, will you give in a declaration of what your client understands to be the effect of those articles? I could wish the parties would agree, and thereby get out of hot-water."

Mr. HART.—"I should be sorry to commit my client without due consideration. I should be very happy to get him out of hot-water, but I might only get him out of that, upon the gridiron."

COURT.—"If you cannot agree, I must only give my judgment; but I would have you consider, whether your client may not, in that case, get, if not from hot-water upon the gridiron, at least between the frying-pan and the fire. Let this stand over till Wednesday next, to be then mentioned among the motions."

The 31st July. Sir S. ROMILLY applied again to the Court. It was necessary, he said, that something should be done. There had been a piece acting with great success, but which had been occasionally suspended, and a considerable diminution in the receipts of the theatre, had been suffered on such occasions.

Mr. HART, for the Defendant, observed, that this was a very specious assertion, the fact being, that any diminution in the receipts arose from the gradual consequence of what was termed *running a piece*,

Mr. S. ROMILEY produced receipts for the first six nights.

Mr. HART, on the Chancellor's intimating a reference to the Master, said, If Mr. COLMAN could get the benefit of such a decree as he confidently expected from the justice of the Court, he would be then ready to go before the Master.

The LORD CHANCELLOR signified his intention of sending it to the Master, to draw such a deed as should have been executed at the date of the articles between the parties. This would save the difficulty of calling into question the merits of the management. He said he would make his order on the 2d of August.

Aug. 4. After a thorough consideration of the case, his LORDSHIP said, That, upon the whole, there really appeared an amazing difficulty in conceiving how Mr. COLMAN could conduct the business of a Manager, while confined in the King's Bench; yet, as it certainly had been carried on for three years, he was not prepared to say, under all the circumstances, that Mr. COLMAN should be displaced. The course his Lordship would propose was this—to send the business to a Master, for the purpose of drawing up a proper deed between the parties, it being extremely probable that such a deed would relieve the plaintiff from the dangers of which he was apprehensive; and also appointing the Master to enquire, during the long vacation, whether Mr. COLMAN is so situated, that he can perform the duties of a Manager; the Master to report thereon to his Lordship.

#### THEATRICAL CHIT-CHAT.

On the 4th of August a meeting took place of the renters, &c. &c. of the late *Drury*; when Mr. SHERIDAN attended, and made a speech of an enormous length. "*Words,*" says Lord Bacon, "*are the money of fools and the counters of wise men,*" and why should he be sparing of his counters, if they chuse to continue to take them for money? Two propositions were made: 1. That the *Lyceum* should be taken for the ensuing winter, and that they who had the right of several free admissions, should only avail themselves of it *personally*.—2. That an application be made to the King in Council, to do away with the licences granted by the Chamberlain.

Much was said, but nothing done. They are to meet again.

Mr. Harris has transferred his property in Covent-garden theatre to his son.

New Covent opens on the 11th of September, with *Much ado*—*gratis*, as usual on the first night of a new house.

The *Dublin* paper (see the *Examiner*, 28d July) says, that Mr. Kemble carried from that city nearly 1,500*l.* For what part we cannot tell, but for one, probably in which he acquitted himself very lamely, he

found it necessary to have a tin slipper made, which, on quitting Ireland, he, wishing to put his best leg first, would willingly have left behind. The tinman, however, feeling no inclination to stand in his shoes, insisted on its being a purchase and no loan. Some high words ensued, where Mr. Kemble called the tinman an *Irishman*, which so incensed this man of metal, (as well it might) that he threatens an action for defamation. "What, two guineas for a tin slipper?" said Mr. K. "No, my friend, I have played the character of many heroes, both of Greece and Rome, but you shall never catch me in that of foolish GLAUCUS, *aurea ensis*."

The *Dublin Evening Post* says, that the patent was made out for Mr. Talbot, when Mr. Jones made his appeal against it, and that the Duke of Richmond has, in consequence, made a handsome compensation to Mr. T. for his disappointment. His grace has also determined that Mr. Jones shall keep his theatre open all the year.

Mr. Harris has raised the price of his private boxes from 3 to 400*l*.

The LORD CHAMBERLAIN had, it was said, granted to Messrs. *Greville* and *Elliston*, a licence similar to the one possessed by Mr. *Arnold* at the *Lyceum*. The great monopolists, on this rumour, waited on the Chamberlain, to enter their protest against it, when they were informed that no such application had been made by the *little fish*.

The folly of this monopoly is on a par with its injustice and absurdity—it is avarice defeating itself. When the *Lyceum* opened, it was thought that the *Haymarket Theatre* would be empty—it never had a more flourishing season. The greater the number of theatres, the greater will be the general love of theatrical representations. The public will benefit by competition, and no company will play to empty benches, that deserves to play to full ones. To require more, is an imposition which the public should rebel against. The policy of ministers is happily on the side of reason. They will let the Chamberlain multiply theatres, seeing that it is better for them to have Mr. *Bull* at the theatre, laughing at the folly of dramatists, than at the ale-house abusing their own.

*Catalani* has gone through her whole compass, *bass*, *falset* and all, to get Mr. *Yaxiewicz* engaged at Covent; instead of Mr. *Ware*, the leader of the band. We think it exceedingly imprudent in Mr. *Harris*, at his time of life, to think of living on *vermicelli*, *macaroni*, and *sour-crust*.

On the day of the laying of the first stone of *New Covent*, the DUKE of NORTHUMBERLAND sent Mr. KEMBLE the bond he had given him for a loan of 10,000*l*. and desired him to make an illumination of it on the occasion.

## KING'S THEATRE.

The Opera closed on Saturday, the 5th of August, with *Sidagere*; *Don Quichotte*; and *Le Calife de Bagdat*. It will probably never open again in the same form.

## ASTLEY'S, WESTMINSTER-BRIDGE.

On the 14th of August, Mr. Astley, junior, produced a new comic pantomime, called *The Midnight Bell, or Harlequin Victim*; which was received by a crowded house, with the most flattering approbation. The mechanical changes and metamorphoses are frequently new, and always neat and perfect in their operation. The new scenery is excellent, which, with the *Pierrot* of Mr. Laurent, and the *Harlequin* and *Columbine* of Mr. Bologna and Mrs. Melville, rendered the whole an exquisite treat of dumb show and drollery. Much credit is due to Mr. Astley, junior, for the invention, and not a little for the care, with which he has superintended the getting up of the piece.

The last scene of the *Arabs*, the dying horses, &c. still continues its attractions as the *ne plus ultra* of scenic representation and effect.

## SADLER'S WELLS.

Warm weather, so necessary to other summer amusements, is not such an indispensable thing here, for the smallness of the theatre, and the greatness of the assembly, will make a difference, by no means disadvantageous to the enjoyment of the spectators, as the season advances, and the sun loses its force. The genius of Mr. C. Dibdin, and the merits of the company, have richly entitled them to all this favour and patronage.

## LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

THE death of Mr. HOLCROFT having involved his family in great distress, a subscription has been set on foot amongst his friends and literary acquaintances, which has been very liberally supported. Mrs. H. and his eldest daughter, will establish a school with the produce.

LONDON INSTITUTION.—Since the appearance of "*My Pocket Book*," in which this *Institution* is described, as "founded by the wise men of the East, where they buy books and read newspapers," newspapers have been utterly banished. The consequence is, that the citizens have sided with the exiles, and the reading-room is now as empty as the

Stock Exchange on a holiday. This management does no credit to the Managers' knowledge of that part of human nature, with which they have to deal. We recommend the immediate restoration of the public prints, the only reading interesting to the bulk of the subscribers; and, by way of reparation for the injury they have received, as many sandwiches, and as much brandy and water in future as they please. Dr. Johnson understood *Literary Societies* better than any man.—One being proposed to him, he asked "Is there any supper?"—"No."

"Then, sir, it won't do—*Intellect, without supper, won't do!*"

RAYMOND, the Actor, is going to commence bookseller.

The History of the *National Debt*, from the earliest period of the English Government to the year 1800, by the late J. J. Gressier, Cashier to the Royal Exchange Assurance Company, and author of several works on Financial and Commercial subjects, is in the press.

The *Dramatic Works* of JOHN FORD, have been announced as about to be re-published, under the able revision of Mr. Henry Weber. This writer was coeval with Massinger and others, who immediately succeeded Shakespeare; and notwithstanding the great merit of his pieces, his plays have never hitherto been published collectively.

Mr. WILLIAM GIFFORD has been long engaged in preparing for the press, a new edition of *Ben Jonson*; the last edition of this author was published by Mr. Whalley, and has become extremely rare. From the proof of Mr. G.'s editorial abilities, evinced in his edition of *Massinger*, much is expected from his present labours.

BEAUMONT and FLETCHER are also announced, as about to re-appear, with new typographical dresses and decorations, from the Ballantyne press.

Sir BROOK BOOTHBY is about to publish a Collection of *Fables*, in verse, under the title of the *English Æsop*; in two volumes.

Mr. WALTER SCOTT, amongst his other voluminous undertakings, has announced his intention of editing a complete edition of the *Works of Swift*; this Herculean task, together with that of Lord Somers' *Tracts*, and other literary projects, in which it is whispered that he is engaged, would formerly have been deemed too much, for the single labour of mortal man; but the manufactures of England have never flourished so vigorously as in the present age.

A convenient and useful little Manual for the Botanist, has lately been published, under the title of the "*Villa Garden Directory*," being a Monthly Index of Work to be performed in the Flower Garden throughout the year.

# THE MONTHLY MIRROR,

FOR  
SEPTEMBER, 1809.

*Embellished with*

A PORTRAIT OF SIR R. K. PORTER, ENGRAVED BY FREEMAN, FROM  
AN ORIGINAL PAINTING.

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in the United Kingdom.

1809.

## ADDRESS TO THE PUBLIC.

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*THE periodical Work, Old and New Series, called, The CABINET, has ceased to exist. This Event is here noticed by desire of the sole PROPRIETOR of that Publication, who having purchased a Share in the MONTHLY MIRROR, is desirous that his Friends should be acquainted with the Circumstance, and afford him, as he trusts they readily will, that Patronage under his better Auspices, which, when standing on other ground, he experienced without Profit, but not without gratitude.*

*He requests the Subscribers to the Cabinet, to bind up, with the second Volume of the New Series of that Work, the Title-Page and Advertisement, which are given with this Magazine, in preference to those which were distributed by the Publisher of the Cabinet last Month.*

*The EDITOR has not, through the lapse of the CABINET into the MONTHLY MIRROR, thought it expedient to make any alteration in the Title; and, as this issue cannot but be beneficial to the present Concern, he has merely to congratulate the PUBLIC on a certain accession of Strength, whatever it may prove to be, and the Proprietors, on a very probable increase of Subscribers.*

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## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The above Address prevents an enumeration of the valuable articles received. By next month, it will, in respect to many of them, be unnecessary.

The omission of our *Provincial and Literary Intelligence*, already promised, was not to be avoided in consequence of the influx of matter relating to the *New Theatre*.

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ERRATUM.—In our last, p. 119, for “*read*” read *rede*.

---







*Sir Robert Her Porter.*

*Published by Verner, Hood & Sharpe, Printers, Oct. 1. 1849.*

THE  
MONTHLY MIRROR,  
FOR  
SEPTEMBER, 1809. 33

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MEMOIRS OF SIR ROBERT KER PORTER.

(*With a Portrait.*)

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THE subject of these memoirs is maternally descended from two ancient families in Northumberland. His father's family is Irish; and made no inconsiderable figure in the struggles between our Catholic and Protestant monarchs, James and William.

Sir Robert Ker Porter, at an early age, evinced the spirit of his ancestors, and wished to confine his studies wholly to the profession of arms: but as his genius seemed to promise an extraordinary excellence in the art of painting, he divided his time between the sword and the pencil; and before he attained the age of twenty-one, produced pictures which were the objects of general wonder and admiration.

Taking advantage of the intervals of peace which have afforded a passage to neighbouring or distant countries; he has visited most of the nations on the Continent, and in the latter end of the year 1805, having obtained his majesty's leave of absence from his regiment (wherein he held the rank of captain), he went to Russia. The reception he met with from that court was of the most distinguished kind, and, had not the rupture of the two cabinets made it necessary for him to return to England, he was to have been united to a lady of one of its most illustrious families.

He passed from Russian Finland into Sweden; where he for some time awaited the arrival of the British forces expected to serve there against Norway, and to which he was to be attached.

While there, he received the honour of knighthood, and was just going to the Swedish frontiers to the camp of General Armfeldt, when the arrival of Sir John Moore called his steps to another point. That general soon after left the Baltic for the Bay of Biscay; whither Sir Robert followed him; and shared with him and his brave army, in all the toils and miseries of the dreadful Spanish campaign.

At Corunna, he re-embarked with the remnant of our troops, and landing in England, almost immediately afterwards again resumed his military duties; and is now on service with his regiment.

Very few specimens of his pencil are to be seen; his larger productions being almost all abroad: and his smaller ones, as relics that he does not seem likely to increase, are collected into the cabinets of the curious.

The Battle of Agincourt, the highest finished of his large pictures that we have seen, is in the possession of the city of London; it having been presented to that respectable body by Sir R. K. Porter; and for which act of public munificence he received its recorded thanks.

Sir R. K. Porter possesses other talents in an eminent degree, besides those which point to painting and to arms. He is an author; having lately published two volumes of very interesting travels through Russia and Sweden.

Indeed, his family seems to have been peculiarly the favourites of the Muses, for the celebrated romances of Thaddeus of Warsaw, and the Hungarian Brothers, were written by his two sisters.

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## ENDYMION THE EXILE.

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### LETTER XX.

“LEWIS THE FOURTEENTH,” says his historian, “surpassed all his courtiers in the gracefulness of his shape, and the majestic beauty of his features. The sound of his voice, noble and affect-

ing, gained those hearts, which his presence intimidated. He had a step and deportment which could suit only him and his rank, and which would have been ridiculous in any other person. The embarrassment, which he occasioned to those who spoke to him, flattered that secret satisfaction with which he felt his own superiority. The old officer, who was confounded, and faltered in asking him a favour, and not being able to conclude his discourse, said to him, "Your majesty, I hope, will believe that I do not thus tremble before your enemies, had no difficulty to obtain what he demanded." Happy would it have been, Ambrose, for most of the potentates of modern Europe, had they inherited from nature, and improved by art, those external graces which, as in women, so much attract the sympathy and admiration of mankind. Of all the kings whom BUONAPARTE has pushed from their throne, how few, like Cæsar, have thought of falling gracefully! You and I have seen the faces of some of them, and the portraits of the rest. And what do they in general exhibit? Meanness of figure, and vacant imbecility of countenance. SHAKESPEARE shewed his knowledge of human nature, when he exhibited RICHARD the Third, the English usurper, with a crook-back. No mental deformity could have made him half so odious to the spectator. His MACBETH is also an usurper and a murderer, but his well-shaped limbs set him much straighter with the audience, and though he excites horror, he never provokes contempt. Whence this strange disposition in mankind to dispense with talents and virtues in the great, and to be attracted by mere external qualifications. LEWIS the Fourteenth marched to his throne with the strut of *Pyrrhus*, in the *Andromaque* of RACINE; and his subjects shouted applause? LEWIS the Sixteenth walked across the Thuilleries with the figure and gait of a substantial grazier, and all Paris tittered. How short the interval between ridicule and revolt! The poor monarch lost his head, from the ungracefulness of his heels. A friend of mine was some years ago in the *Haymarket Theatre*, when the late PRINCE OF ORANGE, then recently driven from Holland, entered the stage box. The audience arose, and greeted him with a round of applause. A graceful bow in return would almost have insured him the return of the stadtholdership. He was too generous to take advantage of English good-nature, and contented himself with yawning and scratching his head. A general murmur of disgust was the con-

sequence, and the poor somnambulist during the rest of his days reposed in *Hampton Court* palace, as quietly as the *cartoons* of *RAPHAEL*. The great are in general fully aware of this prejudice, and conduct themselves accordingly. They will sin against the whole Decalogue with infinitely less remorse than would be excited in their bosoms by violating one of the rules of *LORD CHESTERFIELD*. You have read the letters of that celebrated English nobleman, and are far more prepossessed in his favour than I am. He had more wit than the generality of men, more learning than the generality of peers; but his presumption was at least equal to his parts. His aversion to pedantry reminds me of the buck in the *Connoisseur*, who affected to despise what he never knew, and boasted of having forgotten all his Greek. I was yesterday in company with an old clergyman who knew him well; and he informed me that, with a meagre sallow visage, he fancied himself an *Adonis*, and that it was not in the power of a diminutive long-waisted figure to convince him that he was not an *Apollo*. His polish, his learning, and his dwarfishness, might well entitle them to the appellation of a gilt and lettered edition of the *Pocket Peerage*. His blind affection for an illegitimate cub, whom all the eloquence of his tongue, and his pen could never lick into shape, has often been the theme of ridicule; but the circumstance which strikes me with the most force in perusing his letters, is his extraordinary forgetfulness of the birth and condition of the *petit STANHOPE*, whom he was tutoring. I really at first imagined that it was the heir to his title and estate, whom he was instructing how to carry his coronet in the most graceful manner. How great my surprise on finding all these fine rules for governing princes and cabinets thrown away upon the clumsy offspring of an illicit amour! Even in England, where commerce is as great a leveller as a garden-roller, three things are necessary to compose a gentleman; respectable birth, good education, and polished manners. The two last of these requisites *LORD CHESTERFIELD* laboured to impart—the first it was not quite so easy to bestow. In Germany, as it then was, no man of dubious birth could have thrust his nose into polite society, without the risk of having it tweaked. A youth of similar origin was lately in a mixed society in London, entertaining the company with a narrative of his noble father's exploits, when a surly old *pinduric poet* cut him short with the following request: "My

dear sir, you have given us a great many anecdotes of *your father*; suppose you now give us a few of *your mother*." Striking indeed must a nobleman be, if one of his weakest *bye-blows* is to be considered powerful enough to knock down the barriers of civilized society.

---

MR. VALENTINE GREEN;  
ON HIS BIRTH-PLACE.

---

IN consequence of the *note* subjoined to Mr. GREEN's *memoirs*, (see *this Volume*, p. 8.) which stated that he was *not* a native of Warwickshire, but born in *Hales Owen*; Mr. G. has written us a letter, the material part of which we readily insert.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MONTHLY MIRROR.

SIR,

After stating, as you had correctly done, that on *my* authority, you had asserted that *I am a native of Warwickshire*, (an authority which I should have hoped would have been sufficiently satisfactory, as I must *naturally* be thought to know *something* of the matter,) your having suffered a commentator, whom you do not name, under that advantage, to give me a public, and (as I feel it) a rude contradiction of that fact, on mere hear-say-evidence only, is a breach of order and decorum, I was not prepared to expect. It, however, demands a reply, and it shall have what I believe will be considered as a *decisive* one.

In a word, therefore, sir, I hereby affirm that every syllable from the inverted commas in the third line of that *note*, to the period in the third line from the bottom, both inclusive, as far as your learned friend meant it to apply to me as a member of the family of the *Greens*, of *Hales-Owen*, or in any wise as a relative of that family, is *an entire fiction, and utterly void of truth*. The concluding sentence of that *note*, is indeed but too true.

I am, sir,

(Maugre all your learned friend has said, or may hereafter say to the contrary)

London, Aug. 12, 1809.

51, Upper Titchfield-Street,  
Marylebone.

Your humble servant,

VALENTINE GREEN,  
A Native of Warwickshire.

Now, the *Editor* has merely to remark, that if SWIFT could prove that a man was *dead* who entered into a controversy with him to prove that he was not, our very intelligent friend might surely dispute this point without despair of success—for as to a man's *native place*, his *father*, or even his *mother*, he himself must at his getting, or at his coming into the world, have been in a very ill-condition to judge, and it might indeed seem to be a gross piece of presumption in him to pretend *naturally* to know *any thing* of the matter. We have, however, submitted Mr. Green's argument to our friend, and he, waving all his apparently superior advantages, with respect to information, has, from the great singularity of this case, been inclined to admit Mr. Green's evidence as conclusive.

---

### SCRAPIANA.

#### POPISH SACRAMENT.

**A**n Egyptian, who resided some time in Italy, was seized with an inclination to see mass. On his return from it, he was asked for his observations on that solemn ceremony of the church. "It appears to me," replied the Egyptian, "to be an act of devotion, totally devoid of charity; for one person was employed in eating and drinking, without offering to communicate this refreshment to any of the persons around him."

#### SAGE ADVICE TOO LATE.

A man who had climbed up a chesnut tree, had by carelessness missed his hold of one of the branches, and fell to the ground, with such violence as to break one of his ribs. A neighbour coming to his assistance, remarked to him, drily, "That had he followed his rule in these cases, he would have avoided this accident." "What rule do you mean?" said the other, indignantly. "This," replied the philosopher, "never to come down from a place faster than you go up."

POGGIUS.

## CHARACTER OF ROUSSEAU.

TRANSLATED FROM LES MEMOIRES DE MAD. DE WARENS.

DURING my residence at Annecy, M. de P. a curate in that quarter, recommended a young man to me, who had quitted Geneva, his native country, and who desired to turn Roman Catholic. Affected by his situation, I did him every service in my power. My first care, I confess it freely, was to make him feel the despair into which he plunged his family by abandoning his paternal abode; but as he persisted in his resolution, I sent him to Turin to a monastery, where the proper instructions were given to those who wished to become Roman Catholics. After his abjuration, he passed some time at Piedmont, where I am assured that but for his inconstancy, fortune offered him more than one resource—his genius (and he had a great deal) being singularly affected by the perusal of romances, ran incessantly after the fairies he had contemplated in works of that description; so being constantly in expectation of an adventure, he could fix to nothing.

ROUSSEAU resembled no one—timid to an excess with regard to the fair sex, the success of his intrigue depended on his imagination, and according as it appeared to his romantic brain, he believed himself happy or unhappy. He had a variety of talent, which would have rendered him charming in society; but, as fable fills the fields with zephyrs and nymphs, in the hope of meeting with an immortal, he preferred solitude to the real pleasure of making himself agreeable by the exercise of a musical talent, which he possessed in a considerable degree. Though full of knowledge, he did not shine so much as others less informed than himself. Notwithstanding an abundance of fire, he seldom indulged in general conversation: if he trusted himself to a tête-à-tête, he was soon drawn into enthusiastic reveries, his imagination transported him into enchanted palaces, and all that the poets have sung of the isle of Paphos, was far inferior to his delightful wanderings.

Can nature produce nothing perfect? Or does it please her to mingle with the gifts which she bestows on men of genius, a certain *je ne sais quoi*, which at times brings them down to the le-

S—VOL. VI.\*



vel of ordinary men? *Jean Jaques* was fashioned for celebrity, but his manner of thinking will, I believe, make him miserable.

He united qualities which appeared incompatible. Sensible and generous, his heart delighted in comforting the unfortunate. But little formed for gratitude, he soon forgot an obligation—often even his friends were to him but as monsters, which he shunned, without knowing why. Sometimes cherishing them, sometimes detesting them, he was for ever at contradiction with himself;—desiring to-day what he abandoned to-morrow, his way of thinking would not suffer him to embrace any party, or fix to any thing. On his return from Turin, whence he parted without cause, it was proposed to him at Annecy to go into the church—a few days disgusted him. I placed him with a music-master, whom he quitted in a few months. He now travelled for some time, refused what was offered to him, undertook the education of one without finishing it, and came again to me during the first years of my residence at Chambéry. He there appeared to have a decided taste for agriculture, and I took him to attend to the culture of the lands which I then had; but the shepherds and the nymphs of his imagination not being to be found there, as he fancied, his taste for the pursuit was soon gone. An opportunity now offered of putting him in a counting-house at Chambéry, and my interest succeeding in placing him there—a very little of this quickly satisfied him. In a word, I neglected nothing to merit the name of *Maman*, by which he sometimes called me. However *Jean Jaques* left Chambéry without saying a single word; and my friend, Mademoiselle du Ch——, whom he visited in passing through Lyons, informed me afterwards by the following letter, what ideas he entertained of me, and with what insult and outrage he repaid my generosity.

June 12, 1809.

JAQUES.

This passage, in the letter alluded to, contains the scandal.

"Il (*Rousseau*) ne donne d'autre cause à son départ de Chambéry qu' une juste délicatesse de sa part ; un refus de partager ta tendresse avec le premier venu, fait, dit-il, qu'il s'éloigne de toi ; et ton domestique même (*Claude Anet*) entre pour quelque chose dans les contes qu'il m'a débités."

---

## ON THE REGALIA OF ENGLAND.

BY THE REV. MARK NOBLE, F. A. S. OF L. AND E.

[Concluded from P. 11.]

THE reign of George I. was an unique in our history; he had a queen, who never received that title. She died but a little before him, a victim to suspicion and enfuried vengeance. The most fortunate sovereign in Europe, this monarch seemed to regard his new dignity only as an incumbrance. He loved the sweets of private friendship and unconstrained ease. We see no alteration in our regalia under his government, only it was now necessary to provide a diadem for his elder son, the Prince of Wales, for, except the ill-fated unfortunate son of James II. who was exiled whilst an infant, England had seen no Prince of Wales since the reign of Charles I. The diadem of the heir apparent to England has two bars only; it is not worn, but is always on great state occasions set near the eldest son, or the eldest daughter, if there is no son.

The reign of George II. afforded nothing new, I believe, as to the regalia. The imperial crown must have been too large, unless the lining was proportionably filled up, as his majesty was extremely diminutive.

At the accession of our present august beloved Sovereign, it was very properly suggested, that as we had made so great a progress in all the fine arts, it ought to be shewn in nothing more than in the most splendid ornament of majesty, the imperial crown; and accordingly it was new made, under the direction of Mr. Francis Grose, a jeweller in London, but a native of Switzerland; and it must be confessed that it is very superior in elegance of design and execution to the preceding one. It is eight inches in diameter, and twelve to the top of the cross which surmounts the whole. It is adorned with 2621 brilliants of the finest water, furnished by Mr. Aaron Franks, several of which weigh more than one hundred grains each, and in the whole, twelve ounces, or one pound troy weight. I have viewed it with peculiar pleasure, more than once, in the Tower, where it is kept with the other regalia, and when wanted for his majesty, is taken to West-

minster, in a common hackney-coach, by confidential persons. No accident has happened in the regalia that I know of, since that daring wretch, Colonel Blood, stole the crown and sceptre; the latter he broke in two, the better to conceal it. Happily the theft was in time detected, and the audacious thief seized, who coolly replied to the reproaches and execrations he received, that it was a noble attempt, being nothing less than a design to gain a crown. Those who shew the regalia, turn the key upon the company present. When some of it was intrusted to my hands, I remarked, "You have a very great confidence in me:" the reply was, "No, sir, the door is fastened;" which I soon perceived to be the fact, and I applauded the careful precaution, for though I had no wish to commit spoil, upon what I would spend my life to defend, yet the warder could not know the rectitude of my mind: and it may be observed that Blood personated a clergyman, the robes helping the better to conceal the robbery; at that time the clergy wore their gowns and cassocks at all times.

His majesty, the queen, and other parts of the royal family, have a great profusion of gems of the finest water, and pearls of the clearest kind. These, however, purchased out of individual income, are not national property. As we have now the land of diamonds and pearls, we ought to see the sovereign and his family highly adorned with the treasures of Golconda and Ceylon, as well as of other countries, which yield the precious stones of various colours.\*

As our prelates and nobility are often very rich, it might strike

\* The British monarchs latterly have acquired no valuable jewels. Other kingdoms possess finer than his Britannic majesty. The Pitt diamond purchased for 20,400*l.* weighing 106 carats, was sold to the regent duke of Orleans, for 135,000*l.* for the use of the sovereigns of France, and is worn by the present ruler. Count Orloff gave 104,166*l.* to an American merchant for that which he presented to the empress Catherine II. of Russia; it weighed 193 carats. The diamond once owned by the grand dukes of Tuscany, now belonging to the emperor of Germany, is valued at 117,013*l.*: it is called the Medici diamond. Those of Portugal far exceed these in dimensions, but are inferior in colour. The value ascribed to the largest, weighing 1680 carats, exceeds all credibility. It came from the Brazils, where there have lately been found very productive diamond mines, but the stones are not of fine water, being usually of a yellow tinge. The Asiatic ones of equal size generally sell for more than these South-American ones.

a person not conversant in ceremonials, that a bishop or a lay peer might so adorn their mitre or coronet, that it would vie with the crown in splendour. Jewels were discontinued in mitres after the reformation, and unless upon seals, carriages, or as ornaments, they now are entirely laid aside. The lay peers bear their coronets at coronations, as do kings-at-arms, crowns; but there is always an especial command that no person shall presume to have any jewels or pearls in them; they are of gold, or of other metal gilt, so that the sovereign, his consort, and the princes and princesses are properly distinguished by the resplendency of their crowns or princely coronets, more than by their particular forms.

When the sovereign goes to the house of peers, a cap of maintenance is borne by some one of the attendants. This is now of ermine. Anciently it was the *ahacot*, which was made like a double crown, and richly set with jewellery. Henry VI. in his flight from the victorious Edward IV. lost his, to his rival, and conqueror; for the man who had the care of it, by the swiftness of his horse, was unseated, and the brilliant prize fell into the hands of the pursuers.

As I believe nothing of the like nature has ever been offered to the public, I humbly suppose this may not be an improper subject to offer to your elegant publication. I therefore request its acceptance from,

Sir,

Barming Parsonage,  
1809.

Your most obedient servant,

MARK NOBLE.

P. S.— It appears that Mr. Stevenant, jeweller, in Berwick-street, Soho, who died on April 15, 1771, was employed in setting the jewels on the crown, used at the coronation of his present majesty. Let me remark that it was Berquen of Bruges toward the close of the fifteenth century, who by cutting, gave splendour to diamonds, and consequently much enhanced their value. The Flemish, the Dutch, and the French, excelled in cutting diamonds before us. The art appears to have been brought hither after the Restoration, and it was thought so excellent that William Forster, who died in 1687, has it recorded upon his grave-stone in the church of St. Catherine Cree-church, that he was a diamond-cutter.

## ROUSSEAU.

*Fond, impious man ! think'st thou yon sanguine cloud,  
 Rais'd by thy breath, has quench'd the orb of day ?  
 To-morrow he repairs the golden flood,  
 And cheers the nations with redoubled ray !*

SIR,

I HAVE never seen the *memoirs*\* to which your correspondent refers. I am not certain that I ever heard of them before. They ought to stand on the most respectable proof of authenticity, before they can have any claim to be placed in competition with an assertion of ROUSSEAU, made against himself, and of a kind for which no motive seems possible to be stated with any appearance of probability, but a respect for truth. Without reversing all rules of moral probability, can this be supposed ?

Thirty-one years ROUSSEAU has been dead. His fame has taken root too vigorously and too deeply to be shaken. And; however we regret the existence of those faults which his candour has confessed, we may at least console ourselves, that his sincerity and veracity are unimpeachable.

GRAY.

Of GRAY's Ode to *Adversity*, even Dr. JOHNSON has confessed, that " of this piece, at once poetical and rational," (he might have added sublimely *moral* and philosophically *pious*) " he would not, by slight objections, violate the dignity.

ACH.

How SPENSER pronounced this word, is sufficiently ascertained by the underwritten :

" Wherefore with mine thou dare thy musk match,

\* \* \*

Or hath the cramp thy joints benumb'd with ach."

I apprehend the *a* in "*match*," was then pronounced long like the *a* in "*cage*."

I am, sir,

Yours, sincerely,

Troston, Aug. 15.

1809.

CAPEL LOFFT.

\* See P. 17.

P. S.—With respect to Gray I would observe, that two stanzas which his extreme nicety respecting the adaptation even of the most exquisite beauties to their place and circumstances, rejected from his ELEGY, are such in diction, sentiment, imagery, and numbers, as our poetry, or that of any other language can very rarely boast.

*“Hark! how the sacred calm that breathes around,  
Bids ev’ry fierce, tumultuous passion cease;  
In still small accents whispering from the ground,  
A grateful earnest of eternal peace.”*

To adapt adequate and appropriate music to these words, would have been a triumph indeed, even for a PURCEL or an ARNE, or a JACKSON, a PLEYEL, a MOZART, a HAYDN, or a HANDEL.

And this other.

*“There scatter’d oft, the earliest of the year,  
By hands unseen, are showers of violets found:  
The red-breast loves to build and warble there,  
And little footsteps lightly tread the ground.”*

Such were the graces which the MUSE of GRAY in her beautiful variety of perfections, could lay aside as superfluous! Such the severity with which this enchanting writer finished his admirable compositions; tempering the enthusiasm of the richest fancy, by the controul of a judgment scarcely less extraordinary. GRAY, in my apprehension, is singular in his kind, and that kind belongs to the first order. To discard him from our poets, would be like blotting and banishing the *Spring*, when fairest, from the *Seasons*—the same tenderness, the same vivid freshness, the same grace and splendour, and animated melody. Happily, I believe, it is no more possible that any efforts should banish Gray from our poetry, than that the year should be deprived of its spring.

#### CAMBRIDGE PRIZE-ODES.

I do not undertake to review the reviewer. But I cannot by any means credit that in general those, who are qualified to read and judge of them, would on an attentive perusal, think that they merit to be slighted. The eight concluding stanzas, parti-

cularly of Mr. BLOOMFIELD'S ode, I believe, would gain, on a re-perusal, praise from the justice of the severest critic.\*

\* IF Mr. Loft alludes here to what was said of the *Desiderium Porsoni*, in *July*, p. 68, it seems to us that no reflection was cast on the merits of Mr. Bloomfield's ode, but on the *sincerity* of the theme, as it relates to the *University of Cambridge*. They, who denied him every thing while living, now pretend to deplore his loss. *But 'tis as Gaius says, "Would he had died!"* is an exclamation better suited to other bosoms. *Regret* is absurd, but a *lomb*, as usual, is well, for it is fit.

"We help to bury them, we help'd to starve!"

† Porson's Isambies.

## HISTORIANS.

### No. I.

"*DOCTORS differ*," and so do HISTORIANS, and to such a degree that it is impossible to guess which speaks the truth, admitting that any one should do so accidentally.

CICERO, at the beginning of his first book *de Legibus*, writes thus—"Quintus. Intelligo, te, frater, alias in historia leges observandas putare, alias in poemate. Marcus. Quippe cum in illa ad veritatem, Quinte, referantur, (rather *ad veritatem queque referantur*) in hoc ad delectationem pleraque; quamquam et apud Herodotum, patrem historię, et apud Theopompum sunt innumerales fabulae." Which signifies that different laws are to be observed in writing history and in writing poetry, as the principal merit of the former is *truth*, of the latter, *delight*.—Nevertheless, he admits that HERODOTUS, the father of history, and THEOPOMPUS, abound in fables, *alias* lies. From this father of history, throughout the family tree, this vice has been common, as it shall be my business with the utmost brevity to shew. All I ask is what, I believe, will be readily granted to me; and that is, that if half a dozen men are divided, whether a thing be black or white, three at least must be wrong, and as at this distance of time we cannot tell which three, they might as well, perhaps, be all in the same error.

## GEORGE I.

George the First was an honest dull German gentleman—lazy and inactive even in his pleasures, which were therefore lowly sensual.

*Chesterfield.*

The most amiable monarch that ever filled a throne.

*Addison.*

Importunity alone could make him act, and then only to get rid of it.

*Chest.*

The consistency of his behaviour was such, that he inflexibly pursued those measures which appeared the most just and equitable.

*Tindal.*

He spent his favourite hours in the company of wags and buffoons.

*Chest.*

A wise, steady, and righteous prince, and worthy to be remembered with double honour.

*Dr. Chandler.*

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## ATTORNIES AND COUNSEL.

IT is a fact not to be contradicted, that full half the practice of the courts in *Term-time*, is interlocutory matter, arising from the malpractices, misconduct, ignorance, or disputes of ATTORNIES; and of all the professions and employments of life, not one is, in consequence of the odious vices of many of them, held in such universal detestation as that of an ATTORNEY. At Carisbrook, during the captaincy of Sir GEORGE CAREY, from 1588 to 1603, no sooner did an attorney appear in the island, than he was, with a pound of candles hanging at his breech, lighted, and with bells about his legs, hunted out of the island. BALÆC tells a story concerning a people in a valley in the south of France, near the Pyrenees, who for time immemorial lived in the most perfect peace and happiness, till an attorney came to live amongst them; from which time, till they drove him away, they were never at rest, or knew

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what it was to be friends. The purlieus of the several prisons in and about the metropolis, swarm with attornies\* of this sort,

Some means should be devised of preventing improper admissions of attornies as well as barristers, and the only effectual method seems to be, that of having every person, applying for admission, publicly examined as to his moral and professional character and fitness.† The tax on attornies' clerks, being a tax on a particular set of men, already heavily taxed, is an invidious measure, and inadequate to the evils to be redressed; for though it may prevent the admission of necessitous persons, yet if a man have the ability to pay 100*l.* however ignorant or dishonest he may be, he is equally eligible as before; while perhaps a MURRAY, a DUNNING, or an ERSKINE, might have been driven by such a tax to a trade. Sir S. DODD, one of the judges, early in the last century, was at first an attorney's clerk, and while by his pen, he honourably earned his support in his progress to the Bar, he had not the means of keeping up a fire in the winter, but in that season wrote in woollen mittens, with his feet plunged in a basket of hay. His entry into the profession would have been prevented by a large admission-fee. The same might perhaps be said of Lord Chief Justice SAUNDERS, who made his way in the profession by a similar path, while contending with still greater poverty. See an account of him in NORTH's life of Lord Keeper GUILFORD.

It was formerly the boast of this country, that every degree of eminence in any profession was attainable by talents, integrity, and industry; but we may fairly doubt it in this particular; and, perhaps, safely question whether the late Chief Justice or his Clerk would have ever served this country in their respective situations, if they had, in commencing their clerkships, had to ascend the steep of a heavy pecuniary admission.

[COUNSEL next month.]

\* By the policy of the ancient Common-law, that suits might not increase and multiply, both plaintiff and defendant in all actions appeared *in person*; but when the statute of Westminster and others had given permission to appear *by attorney*, it is scarcely credible how suddenly suits were multiplied.

† The 4th Henry IV. c. 18, directs that the judges shall examine the attorney before he is admitted, but it is not the modern practice to do so, unless such important questions as, "Do you intend to practise in town or in the country, &c." can be called an examination.

‡ After swearing, or swearing that he has served, according to the act.

## NOTES ON ATHENÆUS.

BY GRÆCULUS.

No. XXV.

"The wit and genius of those old Heathens beguiled me, and as I despaired of raising myself up to their standard upon fair ground, I thought the only chance I had of looking over their heads, was to get upon their shoulders."

THE eleventh book, treating of cups, naturally follows what has preceded. Casaubon tells us that the ancients in their Symposiums, used wine for three purposes—necessity, pleasure, and piety. Through necessity during, and for pleasure and in libations to the gods after, the repast.

In cap. i. D. p. 460, we find πολλά δ' ἀναριθμήσια πόθη καλαίφης. For καλαίφης, there is an old reading, καλλίφης, but Casaubon says, I write καλα, φη. Perhaps καλα ἡφυσε, would be preferable.

The size of the cups used by the ancients, is now the subject of discussion. It seems to me, says he, not to be badly said, that a great cup is a silver well; and such he appears to think must have been the measure given by Ulysses to the Cyclops, or three of them could not have so overcome the monster, p. 461. The invention of capacious cups is ascribed to barbarians, still Nestor's was of an enormous size, p. 461.

The elegancies and delights of an ancient convivial board, are well described in D. E. F. p. 462. Here is a jovial line:

Πινόμεν, παίζομεν, ἔτι δια νυκτὸς αἰοῦμεν. B. p. 468. "*Bibamus, ludamus, tota nocte cantemus.*"

## CHATTERTON AND WHITE.

MR. EDITOR,

I AM very much interested in what you say of poor H. K. WHITE.\* He was vastly superior to CHATTERTON as a respectable citizen. I was led to the comparison by looking into the Town and Country Magazine, for 1771. That periodical work was vile. Chatterton wrote for it. Much of the *Bristolian* articles are his. I

\* See our Review, Vol. V. P. 149.

have heard, but have forgotten the characters, except CRUGER, that are mentioned there. A gentleman, I once knew, told me, that he was a school-fellow of CHATTERTON, and said what an extraordinary boy he was, but, continued he, *we* three, naming another person, carried all before us. I do not remember the surname of this gentleman, my acquaintance, but I recollect he was a merchant settled in our *then* North-American dominions. He had little appearance of a trafficker—he seemed, more in his manner and conversation an elegant French wit; yet he understood commerce well, I was told. He remarked that Chatterton, himself, and their friend, were all poor boys of Bristol. Had CHATTERTON had management of his sense, like White, he would have shone in future life, for his life would then have been worth preserving; been a fixed star, and no meteor. Lord ORFORD should have been his friend. I remarked that Lord ORFORD more dwelt upon his conduct about CHATTERTON than any other subject, and this to all literary persons; yet I am not convinced that CHATTERTON acted prudently even to his lordship. How could Lord ORFORD imagine that the boy, for such he was, or at least a youth, would have had little guard upon himself, as he, it must be allowed, had? As to the idea of forgery—it was the folly, the literary crime of the day, and WALPOLE himself had been one of the leaders of the way. Dean MILLES and his partizans greatly exposed themselves, as did IRELAND'S advocates. I was too young to be a judge of the *Bristolian* controversy, but the first pretended letter of Shakespeare, convinced me that it was a late *manufactured article*. I reprobate all deception. There may be skill in the imposition, but there is a degree of baseness—It destroys the nobleness of truth. CHATTERTON'S works, had they come to me, since I have been used to works of learning, especially what relates to our English affairs, I should have immediately pronounced fictitious. As to the *Fingalian* fallacy, it is truly ridiculous. Barbarians to write, who never learned to read! The Welch, a written language, for a long succession of ages, may boast ancient bards, but I would as soon believe in the genuineness of an *Erse Poem*, of five centuries standing, as I would a *South-Sea song*, of one hundred. Excuse all this from,

My dear sir,

June 5, 1809.

Your's faithfully,

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## REVIEW OF LITERATURE.

*Shall we for ever make NEW BOOKS, as apothecaries make new mixtures, by pouring only out of one vessel into another? Are we to be for ever twisting and untwisting the same rope? for ever in the same track—for ever at the same pace?*

Tristram Shandy.

*Horæ Ionice : a Poem, descriptive of the Ionian Islands, and part of the adjacent Coast of Greece. By W. R. Wright, Esq. 8vo. pp. 67. Longman and Co. 1809.*

THE spot here proposed to be described will naturally awake in minds at all imbued with classic lore, a fond interest and an earnest curiosity. The poet, who has undertaken this delightful task, presents us with very fair credentials in his learning, as well as shews us that he has *full power to treat* of these matters, by having been some time his Britannic Majesty's consul-general for the republic of the Seven Islands. Many of the verses, that compose this poem, were written "amidst the scenes which they profess to describe," and we are ready to subscribe to any of them rather than the following:

"My simple Muse in fancy's gilded ray  
May sport, the insect of a summer day;  
May sparkle like the dew-drop on the flow'r;  
But never please beyond the transient hour."

The warrant of such a prediction will not be found in this little volume. We shall give a single specimen without selection.

"Hence to the left extends a spacious plain,  
Nor rich with pastur'd herds, nor waving grain :  
There bending vines their purple pride display,  
And peaches ripen in the summer ray ;  
There swells the fig to more than common size,  
And various fruits in rich succession rise :  
No chilly blasts the tender germ assail,  
By mountains shelter'd from each ruder gale ;  
The rip'ning fruits no blasting mildews fear,  
Nor fails the vernal promise of the year."

Of for these shades,\* where nature reigns alone,  
 Would great Alcinous quit his regal throne ;  
 And these the scenes whose beauties could inspire  
 The mighty father of the Grecian lyre :  
 Nor still the monarch nor the Muse they wrong,  
 But smile in nature as they bloom in song.

“ \* It is impossible for any one, who traverses the shores of the old harbour, with the *Odyssey* in his recollection, to doubt the personal acquaintance of Homer with the scenery of Corfu, or to hesitate in assigning the garden of Alcinous to the spot here described, which lies at the western extremity of the harbour, and is still exclusively devoted to the same sort of culture.” P. 7, 8.

Thus in flowing numbers he proceeds throughout with fascinating descriptions of that ground, every inch of which is dear to the memory of the scholar, from the love and reverence inspired by his early studies and matured by his later judgment.

For the sake of a pleasing anecdote, at p. 45, we shall add these verses—

“ In mingled notes the herdsman's strain I hear,  
 List'ning his carol, as in uncouth rhymes  
 He sings\* the warlike deeds of other times ;  
 Or wildly modulates to simple lays  
 His reed—the Doric reed of ancient days.

\* “ The modern Greeks still retain a variety of traditional stories which they derive from classical antiquity ; their national dance they pretend had its origin in the days of Theseus, and consider it as emblematical of that hero's adventures in the labyrinth ; and the strain which accompanies it, is said to be the lamentation of Ariadne, when deserted by him at Naxos. See the interesting work of M. Guys. I once observed a circle of Albanian soldiers listening with great attention to a story, recited to them by a boy in the most animated manner. They seemed equally interested and delighted with the narrative, which excited from them loud and repeated bursts of laughter ; I heartily regretted that my ignorance of the modern Greek prevented me from participating their enjoyment ; especially as I could distinguish that the hero of the tale was Achilles, or, as the moderns pronounce his name, Achillevs.” P. 44, 45.

A *postscript* affords some desirable observations on the *Romæic*, or modern Greek language, as it is spoken in the Ionian islands.

It is singular that the natives of Attica, though still remarkable for wit and acuteness of intellect, speak a more barbarous jargon\* than even the inhabitants of these islands.

"The ear," he adds, "which is accustomed to the English pronunciation of the Greek language, seeks in vain for that full, sonorous cadence which early habits have taught us to admire, and finds in its stead an acute, stridulous combination of sounds, which is far from being either agreeable or harmonious; while the mind is disgusted at the barbarous structure of a dialect, which confounds the anomalies of ancient and modern grammar." P. 66.

A satisfactory table is given of the difference between the English and Romæic pronunciation of Greek. From this elegant specimen of Mr. White's learned studies, refined taste, and rich poetical powers, we augur much future good to the public stock of instruction and amusement—*Macte novâ virtute*.

*Anonymiana; or, ten Centuries of Observations on various Authors and Subjects. Compiled by a late very learned and reverend Divine, and faithfully published from the Original MS. 8vo. 12s. pp. 527. Nichols. 1809.* Dr. Tovey

We always take up works of this miscellaneous description with considerable pleasure, because we are sure to find something to please the palate of the reader, if we cannot recommend the whole to his attention. In this case, however, we can do both.

A short advertisement, written about 1766, defends this sort of publication, and a P. S. dated 1809, and signed J. N. (John Nichols) tells us that the name of the reverend divine is withheld, merely because it would be contrary to the spirit of the title. The nature of the work will be best understood by a perusal of our selections.

## "II

"It is noted in the *Menagiana*, that the surname of *Devil* has been borne by several persons. (See Dr. Tovey, p. 14.)—On the other hand, there is a person of the name of *God* mentioned in Hall's Chronicle.—A lady called *Dea*; Misson, vol. I. p. 291." P. 2.

\* The long and short o are used, "without any difference as to the quantity, and indeed frequently inverting them, viz.—*Αρθογῶτες* is pronounced *Αρθογῶως*."

## " VI.

" The English word to *whisper* is a mere technical word, and intended to express the sound. The same may be said of the Latin *superre*, the French *chuckater*, both of which represent the action." P. 4.

## " X.

" It is said the Peers sit in the House in right of their Baronies: but this cannot be true; for some Peers never were Barons; as Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, was created at first Viscount L'Isle, and never was a Baron: and I presume there are other instances besides this. The case is, every *maius*, includes its *minus*; and therefore, as a Baron may sit, every higher degree must enjoy the privilege." P. 6.

## " XI.

" The first book printed by subscription, so far as I can recollect, is Minshew's ' Guide unto the Tongues.' " Ibid.

## " XII.

" I know not where I picked up the following lines, but they are a severe satire on the insatiability of prostitutes:

' Celia's such a world of charms,  
'Tis heav'n to be within her arms;  
Celia's so devoutly given,  
She wishes every man in heav'n.' " Ibid.

## " XIV.

" I have known some, out of an affectation of the etymology, pronounce *onely* for *only*; speaking the word as we do *one*, upon a presumption that it was derived from that adjective: but I take it to be deduced, not from *one*, but from *alone*; for it is written *alonely* twice in the letters which Anne Boleyn sent to Cardinal Wolsey." P. 7.

## " XVIII.

" *Cancellæ* are lattice-work, by which the chancels being formerly parted from the body of the church, they took their names from thence. Hence too the court of *chancery* and the lord *chancellor* borrowed their names, that court being inclosed with open work of that kind. And so to *cancel* a writing is to cross it out with the pen, which naturally makes something like the figure of a lattice." P. 8.

## " XXXIV.

" In the year 1745, when the Scotch rebels entered England, and a general consternation was diffused over a great part of the north, a cer-

tain doctor preached upon Proverbs xxviii. 1. *The wicked flee when no man pursueth ; but the righteous are bold as a lion.* But, before a week was at an end, the doctor and his family were gone." P. 18.

" LIII.

" Edward III. claimed the crown of France in right of his mother ; and when he set up his pretensions, he assumed the arms of France, and placed them in the first quarter, and in that manner they continued to be borne reign after reign : and yet this is contrary to the custom of marshaling of arms on other occasions, since the son of an heiress always gives the first place to his paternal coat, and puts his mother's in the second. How happened it then ? I conceive it was done by Edward, in order to please the French, and to procure his more easy reception amongst them ; though others seem to think it was because France was the greater and more honourable kingdom. See Camden's *Remains*, p. 225." P. 28.

" AN EPIGRAM.

" Cain, in disgrace with Heav'n, retir'd to Nod,  
A place undoubtedly as far from God  
As he could wish ; which made some think he went  
As far as Scotland ere he pitch'd his tent ;  
And there a city built of antient fame,  
Which he from *Eden* *Edenburgh* did name."

" LXVIII.

" The opponent advanced an improbable supposition, upon which the respondent said, *Quid si ruat cælum.* The opponent replied, *Sublimi feriam sidera vertice.* Whereupon Professor James, who was then in the chair, put an end to the disputation, by saying, *Jam satis*, which are the next words that follow in the author, Horace." P. 39.

" LXXI.

" The term *country-dance* is all a corruption of the French *contre-danse*, by which they mean that which we call a country-dance, or a dance by many persons placed opposite one to another ; so that it is not from *confrée* but *contre*. See *Gent. Mag.* 1758, Vol. XXVIII. p. 174." P. 43.

" LXXIII.

" A bachelor of arts reading the first lesson, Gen. ii. spoke the second syllable short in the word *Euphrates* ; upon which the following epigram was made :

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*Venit ad Euphratem, subito perterritus hæsit ;  
Transeat ut melius, corripuit fluvium.*

He abridged the river." P. 43.

" LXXIX.

" A sharpening attorney of Sussex (whom some would call the devil of Sussex), dying a day or two after lord chief justice Holt, Tom Toller said, " There never died a lord chief justice but the devil took an attorney for a heriot." P. 47.

" LXXXIII.

*Hanc tua Penelope lento tibi mittit, Ulyxe :  
Nil mihi rescribas attamen, ipse veni.*

The critics, as may be seen by consulting Professor Burman's edition, differ extremely in pointing and reading the second line. In Douza's MS. it was *non* for *nil*, which makes room for the jocular construction of an old acquaintance :

This to Ulyss, absent too long from home,  
Penelope sends : write me no *buts*, but come." (P. 49.)

We do not know whether it has before been observed, but the latter verse should certainly be read with the comma after *rescribas*.

" XC.

" Joshua Barnes, the famous Greek professor of Cambridge, was remarkable for a very extensive memory ; but his judgment was not so exact : and when he died, one wrote for him,

—Hic jacet Joshua Barnes,  
felicissimæ memoriæ,  
expectans judicium." (P. 52.)

i. e.—Here lies Joshua Barnes of most happy memory, *waiting* for JUDGMENT.

" XCI.

" The child, when new-born, comes out of the *persley* bed, they will say in the North. This is an antonomasia, introduced out of regard to decency ; for the Greek word *πέρσλη* not only signifies *persley*, but has another (and a very different) meaning : from whence it should seem that the Greeks had amongst them such a saying as this." P. 52.

" XVIII.

" Arthur Haslewood picked up a woman in the street at Norwich, in the dusk of the evening, and carrying her to a tavern he called for

half a pint of wine, and when the wine and the candle came, he saw she had but one eye, and was otherwise very ugly: so he cried, *Come, drink and go*, and this afterwards became a by-word there. When Arthur was old, he married a young wife, and died soon after; whereupon the following epitaph was written for him:

“An Epitaph upon Mr. Arthur Haslewood, a goldsmith at Norwich.

‘ Here honest toping Arthur lies,  
As wise as good, as good as wise;  
For fifty years he lov’d a w—re,  
Nay, some will tell you till threescore;  
But when upon the verge of life,  
Nothing would serve him but a wife;  
A wife he got with charms so, so,  
Who tipp’d him off with *drink and go*.’ P. 63, 64.

“ XXVI.

“ ‘ There were an hundred justices,’ says one, ‘ at the monthly meeting.’ ‘ A hundred!’ says another, ‘ Yes,’ says he; ‘ do you count, and I will name them. There was justice Balance, put down one; justice Hall, put down a cypher, he is nobody; justice House, you may put down another cypher for him. Now one and two cyphers are an hundred.’ P. 68.

The author had read the *Mirror for Magistrates* with great attention, and here and elsewhere elucidates and corrects many passages.

“ XLVI.

“ When lord Muskerrey sailed to Newfoundland, George Rooke went with him a volunteer: George was greatly addicted to lying; and my lord, being very sensible of it, and very familiar with George, said to him one day, ‘ I wonder you will not leave off this abominable custom of lying, George.’ ‘ I can’t help it,’ said the other. ‘ Puh!’ says my lord, ‘ it may be done by degrees; suppose you were to begin with uttering one truth a day.’” P. 73.

“ XV.

“ Dr. Thomas Terry, of Christ Church, Oxford, was a person of great learning, but no parts, and particularly a bad speaker: at last he got into a habit of beginning every thing he said, with *I say I say*. This was so much taken notice of in the college, that the younger part of the society would often ridicule him, and make a jest of him for it. Of this he was told by a friend; and a scholar was mentioned that was

went to make free with him in that respect. The doctor went and complained to the dean, who accordingly sent for the lad; and when he was come into the room, the dean desired the doctor to inform the lad of his complaint against him, whereupon, turning to him, he began as follows, *I say I say, they say, you say, I say I say*. The lad stared; and, as not perfectly understanding him, cried, 'Sir?' Then the doctor repeated his eloquent charge, *I say I say, they say, you say, I say I say*. The lad was still under confusion; upon which the dean explained the matter a little to him, gave him a short reprimand, and dismissed him; and so this wise complaint was determined." P. 92.

#### " XVIII.

"The twilight, or rather the hour between the time when one can no longer see to read, and the lighting of the candle, is commonly called Blind-man's Holiday: *qu.* the meaning or occasion of this proverbial saying? I conceive, that at that time, all the family being at leisure to converse and discourse, should there be a blind person in the family, it is the time when his happiness is greatest, every one being then at liberty to attend to, and to entertain him." P. 93.

#### " LV.

"Cecil Clay, the counsellor of Chesterfield, was a very sensible man; and yet he caused this whimsical allusion, or pun, upon his name, to be put on his gravestone, 'a cypher of two C's, and underneath *Scm quod fui*.'" P. 106.

#### " LXX.

"It is observed that projectors seldom advance their fortunes; numbers of them having been ruined. The name comes from *projicio*, which signifies to *throw away*—money and time." P. 110.

#### " XXXVI.

"*To speak a thing under the rose; and, under the rose be it spoken;* are phrases of some difficulty, though the sense of them be well enough understood: they mean *secretly*; but the query is, how they came to imply that. The clergyman wears a rose in his hat; and in confession what is spoke in his ear, is in effect under the rose, and is to be kept secret, as being under the seal of confession." P. 117.

This silly note is subjoined by the editor.

"The learned author appears never to have been *under the Rose* in St. Paul's Church-yard."

Our author, in answering what he calls *the query*, is, however,

not much wiser. The clerical *rose* could never have been worn in the hat of a father confessor, for this simple reason—he wore no hat, and no rose was ever seen in his hood. Hats were only used by cardinals. The clerical rose is a band, and is to be found in the hats of very aged clergymen, or dignified ecclesiastics. The meaning of *under the rose*, as it implies secrecy, will perhaps be best discovered by a consideration of the rules of the ancient *Symposium*; but we have heard it asserted that the expression *under the rose*, had its origin in a rose being placed in the wainscot at the top of the room of the secret apartment, where company were entertained, during the unhappy civil wars between the branches of the regal house of *Plantagenet*, distinguished by the name of the *white* or *red rose*; the rose had the proper colouring significant of the party. It is well known that at this period the tops of apartments were not then of plaster, but board, so indeed at that time were our churches. We have in very ancient houses seen rooms with such wainscoted tops, and we have several times observed a *rose* carved and painted in the centre of it. The device remained after the cause had ceased.

“ XL.

“ *Grandchild and grandchildren.*—There is something very absurd in this. *Grandfather* is properly the *great* or *greater father*; but the case seems to be just the contrary with *grandchild*, who is the *little* or *less child*. The French therefore express it much more sensibly than we do, by *petitfils*.” P. 150.

“ LXVI.

“ If a duchess, countess, baroness, being a widow, marries a commoner, she loses her rank, according to present usage, which seems to be contrary to the statute 21 Hen. VIII. § 33.

“ LXVII.

“ It is a singular instance of the wisdom and goodness of Providence, that in the northern climes, where the scurvy prevails so much, *scurvy-grass* is in a manner the only plant. (Churchill, II. p. 519.)” P. 163.

“ LXXXV.

“ There is an expression in Fuller's *Holy War*, p. 84, which wants some explanation: the suggestion, he says, was to young king Baldwin,

that he 'needed none to hold his hand to hold the sceptre:' meaning that he was then of age to reign himself without any help from his mother, or her implements; and the allusion is to a service at the coronations of our kings, when the duke of Norfolk, by virtue of his tenure of Wirksworth manor, co. Notts, supports the royal arm whilst he holds the sceptre. See Ogilby's coronation of King Charles II. p. 181." P. 171.

#### "XCIV.

"The motto under the arms of the corporation of cutlers at Sheffield is, *pour parvenir a bonne foy*, of which no sense can be made; and I should think it must be a corruption, through ignorance and length of time, for, *pour parvenir ayez bonne foy*, that is, 'to succeed in business, take care to keep up your credit;' a sentence very proper for a trading, and especially a manufacturing corporation." P. 176.

#### "III.

"The hammer-cloth is an ornamental covering for a coach-box: the coachman formerly used to carry a hammer, pincers, a few nails, &c. in a leather pouch hanging to his box, and this cloth was devised for the hiding or concealing of them from public view." P. 181.

"One who was learning *thorough-bass*, was observing how difficult it was, and how long he should be in learning it: the friend replied, ay, ay,

'*Nemo repensit fuit turpissimus*—' JUVENAL."

(P. 186.)

This reminds us of the man, who proved Juvenal's assertion to be untrue, by instancing his suddenly turning a corner, and meeting the discharge of a bucket of dirty water.

"*To shend* is a good old English word, signifying to *spoil, ruin or destroy*. *Townshend* is therefore a surname very properly conferred on any great warrior, as all our gentlemen of family formerly were. It answers to the French *Sacville*, and the Greek *Πολιπορθος*."

In such a phrase as *nobody but you and me*; "*But*," says our author, "is *bout*, that is *without*;" p. 213. Horne Tooke however, would tell him that *but* is from *botan*—to *boot*, i. e. to superadd, &c. See *Divers. Furl.* Part I.

"In Cent. I. xcvi. he tells us—"You will hear people talk something of a *laudable* voice; which I take to be a mere corruption of an *audible* voice;" but these people must surely be the family of the *Slip-slaps*. A *laudable* voice is very well where it is meant

to say that the voice is *praiseworthy*; and perhaps *laudable* for *audible* might in some measure be defended by what Cruquius says (on Horace, l. 5, od. xi. v. 19.) "*Laudaveram*. This verb, in good authors, often signifies, *to speak, to declare*."

[To be concluded in our next.]

*Summer Excursions through Parts of Oxfordshire, Gloucestershire, Warwickshire, Herefordshire, Derbyshire, and South Wales.*  
By Elizabeth Isabella Spence, Author of "*The Nobility of the Heart*," and "*The Wedding Day*." 2 Vols. Longman and Co. 1809.

MISS SPENCE, from whose performances in the department of novel-writing, we have frequently derived considerable satisfaction, has now for the first time relinquished the province of fiction, to delineate an excursion, which she has made through some of the most romantic counties of England; a task which she has executed with a taste and judgment inferior to none of the most celebrated of modern tourists; her descriptions of rural scenery, as far as it is possible for the language of prose to convey any idea of the beauties of the country to the imagination of the reader, are entitled to the highest approbation; and though she is an enthusiastic admirer of the picturesque, yet her enthusiasm is never strained into nonsense and hyperbolic extravagance. These volumes will be found extremely amusing to all, and particularly useful to those whose inclination or leisure invites them to visit these parts of England. This work contains also a number of pleasing and instructive anecdotes.

*A Short Account of the late Mr. R. Porson, M. A. By an Admirer of a great Genius.* pp. 23. Baldwin. 1808.

THE motto, with a sort of pun in the Greek, is from Pindar—*meketi—paptaine PORSON*. Look for nothing beyond him; and for a head for bearing Greek and wine, we expect to see no equal in our time. The account is indeed *short*, but it is amusing, and to scholars the disquisitions it involves, will be interesting.

The "*sketch from memory*" of Porson, which ornaments this tract, reminds us strongly, in every respect, of those sketches that adorn certain little pamphlets purporting to be, "*The last dying speech, &c. of—executed this morning for the cruel and bloody murder of, &c.*"

## THE BRITISH STAGE.

Τὰ ἀμφὶ τῷ θεάτρῳ, καὶ τοῖς τοῖς τοῖς χερσίν.

Marc. Antonin. lib. vi. § xlv.

*Nil novum, nihil quod non semel spectasse sufficiat.*

De Circensibus Plin. l. ix. ep. 6.

## ANSWER TO A CORRESPONDENT'S REMARKS

ON

## JOHNSON'S OPINION OF PLAYERS.

MR. EDITOR,

WHEN I perused the MIRROR for last June, my indignation was excited against one of your correspondents, for not a little ignorance, vanity, and presumption; but no person having as yet taken up the rod, perhaps you will permit me to give him a gentle castigation.

The gentleman, who subscribes himself MARTIN,\* introduces Dr. JOHNSON expressing a sentiment of contempt for the profession of a player, and plainly tells us that in this instance the Doctor talked *downright nonsense*. This certainly is a bold assertion, and I think that your correspondent might have deigned to favour us with a few arguments, to prove that the Doctor was so very much mistaken in his notion, as to deserve such low abuse. We know that the profession of an actor among the Romans was accounted infamous, and the public is not at present so unanimous in its opinion of the excellence of the profession, but that a man may maintain either side of the question, without being designated by those names, which properly belong only to those who oppose the most simple and obvious truths.

But Mr MARTIN declares it to be highly probable that JOHNSON never uttered the sentiment ascribed to him, and he therefore charges BOSWELL with want of veracity. For my part, Mr. Editor, I long to defend the character of such an "*honest chroni-*

\* Vol. V. p. 364.

cler" as BOSWELL, for a more entertaining work than his *Life of JOHNSON*, is not to be found in all English literature, and we may well join in the exclamation of a celebrated modern writer, that "*we should all regret the loss of this cheerful, this pleasant, this inevitable biographer.*" Mr. MARTIN grounds his opinion that JOHNSON could not have such a disrespect for players, on the three following reasons: That JOHNSON wrote for the stage; that he never uttered similar sentiments; and that he was the admirer and friend of GARRICK. If Mr. MARTIN could separate his ideas, he would discover that a *poet* and a *player* are two distinct characters, and that, therefore, although a man might approve of the one, yet it does not follow that he should praise the other. But for a moment to suppose that there is no such distinction, then we may say that when a man employs his genius for the stage, it is no greater proof that he esteems the profession of an actor, than that a man necessarily admires the trade or business to which he belongs; whereas, in truth, HORACE and the world tell us that the contrary is the case. Dr. JOHNSON, in the conversation alluded to, was not contending for victory more than for truth, but he was supporting an opinion which he had always entertained. One night when GARRICK was playing *Lear*, Johnson was sitting near the side scenes, and talking very loud. GARRICK walked up to him, and requested silence, for he said the noise disturbed his feelings. Pshaw, said Johnson contemptuously, *Punch to have feelings!* Upon another occasion he asked Mr. KEMBLE whether he was one of those enthusiasts, who believe themselves transformed into the very character they represent? Mr. K. replied in the negative. "To be sure not, sir," said JOHNSON, "the thing is impossible, and if GARRICK really believed himself to be that *monster*, *Richard the Third*, he deserved to be hanged every time he performed it." These two instances (and many more could be brought) are sufficient to shew what a poor idea JOHNSON always entertained of theatrical merit. That the Doctor loved GARRICK is certain, but that for such a reason he should admire the profession of a player, my poor head cannot discover. JOHNSON loved him, not so much for his mimic powers, as for his social and friendly qualities, for he frequently said that variety was GARRICK's excellence; that every part he performed, had been better enacted by some one else,



and that altogether he was more to be envied at the head of a table, than upon the stage.

Your correspondent says that JOHNSON illustrated the truth of his own observation, that an author's talk was generally inferior to his writings. He might have said so of DRYDEN, the cause of whose feebleness in conversation, as JOHNSON observes, it is needless to enquire, or of POPE, who never would relax from the dignity of a poet, and, therefore, his conversation was formal and unbending; or of ADDISON, who never could talk till wound up by wine to the *talking pitch*; or, of ADAM SMITH, who had always the idea of book-making so predominant in his mind, that he never would communicate his knowledge in social intercourse; but the "*talk*" of Dr. JOHNSON was so celebrated for sense, penetration, and knowledge, that at his presence the sophist shrunk into his natural insignificance, the profligate passed not the bounds of decorum, and the presumptuous were awed into silence: while to those who looked up to him he opened the stores of his mind; the natural goodness of his heart (and, as GOLDSMITH said; no man was at bottom more tender and compassionate) broke through the roughness of his appearance, and he ensured respect from the wise, and admiration from the simple. Notwithstanding that he improved the morals, and reformed the taste of his country, and although his authority is still universally quoted to settle any dispute with regard to these particulars; yet, *Mr. Editor*, we need not wonder that there are men of that conceited ignorance which the Doctor so delighted to repress, and who are daily realizing the admirable exclamation of Dr. PRATT, that "*now the old lion is dead, every ass thinks he may kick at him.*"

CARLOS.

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### MR. LEIGH'S GRIEVING'S A FOLLY.

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MR. EDITOR,

IN your critique on Mr. Leigh's comedy,\* I see you refer to the *Ephesian Matron*, as the prototype of the hypocrisy of *Sir Oliver Cypress*, but something nearer to it will be found in the character of *Lady Plus*, in *The Puritan*, or the *Widow of Watling-Street*,

\* Vol. V. P. 303.

printed in the fourth folio of *Shakspeare*. The direction to the opening of the *first scene*, will perhaps shew that this play is not quite unknown to Mr. LEIGH.

“Enter the *Lady Widow Plus*, her two daughters, *Frank and Moll*, her husband's brother, an old knight, *Sir Godfrey*, with her son and heir, *Master Edmond*, all in *mourning apparel*, *Edmond* in a *Cypress hat*. The *WIDOW* wringing her hands, and *bursting out into passion as newly come from the burial of her husband*.” The sons of both, *Edmond* here, and *Captain Cypress*, in *Grieving's a Folly*, seem equally unconcerned about the funeral that has just taken place. \* \*

### A SINGULAR PIECE OF WIT.

MR. EDITOR,

LORD ORFORD gives us an account of a number of persons, who never said but *one good thing* in the whole course of their lives, and we are, according to *Letters from England to Ireland*,\* to place Mr. JOHN PHILIP KEMBLE amongst them. The author asserts that Mr. KEMBLE rarely unbends, and that he never made but *one pun*—a very cruel assertion, if untrue—for he that steals my purse, steals trash; but he that robs me of my *good name*, &c. This is the instance. When Sir JAMES LOWTHER offered at his own expence to furnish government with a *ship* of the line, a lady asked Mr. Kemble what honour was likely to be conferred on him for such a present? “They will most likely,” said Mr. K. “make him his *lordship*.” Now this pun being admitted, my belief hesitates, for I really think that *Once a captain always a captain*, is not so true as, *Once a punster always a punster*; therefore, I call upon you, sir, and upon report, as well as on the friends of the great tragedian, to come forward and vindicate his much injured character.

Wrekin, Aug. 20.

CATAMARAN.

\* This writer says that Sir Samuel Romilly is a very great reader of *novels*—he surely means *novella*, the constitutions of the civil law, so called.

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## DEER-STEALING.

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IT is a common anecdote of SHAKESPEARE, that he was more than once engaged in deer-stealing from the park of Sir Thomas Lucy, of Cherlecot, near Stratford; but the crime does not appear to have been thought so seriously of at that time, as it would be now, for though he was prosecuted, he was not punished, and when he afterwards lampooned the knight in a ballad, and was again prosecuted, he merely ran away to "shelter himself in London." The frequency of the practice, and the public encouragement it received, are proved by the following quotation and remark by an anonymous writer.

"I will insert a letter of Queen Elizabeth, written to him (Peregrine Bertie) with her own hand; and, reader, deale in matters of this nature, as when venison is set before thee, eat the one, and read the other, never asking whence either came!" *Fuller's Worthies, Linc. p. 102.* Deer-stealing was in great vogue in Dr. Fuller's time, and to that custom the author alludes.

JACQUES.

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## LORD DUBERLEY'S "CONSORT."

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MR. COLMAN in his merry comedy, *The Heir at Law*, brings in Lord Duberley, using the word *consort* for *concert*, when Dr. Pangloss corrects his *kakology*, by saying that *concert* relates to harmony, while *consort* is a wife—a very different thing. Now his lordship is not without a very respectable precedent to defend his practice. "The true way of speaking and writing, no doubt, is a *concert* of music, from the Italian *concerto*; and yet," says a learned author, "some of our established writers will say *consort*, as I remember to have seen in the *Guardian*."

JACQUES.

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## ORIGINAL POETRY.

## HORACE IN LONDON.

BOOK III.—ODE XIII.

## TO BRIGHTON.

*O fons Blandusie splendidior vitro, &c.*

O BRIGHTON! thou friend of the town jaded lass,  
Thy waters when calm are transparent as glass,  
But not quite so fit for *reflection*!  
When next with the lads of the *castle* I dine,  
I'll toast all thy charms in libations of wine,  
Dear scene of my fondest affection!

A new wedded youth (I won't mention his name)  
Shall bring thee to-morrow his termagant dame,  
Well pleas'd on thy shrine to exalt her.  
His forehead unfurnish'd, two antlers shall grace,  
And his bride shall increase the gay amorous race,  
Whose characters bleed on thy altar.

When hot-headed Phœbus affords us no shade,  
Thy *library* stretches its cool colonnade,  
To charm us with novels and fables.  
There, pounded like cattle, we list to the tunes  
Perform'd by the band of the *Prince's Dragoons*,  
And gaze at the dome of his stables.

If right I opine, my poetical graces  
Shall make thee the proudest of *watering places*—  
How charming the fun and commotion,  
When down a steep place with our tresses dishevell'd,  
A huge herd of swine we all tumble bedevil'd,  
Head over heels into the ocean!

J.

## BOOK I. ODE XXIII.

*Vitas hincules me simills, Chlœ, &c.*

As the bard at eve who chuses,  
 Big with sacred song to greet  
 PHILLIPS, *midwife* of the Muses,  
 Eyes with dread the neighbouring Fleet;

Turns with idle terror pale, if  
 Busy crowds his speed molest,  
 Thinks each wheelbarrow a *bailiff*,  
 Every jostle an *arrest*;

Thus, dear *Chlœ*, thus you fly me;  
 Prithee bid these fears adieu,  
 How ungenerous to deny me,  
 What I ne'er denied to you.

I'm no ruthless *Bluebeard*, daily  
 Killing wives, again to wed;  
 I'm no modish *Mrs. Bayley*,  
 Grinding bones to make my bread.

Love at eighteen is a duty,  
 Yield thee, sweet, to Cupid's chain;  
 To confine a full-grown beauty,  
*Mamma's apron-string* is vain!  
 J.

## NO LONGER.

You ask me if I *truly* love—  
 And can you then a doubt retain?  
 Ah! if you can—that doubt remove,  
 And let me swear it o'er again.

"Yet what are vows?" I hear you cry,  
 "They are but unsubstantial air,  
 And like the warm and melting sigh,  
 That's breath'd, and ~~gone~~ we know not where."

Yet when it *comes*, you surely know—  
 Is't not the heart that gives it birth:  
 And is it not a proof of woe,  
 For do we ever sigh in mirth?

Yes, yes, my vows *are* like a sigh,  
 And from the heart too are they heav'd;  
 No longer then their truth deny,  
 No longer say they're disbeliev'd.

Then doubt *no longer* that you're lov'd,  
 And ah! *no longer*, let me pine,  
 For sure my vows have truly prov'd,  
 The heart that utters them is thine!

P. G.

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### EPIGRAM.

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You tell me, dear Tom, in a terrible fright,  
 That a *tailor's* long bill keeps you waking all night.  
 To me this seems nonsense and idle decorum,  
 For why should a pitiful *SNIP* snap your *Snorum*?

QUIB.

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### A QUIBBLE.

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A glazier they say,  
 With a lamp one day,  
 Fell down in the streets,  
 And broke it to bits—  
 "My fortune improves," cried the wag, "and looks brighter,  
 A glazier I was, and I'm now a lamp—LIGHTER!"

Tom.

## LIPS AND EYES.

In Celia's face a question did arise,  
 Which were more beautiful, her lips or eyes?  
 "We," said the eyes, "send forth those pointed darts,  
 Which pierce the hardest adamantine hearts."  
 "From us," replied the lips, "proceed those blisses,  
 Which lovers reap by kind words and sweet kisses."  
 Then wept the eyes; and from their springs did pour  
 Of liquid oriental pearl a shower.  
 Whereat the lips, mov'd with delight and pleasure,  
 Through a sweet smile unlock'd their pearly treasure,  
 And bade Love judge, whether did add more grace,  
 Weeping or smiling pearls to Celia's face.

J. S.

## EPIGRAM

ON THE TWO STATUES ERECTED ON THE NEW COVENT-GARDEN  
THEATRE.

With steady mien, unalter'd eye,  
 The Muses mount the pile,  
*Melpomene* disdains to cry,  
*Thalia* scorns to smile.

Pieria's spring when moderns quaff,  
 'Tis plainly meant to show  
 That Comedy provokes no laugh,  
 And Tragedy no woe!

J.

## MEMORANDA DRAMATICA.

NEW THEATRE-ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN.

1809.

Sept. 18. Macbeth.—The Quaker.\*

\* With these entertainments the managers opened their new theatre, which for purity of taste and classical splendour and magnificence, is, and has ever been in modern times, without an equal. No meretricious ornaments are here seen to dazzle and divert the eye unseasonably—all the chaste embellishments being, with surprising skill and judgment, kept under, and made subservient to the grand and superb effect of the whole.† The short time elapsed, since the former theatre was a heap of burning ruins, makes the present edifice appear to partake more of magic than of human art. Within a little year, there stood a pile,

Whose grisly top  
Belch'd fire and rolling smoke—  
Thither wing'd with speed,  
A numerous brigade hasten'd: as when bands  
Of pioneers, with spade and pick-axe arm'd,  
Forerun the royal camp, to trench a field,  
Or cast a rampart. MAMMON LED THEM ON!

And here let those  
Who boast in mortal things, and wond'ring tell  
Of Babel, and the works of Memphian kings,  
Learn how their greatest monuments of fame,  
And strength and art, are easily out-done  
By spirits reprobate, ‡ and in an hour,  
What in an age they with incessant toil,  
And hands innumerable, scarce perform.  
Anon, out of the earth a fabric huge  
Rose like an exhalation.

Th' ascending pile  
Stood fix'd her stately height, and straight the doors  
Opening their brazen folds, discover wide,

Within

† Some inconveniences and blemishes, however, are certainly observable, and they will be noted in our description of the *exterior* and *interior*.

‡ Quoted by particular desire of *Mr. Larpent*.



Within her ample spaces o'er the smooth  
 And level pavement: from the arch'd roof  
 Pendent by subtle magic, many a row  
 Of starry lamps and blazing cressets, fed  
 With naphtha and asphaltus, yielding light  
 As from a sky. The hasty multitude  
 Admiring enter'd, and the work some praise,  
 And some the architect.

So far we may travel with our mighty poet, but here we must stop. The progress and the lustre of *Pandemonium* well represent this erection, and all the demons, inhabitants of that abode of the damned, best describe the audience that filled the new theatre on the first night.

Before two o'clock the house was besieged, and at five the doors were through necessity thrown open. Some boxes were occupied by those who had previously taken them, but numbers were stormed, and taken by a *coup de main*. The theatre was entirely full by six o'clock, but at half past five there were not more than thirty or forty persons in the pit. The first female that entered was cheered with hurrahs—not above a dozen appeared in that part of the house during the whole of the night. They were also very sparingly scattered in the boxes, which of course deprived the *tout ensemble* of many charms.

Quiet admiration of this wonderful structure, raised in ten months from the laying of the foundation, continued with little interruption till the band struck up, *God save the King*, which was repeated several times during a great shout of *song, song!* The song was sung, but nothing heard of it, except the drum accompaniment. Vast applause, with twirling of hats, and waving of handkerchiefs, succeeded. *Rule Britannia* was next played, and then the curtain drawing up, Mr. Kemble dressed for *Macbeth*, came forward to deliver an address. Now the gods rolled their thunder of applause, which was answered by the groans and hooting of the pit—

The hollow abyss  
 Heard far and wide, and all the host of hell  
 With deaf'ning shout return'd them loud acclaim.

Even those who wished well to the cause, and longed to know the purport of the address, cried *hear him, hear him!* so vociferously, that it must have been utterly impossible for him even to hear himself. After going through the address,\* he seemed to us two or three times to es-

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\* A copy of this address shall be preserved. The following fine climax, and exquisite point, smack strongly of the wit of one of our "native

say a repetition of it—no single word, however, could reach our ears, although we were within four boxes of the stage. A paper was handed to him from the pit, which he would have read, but finding it useless, he retired, and the play began. The tumult in a degree commenced immediately, but its object did not declare itself, until Mr. Kemble's appearance,

At which the host (or hostile) up sent  
A shout that tore helPs concave, and beyond  
Frighted the reign of Chaos and old Night.

Such was his reception, in particular, throughout the whole of the piece, and the same compliment was liberally, and with some marks of distinction, paid to Mrs. Siddons, in *Lady Macbeth*, and Mr. C. Kemble, in *Macduff*. This hissing, groaning, yelling, howling, braying, hooting, barking, and every sort of human and inhuman utterance, with such marks of contempt as the whole pit standing up with their backs to the stage, were accompanied by these exclamations—*Old price, no rise!—No Catalani!—No seven-shilling pieces!—No robbery! &c.* This infernal din of horrid discords lasted throughout *Macbeth*, of which we, situated as we have described, could not distinctly hear one word—more exquisite dumb show, however, we never witnessed. Mr. Kemble's majestic action was not lost, though his words were. In the dagger-scene, in the scene with *Lady Macbeth* after the murder, and at the banquet, he was most powerful, grand, and impressive. The scenery and decorations consist with the style of the building, and we can add nothing to such an eulogy. Mr. Brunton came forward at the end of the play, to announce, as we suppose, the entertainments of the succeeding night. This, however, is mere conjecture—his lips moved, and his

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*time poets,"* ycleped Tom Dibdin; alluding to the origin of splendid scenes, he says—

"Rome caught the sparks from Greece; improv'd the plan;  
At last the flame through modern Europe ran.  
Our scene now decks, in an illumin'd age,  
The bard who first gave vigour to our stage:  
Thus Shakspeare's fire burns brighter than of yore,  
And may the stage that boasts him, BURN no more!

A Pope, a Johnson, or even a Garrick, would have prepared something more worthy of the occasion—the above is altogether *infra dig.*

his legs soon followed their example, and they were equally intelligible. The farce of the *Quaker* shared the fate of *Macbeth*, and passed away, to those who had never heard it, in inexplicable dumb show.

The amusements on the stage were over about eleven o'clock, but those before the curtain continued till one. The cry of *Managers!*—*Old prices!* and violent kicking against the orchestra, brought Messrs. Read and Nares, two of the Bow-street magistrates, on the stage, who attempted in vain to address the mob; we will not say audience, for such they never were. It was in their part either to read or sing the riot act, but they were perpetually interrupted with "*Off, off—no magistrates—send the managers—John Kemble, come forth.*" The galleries too began to complain, and roared out—"They would not be confined in pigeon-holes." At length having lashed themselves into a little madness, some of them cried, "*Go it—go it! downe the glims!*" that is, in less choice English, *put out the lights*. This was followed by breaking some seats in the upper boxes, when four of the leaders were secured by the Bow-street officers. The magistrates now left the stage amidst hisses and groans, with the cry of—"Let them put their prices on a board—that will satisfy us—we don't want to see the swindlers!" No board appearing, and the managers having through the magistrates signified that they declined coming forward, the rioters, about the time mentioned, (after singing *God save the King*, and *Rule Britannia*,) quitted the field, covered with all the glory of conquest, which encircles the brows of VIS-COUNT TALAVEKA!

The English love novelty and show, without much judgment and discrimination in the choice. Something splendid—something new is foremost in their desires. Managers know this, and being anxious to obtain their favour, are, like Lord Townly, willing "*to feed even their very follies to deserve it.*" Exerting themselves thus prudently, if not very laudably, and fooling Mr. BULL to the top of his bent, and we believe much to his satisfaction, if he would confess the fact, we think they are not justly treated by his butting and roaring. Novelty he will have, and at a vast expence they engage Catalani, &c. Lustrous splendour is their delight, and behold at what a rate (both of money and time) they have reared the luminous and noble fabric, which now honours and adorns the metropolis of England. If he will call for these luxuries, he must pay for them. Under all the oppressive circumstances of the times, the rise of the *Pit* from three shillings and sixpence to four shillings, and of the *Boxes* from six to seven shillings, while the *Galleries* remain at the old prices, is in our opinion a thing not to be complained of by generous and considerate minds. Still we are not prepared to say that the act is not impolitic in the proprietors, for we are much inclined to think that it will not ultimately prove so productive as if there had been no variation,

The argument that *if there were no monopoly the public would have no right to murmur*, is not quite sound as it relates to things as they were and are. Under the impression that they had the monopoly (baneful and vicious in its principle we grant), they reared this noble dome for the habitation of our dramatic Muses. Had they for a moment seriously entertained a thought that the monopoly might soon be done away with, and the trade of the theatrical market made free, they would, we imagine, have raised a very different sort of altar to their deity, which would have rendered the present exaction wholly unnecessary, and not as it is now, in some degree defensible. Nothing, however, can defend a *whole tier of private boxes*, and we are very ready to believe that the late conduct of the possessors of the monopoly will powerfully and rapidly tend to produce what they so earnestly deprecate—an open competition.

As to the engagement of *Catalani*, the case does not stand alone, and what has been done before may surely be done again. *Tenducci*, *Sestini*, and *Mara*, have sung on the English stage, and why not *Catalani*? The only objection we take is this—that to the destruction of plain English, and every thing verisimilar, she should play a part in one of our operas. Let her appear in her natural character, as an Italian, and if the public have any taste for the best music, and the finest singing, they will support her. Here it may be retorted on us—Why should not she play in an English opera as well as *Mara*—"What has been done before may surely be done again?" We reply, because it has been done before and failed—*Madame Mara's* pronunciation made her dialogue ridiculous, and she was laughed at.—*Signora Catalani* in a similar situation will, we suspect, meet with the same treatment—for "*what has been done before may surely be done again!*" The introduction of foreigners in the *Chinese Festival*, 1755, produced a great uproar, with the loss of 4,000*l.* and nearly the destruction of *Garrick's* house in *Southampton-street*, but we do not apprehend any like mischief, or damage by the exhibition of *Catalani*, if she is judiciously kept in her proper sphere.

In dramatic writing, and in the public taste, though the causes of corruption are not perfectly clear, the corruption is. The sum of *one hundred and fifty thousand pounds* has been expended, according to the *Proprietor's* advertisement, "in order to render this theatre worthy of British spectators, and of the genius of their native poets—" We now hope that some care will be taken, in order to make the exhibition of the *genius of our native poets* worthy of the theatre. Of this we have a faint hope, but no fond expectation. This work of corruption goes on in every quarter, both in those who benefit by it, and those who pay for it. What are we to think of the taste of a people, who can crowd the

Sept. 19. *Beggar's Opera*.—Is he a Prince\*?

Sept.

the *Citrus* to hear Gay's *Beggar's Opera* travestied into doggrel recitative, and Shakspeare's *Macbeth* converted into a most contemptible *ballad of action*, and called, as it is in Mr. Elliston's placards, "a correct and classical performance," meeting with unequivocal approbation! But this is nothing—Look at Mr. SHERIDAN vapouring about his refined taste, and heavy sacrifices, to promote the welfare of the Drama—See him refusing to come into such a compromise with the creditors, as to restore, what was formerly the first theatre in England, from its present dust, to its pristine pride and beauty. As things stand, to insist upon journeying with the patent, whatever its destination, and after the disgraces of his late theatrical administration, to think of taking the lead of the new establishment, is what we want a new term to describe.—*Drury-lane Theatre* is to be preferred in its present ruins!

\* The same piece of discordant tumult, riot, and hurly-burly, was repeated, with very trifling variations. At first the boxes and pit were almost deserted, but it was not long before they filled, when several papers, with large characters, were held up in the pit, containing these words, "OLD PRICES." Not a word, sung or said, in Opera or Farce, was heard; many scuffles took place, and an attempt to invade the stage, occasioned the appearance there of a posse of constables. The trap-doors were also opened, to retard and discompose the progress of the enemy. The officers were soon hooted from the stage, and as soon as silence could be obtained, a Mr. Lees, in the front of the middle boxes, with arms extended, addressed the house as follows:—

"I am a British subject; and, as such, if the Proprietors and Managers of this Theatre had come forward with a fair statement, and shewed their necessities to be such as to entitle them to increase of prices, I should cheerfully comply; and I know a free British audience would. But it is for us to regret that this has not been done, if it was in their power to do it. By your conduct this night you have proved to them, that you can meet monopoly as it really merits; persevere, and you will accomplish your purpose. If I thought the raising of the prices would increase the salaries of the performers, the measure would not meet opposition in me. But I well know, and you must have the same knowledge, that it is only intended to enrich four or five persons, who have already become *nabobs* by the public favour. One of the managers, Mr. Kemble, and his relatives, receive a greater salary than one-half of the other performers. There is another thing I must bring your attention to, which is, that tier of private boxes (pointing up to them); if you do not persevere,

Sept. 20. Richard III.—Poor Soldier \*.

persevere, and shew those impostors that public amusements will be directed by the sense of the people, you will have a second Italian Opera-house ; and even although we assent to pay our seven shillings, we shall be excluded from the boxes, and forced to go into the pit with a *cocked hat and silk stockings*. I have not a doubt, but if you continue the rational and peaceable mode you have this night adopted, you will conquer *Don John*, and his emissaries, the police officers."

These sentiments were received with loud plaudits by those who heard, as well as those (nineteen out of twenty) who did not hear them. Some other skirmishes occurred, and a few young bloods were taken to the watch-house, roaring out "*old prices*" to the last. The damage to the theatre, on the former night, was very inconsiderable, and on this none. At twelve o'clock thus ended row the second.

\* The third act of the same *divertissement* was performed this evening, with some improvements. The usual cat-calls, &c. prevailed throughout the night, with the addition of *trumpets* and *bugle-horns* ; and carrier pigeons to communicate intelligence and instruction, as to putting out the lights, &c. New bills were exhibited—some affixed by *anti-seven shilling-piece ladies* to the cushions of the front boxes ; others by *low-price knights*, to the chandeliers. The devices were various—"*No hired ruffians—No imposition on the public—Old prices for-ever ; never submit to the new—Old prices, or no private boxes !*"

About the conclusion of the farce, Mr. Munden approached the orchestra, as in the act of addressing the people ; and amidst the cries of *hear and silence*, Mr. Kemble made his appearance. Some time elapsed before he could obtain a hearing, at length he said—

"Ladies and Gentlemen—I have to thank you for this hearing. Grateful for past favours, the Proprietors of this Theatre are anxious to do every thing possible in their power, to fulfil the wishes of the Public."

The loudest applause ensued, and many of the bills were torn down to signify their approbation. He continued :—

"Ladies and Gentlemen—I feel obliged to you for giving me this opportunity of enquiring what are your wishes?"

Here was "*all hell broke loose*" again. Several papers in the uproar, were thrown on the stage, with shouts of "*There! there! read! read! these are our wishes!*" Mr. Kemble gave no understanding to this, but retired, unable to get a further hearing. The play and farce over, the spectators re-seated themselves peaceably, as if in waiting for something

thing, when the person, who addressed them on the second night, spoke as follows :—

“ Gentlemen,—I took the liberty of addressing you last evening, in a very short speech ; but the conduct that has been pursued by the persons concerned in this house, demands, this night, a speech of an hour long.—Gentlemen, I witnessed a scene last night, which would disgrace a place of punishment ! A hireling of this theatre, the foreman of the works, intruded himself into the pit, where he insulted every individual, and, with the assistance of fifty constables, beat them out ; after which he returned to the pit, threw his hat up in the air, and challenged any person in the boxes to fight him for five guineas. Was not this conduct countenanced by the contemptuous conduct of the Manager, in coming forward, and pretending he was ignorant of what they wished, at the same time more than fifty placards were staring him in the face ? (*Loud huzzas !*) The reason why you had not so strong a majority the first night as the two last, was occasioned by the great number of orders that were issued by the Managers. I know that there were great numbers sent to every printing-office, one of which, although they accepted of the tickets, came to oppose them ; this they reconciled, by calling it a trick of war. Money was also refused at the doors, while paper was admitted ; my money was refused, and one of the door-keepers, more candid than the rest, acknowledged they had orders to refuse money. But, if you continue the same line of conduct you have done these two nights, I will insure you success ; and you will oblige a Manager to come forward, who will know what you want—(*A cry of—“ we will, we will !”*) I have seen a statement, since coming into the theatre, of the Managers, declaring that they have received only six per cent. for their money, for the last ten years.—Can any person believe this, when they know how regardless Mr. Kemble is of money, and he gave 25,000*l.* for his share ?—(*Loud applause.*) I have a small statement to make, which I will at any time prove ; that the rent of the private boxes will pay more than the interest of the money expended, and defray the expense of Madame Catalani’s engagement, which had been spoken of as one cause of the rise.—But I trust, if the Managers ever attempt to pollute the boards of an English stage with Italian depravity, or French duplicity, they will meet with the just indignation of a British public. (*A cry of—“ We won’t, we won’t,” accompanied by loud huzzas.*) I have bdt one word more to say—If you conduct yourselves properly, and keep to your text, I will meet you here to-morrow night.”

The welkin rang with applause. Ambition now seized the heart of a better orator, Mr. L. P. Smith, the Barrister, whose suggestion

to

to call the Manager before them, assure him that they would state their motives and wishes, without disorder, and hear him in answer, without interruption, was adopted. Mr. Kemble was summoned to appear in five minutes. The time elapsed, when a gentleman in one of the stage-boxes, signified the sentiments of the house to some persons behind the scenes, and Mr. Kemble came forward. Noise subsiding, he said—" *Ladies and Gentlemen, I wait respectfully, to be honoured with your commands.*"

" *Lingvæ centum sint, oraque centum—  
Ferreæ vox.*"——

" *Infinite tongues*" were instantly ready, but the first speaker, a clerk in the Bank it is reported, had the preference, he undertaking to state their wants in three words—" *The old prices.*" With various lets and stops, Mr. Kemble replied nearly thus:—

" Ladies and Gentlemen,—I have again to return my acknowledgements for your indulgence in giving me a hearing. The cause of complaint, as I now understand, is the rise that has taken place on the prices of admission. In the reign of Queen Anne, the price of admission to the pit was *three shillings*, and to the galleries, the same as it is now—a *hundred years ago*. Ladies and Gentlemen, it has been asserted, that the profits of this Theatre, without any advance in the price, are sufficient to secure the Proprietors ample fortunes. I declare to you, on my honour, and I would not tell a lie for all that the Theatre is worth—(*Loud applause*)—that for the last ten years the Proprietors have not received *six per cent.* for their money—money vested in a property of so fluctuating and precarious a nature as this is.—Independent of this, I have to call on your candour and liberality (and upon the candour, justice, and liberality of this audience, and of my country, I fearlessly throw myself) to consider the vast expence of 150,000*l.* in order to raise the most beautiful Theatre in the universe, for the reception of the inhabitants of the capital of the world! Nor is this the only heavy disbursement we have to make. To have a wardrobe, scenery, and decorations, such as are proper to *get up* (as we term it) pieces, in a manner worthy of you, are other sources of enormous cost. It is well known to you all, that the materials of all these articles are doubled, tripled, quadrupled, and even more, within these four or five years. The gentleman who addressed you last night, said, that if the advance in the prices was to be any advantage to the performers, it would have his and your support. I then call upon him and upon you for it. The whole strength of this company are behind me, and will testify, that the late rise in the price of admission has been the source of an addition to their emoluments. It is, indeed, meant only for the better encourage-

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## Sept. 21. Love in a Village. —Who Wins\*?

ment and support of those of our profession, and I trust the object will be sufficient to insure a concurrence in your opinions, that the small rise is expedient and necessary."

Much vociferous, and every other description of disapprobation, attended and succeeded the delivery of this speech. The *learned clerk* replied, that the rise would not add 5*l.* to the salary of any actor, but rather take from his profits, by increasing the house-charges at his benefit. "Be firm," said he, "and our success is certain." The legion had brought in their *BILLS*, as *Papillion* says to *Young Wilding*, and it was with difficulty their impatience was restrained, but they now retired to their lodgings, with a faithful promise to return to-morrow night and renew their importunities.

\* "Fourth day, fourth MOON,"—Lunacy at its height. On this occasion, uproar out-did all its former out-doings, and rendered *Bartholomew Fair*, by comparison, a most orderly and peaceable assembly. A far greater proportion of beautiful females were present on this night, but neither their beaming eyes, which might look, nor Mrs. *DICKONS*, in *Rosetta*, who might "*sing the savageness out of a bear*," could avail, to soften the rude and stormy temper of *N. BULL*. The introduction of watchmen's rattles, and nail coach horns, was the improvement in the music, and the scene differed from the celebrated fair, already mentioned, in these particulars—Instead of "*Shew 'em in*," the cry was, "*Out, out! off, off!*" and the *wild beasts* were all loose. Amongst the new placards exhibited, were—"Be firm and unanimous, and they must take off the imposition—Boxes 6*s.* Pit 3*s.* 6*d.*"—"No new prices."—"Dickons for ever!—no Catalani."—"John Bull against John Kemble," &c. To meet these, the following hand-bill was circulated—

## CAUTION.

Lord MANSFIELD, on the trial of the rioters in the case of Mr. MACKLIN, stated, a British audience had a right to express their approbation or disapprobation of plays and actors in the usual way, but if it could be proved that any person or persons went, night after night, to the theatre, for the purpose of preventing an actor exercising his profession, or TO INJURE THE MANAGERS or PROPRIETORS; such person or persons would NOT only be subject to AN ACTION at LAW, but might be INDICTED FOR THE OFFENCE.

And in the case of the prisoners in the King's Bench, Lord MANSFIELD stated, if the parties concur in doing the act, although they were NOT PREVIOUSLY acquainted with each other, IT IS A CONSPIRACY. (*Supplement to Viner's Abridgment.*)

Than which nothing more insulting and injudicious was ever devised. Every mark of disapprobation, except the violation of property, is justifiable in a theatre; and Lord Mansfield so laid down the law in 1775, as to establish this right inalienably. The riot-act has no relation to such riots. Taking breath merely between the acts, they persisted to hoot and hollow, drum, trumpet, and rattle, till their attention caught the signal of an orator, when "*the uproar subsided into a noise, which was comparative silence.*" He spoke—

"Ladies and Gentlemen,

"It is a most remarkable circumstance, that Mr. Kemble should appear so inattentive to the wishes and indignation of the audience, that he should continue reclining upon his sofa, while the resentment of a British theatre is loudly and universally expressing itself. Ladies and Gentlemen, this is an action brought by John Bull against John Kemble, and if you only persevere, you may depend upon a just and equitable verdict."

Shrieks of approbation.

*God save the King* was exultingly sung after the opera. Silence reigned, but the reign was short—"gia rimbomba il suono—" The farce began, and ended with the usual accompaniments. More oratory and fighting. Fresh bills.

"Be silent, King John's head AITCHES;" "Britons, be firm;" "No Catalani, Mountain for ever!" "Kemble, remember the Irish tinman;" "Resist imposition, to pay for Italian airs and broken English;" "No Kembles!"

Speech:

"Gentlemen,

"The managers have treated you with contempt and insolence, and have resisted the public voice more than ever a minister durst do. What do you think of Mr. Kemble's liberality, when he has even refused the Beef-steak Club the privilege of a room, which they always had in this theatre? How can this man expect liberality from us, that does not know the meaning of the word?—(*Loud huzzas.*)—He need not apply to our liberality to pay an Italian singer, let him encourage native talent, and he will not want a rise. If he gives us a Billington, a Dickens, or a Mountain, British gratitude will fill his house each night."—(*Loud plaudits.*)

Mr. Lees, the bank-clerk and original orator, *pro pop.* succeeded but with bad success as to hearing. He spoke in reply to what fell from Mr. Kemble last night, and remarked, that it must be very entertaining to see that gentleman teaching Catalani English, with a birch-rod in his hand. He then repeated the old story about the rents of pri-

vate boxes covering all the expences incurred by the proprietors, in consequence of the fire. Mr. Kemble had called the increased admission a trifling sum; it was true, a shilling and a sixpence were but trifling sums: yet when many of them came together, the proprietors would find the profit of fifteen per cent. a great sum. If, however, it was a trifle, why would the proprietors pertinaciously persist in making it a bone of contention with the public? why did not they, who were only two or three individuals, concede *the trifle* to the general opinion? But, it was needless to tell him, that the profits of the Theatre were so trifling as Mr. Kemble stated them to be. As good a judge of capital as Mr. Kemble was, and there was none better, would not employ his money where the emoluments were so small. So great a lover of money as Mr. Kemble was, and there was none loved it more, would not sink £25,000*l.* in a losing concern. He concluded by calling on them to continue firm and steadfast to their purposes, and they must in the end inevitably conquer." He was interrupted by the appearance of Mr. Kemble, dressed, as before, in black. The ceremony of shonts being over, he delivered himself thus:

"Ladies and Gentlemen,

"I have to express to you the regret felt by the proprietors of this theatre, that the statement I had the honour of making to you last night, did not meet with your approbation. Ladies and Gentlemen—I beg leave once more to remind you of the matters contained in that statement, and to suggest to your own consideration—"

This so little squared with their mode of thinking, that if he had said with *Lear*,

"Blow winds, and crack your cheeks, rage, blow!

Rumble thy belly full—

You owe me no subscription; then let fall

Thy horrible displeasure——"

they could not have obeyed his request more fully. Without further hearing he was compelled to retire. A thousand members were on their legs at the same instant. One accused the managers of falsehood and insolence, in endeavouring to awe a British audience by means of constables, Bow-street officers, staves, fighting watermen, water-engines, and trap-doors. Another orator gave a succinct history of his own life. He had been in the navy since he was thirteen years of age; but now he was married and had a family. He liked plays, and liked that his family should now and then see a thing of the kind. It was therefore that he was averse to the d—d rascally rise in the prices; and he only trusted, that if the scheme was brought to bear, his majesty would be advised to make an advance on his pay, to enable him to meet it.

The constables and malcontents now turned ferrets and rabbits—out of the pit into the boxes, out of the boxes into the pit, with wonderful agility, as the catchpoles made their appearance in either. One more speaker, a common workman in his appearance, but of superior energy, deserves notice. He addressed his observations to a gentleman, who, he said, had espoused the cause of the proprietors; and contended, that neither of the two reasons alleged by Mr. Kemble, for the advance of price, was sufficient. The high price of every necessary material, was no just ground; for, if it was, every other theatre might urge the same claim; and, indeed, with a much better face, as none of them possessed the advantages Covent-Garden did, or had a monopoly in their favour. He continued to speak for nearly half an hour in the same style, and denominated the high, the mighty Mr. Kemble, *a vagrant*, in the strict letter of the law. This law had not been repealed, and it now appeared to be wisely retained, to keep such gentry in check; for if nothing of the kind existed, he supposed the public would in the end be obliged to send petitions to their own servants to come and entertain them.

The advocate of the managers was thrown from the boxes into the pit and much hurt. A verse of *God save the King*, was now the signal for retreat, and by eleven o'clock the house cleared. So it will be observed that these "*high engendered battles*" concluded every night one hour sooner.

This experiment has been very dangerous, and is likely to entail consequences not calculated on by those who before carried on every thing smoothly, right or wrong. It was imprudent to let the horse know his strength. These riotous manifestations of "*power paramount*," may not cease here. Plays justly damned the first night, will not perhaps in future be announced as received "*with universal applause*," and forced into a run with the usual impunity. Nothing can be more fruitful of evil to the best interests of the drama, than the perfect independence of public opinion, which managers and actors vainly and foolishly aim at. Even the newspapers, several of the leading ones, have forgotten their venality on this point, but, as it is usual with them, have observed no medium in nourishing the present feud. When the tempest is over, the public will have no fears with respect to the stability of the new theatre—it is proved that it will bear any weight and any noise! One thing farther is proved—that the proprietors have lost at least as much by these four nights, as half the advantage accruing from the cause of the loss would net them in a season; calculating the rise to produce annually, 8,000*l*. Firemen, watermen, lamp-lighters, scavengers, &c. have had orders thrown to them by the load, but to no other purpose, as it would seem, except to increase the roaring torrent of dissatisfaction. The actors were all sworn-in constables, and on

Sept. 22. John Bull.—The Quaker.\*

this night the guards with fixed bayonets defended the passes so as to prevent all entrance after nine o'clock. A party of *orderly men* (in number about a quarter of the pit) distinguished themselves by *sitting uncovered*.

\* The prediction of our poet, J. (see p. 36) respecting Mr. Harris, junr. is nearly verified:—

*"Smit with Italian stingers,  
He, amorous Sampson, soon I dread,  
Will pull a NEW HOUSE o'er his head—  
I know he'll burn his fingers."*

The storm still rages, and much damage has been done to the doors, the coverings of the seats, and other ornaments of the house; but not so as make an action lay safely against any of the tumultuous parties. The play was *John Bull*, and it was *John Bull* versus *John Bull*, a most horrible civil war. Another instrument of sound was added to what was certainly before a very full and peeling band of Dutch musicians. This was an octave fife, whose ear-piercing notes in *God save the King*, *Rule Britannia*, and *Hearts of Oak*, overpowered every other artificial or human utterance. In the second act Mr. Kemble appeared. How long he bore the buffets of the unruly is of no consequence. He said—

"Ladies and Gentlemen,

"I have a proposal to submit to you (*loud applause*), if I may have the honour to have it heard (*interruptions*), which I am in hopes will effectually contribute to the restoration of the public tranquillity. (*General plaudits*.) Ladies and Gentlemen—the proprietors are willing to submit their accounts and books (*no! no! hear! hear!*) to the inspection of a committee of gentlemen of unimpeachable impartiality and honour, proposed by the public, who, from their ranks and characters, must be acknowledged to be above all suspicion. (*Hear! hear!*) To convince the whole world, and shew the state of their affairs, the proprietors are anxious that they should be submitted, for instance, (if he could be prevailed on kindly to undertake the trouble of investigating their accounts) to the Governor of the Bank of England. (*A partial cry of no! no!*) Ladies and Gentlemen—I only ask, what I am sure you won't deny me—*impartial justice*. (*Universal applause, interrupted by sounding a horn, at which great indignation was expressed.*) Let the Attorney General of England—"

Here the confusion became so great, that Mr. Kemble retired to the stage door. On being requested, by acclamation, he, however, again returned, and said—

"Ladies and Gentlemen—The Proprietors are desirous—(*interruption*), they are anxious to submit the state of their affairs——"

Here Mr. Kemble was obliged to withdraw, after explaining to the persons in the pit and boxes, nearest the stage, that they wished to refer the matter to such men as the Governor of the Bank of England, the Attorney-general, the Solicitor-general, or the Accountant-general of the Court of Chancery; Sir Francis Baring, and Mr. Angerstein; and to abide by their opinion on the propriety or impropriety of the present advance of the prices on the pit and boxes.

The Managers, we have no doubt, could make out an excellent case, if the private boxes were restored to the public, and by such means a perpetual *blemish* to the coup-d'œil of the Theatre removed. Having entered into engagements with certain performers, they must abide by them; but fifty pounds a night, thirty, or twenty, to any actor or singer, is assuredly a preposterous salary, and quite superior to any merits or necessity that can be alleged. Garrick himself never had more than thirty pounds a week.

The *placards*, and it will be a good truth, if not a good pun, to say, the blackguards were more numerous than on any former occasion. The principal were—

A representation of Mr. Kemble, gibbeted, and written below—  
"A cure for all itches."

The voice of the public in this house, shall never be silenced by the obstinacy of Managers.

John Bull is acting well. Boxes 6s. pit 3s. 6d.—"It must be so."

The House that Jack built.

Britons, be liberal—Live and let live!

(This was the only favourable one yet exhibited.)

\* \* Our space will not, this month, allow us to continue a detailed account of these broils to their termination, on Saturday the 23d. A faithful register, however, shall be kept of them.

This was the issue. The Lord Chamberlain having sent a message to Mr. HARRIS, that the peace of the town must not be disturbed by these riotous proceedings, and that if the difference with the public could not be settled amicably, the *Theatre must be shut*; Mr. KEMBLE came forward and informed the assembly, that *Madame Catalani* had relinquished her engagement, and that, until a Committee appointed to investigate the accounts of the Theatre had made their report, the house would be closed. The Committee consists of the *Solicitor General*, the *Common Serjeant*, the *Governor of the Bank*, and another gentleman, whose name we have not heard.

## HAYMARKET.

1809.

Aug. 21. Rivals.—Dr. Last's Examination, (a comic sketch taken from Foote's *Devil on Two Sticks*),—Killing no Murder.\*  
—(Mr. Mathews's night).

22.—Merchant of Venice.—Yes or No.

23. Young Quaker.—Mayor of Garratt.—Killing no Murder.—(Mr. and Mrs. Liston's night.)

24. Foundling.—Ghost.—Critic.

Aug.

\* The house overflowed in every part—this we ascribe to three causes—1st. Esteem for this deserving actor's private character. 2d. General admiration of his theatrical talents; and 3dly, the additional advantage of having those talents more drawn out during the present season, than they have been since his *debut*. He started fair as *Risk*, in *Love laughs at Locksmiths*. O! *si sic omnia*, he would indeed have been fortunate! But it was ordained that he should have to struggle with a succession of bad parts, almost ever since. Upon the present occasion he introduced his *Mail-Coach Song*, and a new one by the same witty poet, intitled, *The Man Milliner*, to which his humour and mimetic skill, with such materials, ensured a general *encore*. This valuable performer would be excellent, were he to adopt more breadth of humour—we do not expect him to be as broad as he is long—we leave that extensive privilege to the females† of this company; but still we wish to see him, in soliloquy, either of speech or song, act as if he considered the whole stage as his own individual property, and walk over it with the independent stride of a Kentish farmer—

*Hæc arte Pollux, hæc vagus Hercules, &c.*

—it was thus the Mundens and the Fawcetts stepped into the favour of the town. We must here say a word about Dr. Last. There is a great deal of indelicate ribaldry in the wording of his *Diploma*, of which we wonder Mr. Mathews did not anticipate the consequence. The latter part of it was literally an exhibition, as Dibdin would say, of *histrionic* art. Mr. Liston, in the *Doctor*, knew as little of his new part, as of his new profession. Nothing more imperfect was ever palmed upon the college in *Warwick Lane*.

† See June last p. 377.

- Aug. 25. Pizarro.—Tom Thumb.—(*Mrs. Glover's night.*)
26. Tekeli.—High Life below Stairs.—Killing no Murder.
28. Point of Honour.—High Life below Stairs.—Killing no Murder.—(*Mr. Young's night.*)
29. Young Quaker:—Yes or No.
30. School for Scandal.—Mayor of Garratt.—Killing no Murder.—(*Mr. Jones's night.*)
31. Foundling.—Love laughs at Locksmiths.
- Sept. 1. Africans.—Midnight Hour.
2. Iron Chest.—Killing no Murder.
4. George Barnwell.—Mayor of Garratt.—Tekeli.
5. Of Age To-morrow.—High Life below Stairs.—Critic.
6. Hamlet.—Matrimony.
7. Foundling.—A Day after the Wedding, or a Wife's First Lesson, (*never acted at this theatre.*)—Waterman.
8. The Voice of Nature.—Quaker.—High Life below Stairs.—(*Mrs. Gibbs's night.*)
9. Hunter of the Alps.—Tekeli.—Killing no Murder.

Sept.

\* *A Day after the Wedding*, is an interlude in one act, from a French comedy, intitled, *La femme colère*, and was first produced by Mrs. C. Kemble for her benefit at the late Covent-Garden theatre. It is probably from her own pen. The gist of it is to shew how lovers in their courtship deceive each other, and only discover their mistake, when the knot is tied, and it is too late. *Lady Frelove*, who was all honey before the wedding, is converted by the ceremony into pure gall—from the gentlest maiden, as she appeared, she turns to the veriest virago wife that ever cursed a hopeless *Benedick*. *Frelove*, her husband, seeing this temper, which he had not before suspected, pretends to be, or rather talks of being, ten times more irritable and irascible, by which he is made to cure her, though not with much satisfaction to the audience, because with by no means any good security to himself that the cure is perfect. Mrs. Gibbs described the ill-humour and passion of *Lady Frelove* with great skill and effect, in which she was well supported by Mr. Jones, in *Frelove*. The piece opens with the rising of the new married couple, and the compliments on the occasion could scarcely be called *equivocal*—but lady-writers have a privilege!

A A—VOL. VI.\*



Sept. 11. *George Barnwell*.<sup>a</sup>—*A Day after the Wedding*.—*A Mogul Tale*.

12. *Voice of Nature*.—*Of Age To-morrow*.—*Killing no Murder*.

13. *Point of Honour*.—*High Life below Stairs*.—*Tekeli*.

14. *Hamlet*.—*Yes or No*.

15. *Foundling of the Forest*.—*Killing no Murder*.†

Aug.

<sup>a</sup> Mr. Young displayed much judgment and pathetic expression in the performance of this noted hero, the bugbear, scarecrow, and terror of all apprentices and artied clerks. Though it is difficult to say what character of countenance is necessary to recommend an actor as fit to represent lewdness, leading on to murder, we certainly cannot pay Mr. Young any *compliment* on this score. In conception never, but in look and person we have undoubtedly seen the part better filled. In *Millwood*, Mrs. St. Leger was quite at home—she entered fully into all the feelings of the character, and frequently exhibited some good acting; especially in the scene with *Thoroughgood*, after the murder, which was, however, considerably marred by the hideous contortions of her muscles. *Truman* might perhaps be played more forcibly than it is by Mr. Holland, but it's not necessary.

† The season at this house closed. Mr. Young pronounced the following address:

“LADIES AND GENTLEMEN—The limits of the theatrical season on this spot, do not extend beyond to-night; and I beg leave, at the desire of the proprietors, to offer you their most grateful thanks for that patronage with which you have honoured them, during the summer. It has ever been the anxious study of the present managers to obtain your favour: and they trust that their future exertions will prove them not unworthy of its continuance.

“The performers, Ladies and Gentlemen, join their sincerest acknowledgments, to those of the proprietors: and we respectfully bid you—farewell.”

This concern has rarely had a more profitable season than the last. The revival of *Tom Thumb*, on which Mr. Winston grumbled much to spend ten good pounds, netted that summer, 4,500*l.* to the treasury—an unprecedented income; the present, which is considered as excellent, net exceeding three thousand.

The talents and exertions of the company deserve great praise, and Mr. Colman not a little, for having mustered such a creditable corps. Of the new pieces that have been brought out, we have already said too much. Mr. Hook's merry farce, *Killing no Murder*, ran thirty-five

nights; Mr. Dimond's melancholy *Foundling*, twenty-five; and Mr. Eyre's *Vintagers*, none at all. The run of *thirty-five* and *twenty-five* nights would seem to imply a good deal, but when we look round and see that *Up all Night*, ran *thirty-nine*, and *The Nabob*, *thirty-six*, it may safely be pronounced no certain criterion of preponderating merit. Now to waste a moment on ourselves, with respect to the light style of criticism, which we have adopted in speaking of all the pieces above-mentioned—we have purposely left solemnity to some of our contemporaries, who, poor fellows, do not know how foolish it is to be always wise. To have affected a more serious air, when treating of such plays, were to have been as ridiculous as their authors; all dignity in describing the proportions of *Punch*, being irresistibly ludicrous.

## LYCBUN.

1809.

Aug. 21. Knapschou.—Up all Night.—Nabob.\*

22. Up all Night.—Nabob.

23. Id.—Knapschou.

24. Id.—Nabob.

25. Id.—Knapschou.

26. Knapschou.—Poor Vulcan.—Nabob.

Aug.

\* A Chinese play, we are informed, lasts three days, so Mr Arnold has a precedent for keeping his doors open half the night. If he had but placed his *second* piece last, it would have been a good and easy subject for a joke.† It was a quarter past twelve before the performance was over. We were, however, glad to behold a full house. In the first piece *Master Walluck* not making his appearance, two young ladies, Miss T. Doussett, and Miss C. Bristowe, acted his part in its different stages, and acquitted themselves with great cleverness. By this it appears that Mr. Arnold considers two females as no more than equal to one male—a sort of farm-yard calculation. It is a curious phenomenon in theatrics, that an actor, as on the present night, is sure to send the people home, complaining of the dreadful length of the entertainments, and is yet equally sure of attracting a full house. This we do not quite understand, as every man is privileged to depart as soon as he thinks fit. Were Mr. Arnold, like Nero, to lock his doors, and punish all sleepers with death, the case would be some what different.

† The first piece was here clearly useless, for *Up all Night* could have no need of *Knapschou*, a periphrasis, we suppose, for *skipper*.

Aug. 28. Safe and Sound.\*—Nabob.

29. Id.—Id.

30. Love in a Tub.—Id.—Id.

31. Safe and Sound.—A musical Cento from the Circassian Bride.—Nabob.—(*Mrs. Bishop's night.*)

Sept. 1. Love in a Tub.—Safe and Sound.—Knapschou.

Sept.

\* This is Mr. Theodore Hook's second appearance this season in the character of a dramatic writer—an absolute monopoly in the market of *Momus*! The fable of this opera is briefly as follows. The scene lies in Russia, where two young officers having fought a duel, are compelled to seek safety in flight, knowing the rigour with which *Frederick the Great*, the reigning monarch, always punished that practice. *Lindor* (Mr. Phillips), one of the officers, believing he has killed his antagonist, *Albert* (Mr. Horn), seeks a refuge by overleaping the garden-wall of a *Baron* (Mr. Dowton), who proves to be *Albert's* father. Here he falls in love with the *Baron's* daughter, *Annette*, personated by Mrs. Mountain, who of course could do no less than return the compliment. A band of soldiers are in pursuit of him, when he boldly discovers himself to his noble host, who, after a conflict between honour and parental tenderness, yields to the former, and skreens the murderer of his son. We are now introduced to *Albert*, who sings as merrily as though he had never been wounded; but omits to inform us who effected his cure. *Lindor* is not dissatisfied at finding his friend recovered, especially as the latter admits that he was in the wrong; and every thing is about to end happily, when a band of soldiers rush in, and seize the duellists. From this awkward dilemma we are relieved by a pardon from the king, (*entirely free and unsolicited*), and the piece ends to the satisfaction of all parties.

It is obvious that there is nothing in the novelty or intricacy of this plot, to interest an audience. With respect to the new jokes introduced, let the following serve as a specimen.—An old steward scolds his daughter and her lover, saying to the latter, "What are you about?" "*No, thing.*" "And what are you about?" (to his daughter.) "*Helping him, sir!*" This, and several others of the same cast, smacked so strongly of our old acquaintance, that we could not avoid exclaiming with *Poor Vulcan*—

"Heyday, what piping's that?

'Tis JOE, sir!"

Dowton made the best he could of a very indifferent part. His conduct to the murderer of his son is evidently borrowed from an episode in

Sept. 2. Safe and Sound.—Nabob.

4. Up all Night.—Knapschou.

5. Duenna.—Nabob.

6. Up all Night.—Id.

7. Duenna.—Knapschou.

8. Knapschou.—Poor Vulcan.—Love in a Tub.

9. Duenna.—Nabob.

11. Artaxerxes, in two acts, (Mandane, Mrs. Billington).—  
Safe and Sound.—Knapschou.—(Mrs. Mountain's  
night.)

12. Duenna.—Nabob.

13. Up all Night.—Id.

Sept.

in Cibber's *Fop's Fortune*. His singing about his former success with the girls, a few minutes after receiving the news of his son's death, is somewhat of a piece with *Hamlet's* fencing bout, following on the heel of Ophelia's funeral. Mr. Phillips, as *Lindor*, pleased us, because he is a singer who can act. His first song about "*censuring the many for the few*," is too argumentative to be addressed with propriety to a mistress. Mr. Horn has the most effective song in the opera, and so pleased his hearers, that they forgot to enquire who was his surgeon, and whereabouts was his wound. Mrs. Mountain and Mrs. Bishop reminded us of Pope's satirical observation, "*Most women have no character at all*;" for we cannot recollect a single dramatic situation in which either of them was placed. Their songs, however, were well relished by the audience, glad no doubt to recognize their *old acquaintance*! We cannot so far undervalue Mr. Hook's opera, as to say it is *not worth an old song*—it is worth a good many! Mrs. Orger represented a steward's daughter, and Miss E. Bolton, an inn-keeper's daughter. The former lady is courted by Mr. Oxberry—a hint which Mr. Hook probably borrowed from the fable of *Beauty and the Beast*. Miss E. Bolton has not yet conquered her timidity. Why will she not add this to her other *conquests*, and look with as much easy good humour in the face of the audience, as they look in hers? Her father, the inn-keeper, complains of want of custom. Can this be the fault of the daughter? Doctors differ. The *connoisseur* (and he should know) says, that in a tavern a pretty bar-maid is as inviting as the provisions: but it is true that a certain grave bishop singeth to the following tune:

"All travellers this heavy judgment bear!

An handsome hostess makes the reckoning dear.

Each

- Sept. 14. Duenna.—Recruiting Serjeant.—Knapsack:  
 15. Nabob.—Poor Vulcan.—Id.  
 16. Up all Night.—Miscellaneous Concert.—Divertissement.—(*Mr. Phillips's night.*)  
 18. Up all Night.—Nabob.—(*Mr. Dutton's night.*)  
 19. Russian Impostor.—Nabob.—Poor Vulcan.\*—(*Mr. Raymond's night.*)

Each word, each look, your pockets must requite 'em,  
 And ev'ry welcome adds another item."

Upon the whole we consider "*Safe and Sound*," as indebted to sound for its safety. It is obviously written *stans pede in uno*, and that is a very sure way for an author to get into a *hobble*. To speak or sing *extempore*, is laudable—but to write and represent extempore, is neither respectful to the public, nor creditable to oneself. We are far from decrying *old age*. We admire *old friends*, and venerate *old wine*: but as to *old puns*, and *old music*, represented as *new*, we desire none of their company. Woe be to the man who suffers a drama to escape him without due revision! The *Muses* are like the rest of the *sex*—whoever marries them in haste, repents at leisure.

\* Mr. RAYMOND, the stage-manager, came forward, and said:—

"Ladies and Gentlemen,

"This evening's performance will close the first season of the English Opera. The difficulties which the proprietors have had to encounter, in establishing an opera, where native talent alone was to be employed, have been great; but they have been rewarded, in an eminent degree, not only by your flattering approbation, but by your constant and liberal patronage. Their efforts have been so successful, as to prove, that our native muses have native troops in abundance, able and willing to fight their battles, without calling in the aid of foreign auxiliaries. When a little time shall have matured their plans for your more extended amusement, the remembrance of your kindness will give vigour to their exertions, and enable them, at a future period, to render the English Opera worthy the protection of the English nation.

"In the name of the Proprietors, Ladies and Gentlemen, and the Performers in general, (many of whom, but for this establishment, might never, perhaps, have had the opportunity of being honoured with your fostering applause) I have to offer you the grateful tribute of their sincere and heartfelt thanks; for them, therefore, and by their desire, I respectfully bid you farewell."

Very

Very little, in our opinion, has hitherto been done to support the character of what is pompously styled the *English Opera*, or to reflect an honour on "*our native music*." Another year will, we hope, call better powers into action, and make the privilege granted to Mr. Arnold, a matter of reasonable congratulation.

## THEATRICAL GIBBET.

A Correspondent, signing himself "*CARPUS*," has written a long, but not very important, criticism on *Hamlet*, as performed on the 6th of September, for the first time this season, at the *Haymarket*. We have only room for an extract.

"Mr. YOUNG, in *Hamlet*, wears, suspended from a ribband, hanging round his neck, a medallion, whose device is an *Elephant and Castle*. What order is this in *Denmark*? Mrs. ST. LEGER was the *Queen*—perhaps a new one of her creating, to wait on her own person!"

"In the play-scene I observed a morsel of parsimony, and contrivance, the idea of which clearly originated in a barn. A piece of Brussels carpet, tacked to a piece of Kidderminster, of a different colour, was spread for the reception of the *Royal Danes*! Mr. WILSON is, I hear, the manager in these matters—this is *managing* indeed!"

With respect to the former remark, we have to note, for the information of *CARPUS*, that the Danish order of knighthood, styled *The Elephant*, was instituted in 1478. It consists of an Elephant, surmounted with a Castle, set in diamonds, suspended over the right shoulder, by a sky-blue ribband. The order of Daneburg is inferior, though more ancient, in the Danish Court. It is a star on the breast, with the motto—*pietate et justitia*, and would be a good stage ornament.

MISS MELLON, and SALLY STEVENSON.—The newspaper states, that on the 6th of September, these two ladies in their chariot were, by a waggon, forced against the paling of the ruins of Drury-lane Theatre. A bridge of chairs was constructed over the waggon, and thus they were extricated from their jeopardy, with no other inconvenience "*than an extraordinary display of their fine shapes*." *British Press*, September 7. It adds, that "*Miss Mellon displayed much firmness*."

Error. Covent-Garden Committee—read for Common Serjeant, the Recorder and Mr. Angerstein.

A new Theatre, to be called *The London Theatre Royal*, is talked of. The situation the south side of Fleet-street, the cost to be raised by subscription, and the patent to be obtained by petition. The increased size of the metropolis requires something of this sort; but the maxim—"*private evil, public good*," is now just reversed, and the maxim of the dramatic monopolizers is—*public evil, private good*.

Mr. Donne, who kept the *Strugglers*, a public-house, on which the builders of the new Covent had trespassed, was supported and encouraged in his demands, after the just failure of the ejectment, by the

members of the *Beef-steak Club*, because Mr. Harris had refused to let them have a room over the new Theatre, like that which they occupied over the old one. Mr. Donne, who would have taken some two or three hundred pounds for his lease, at last demanded and obtained 5000*l.*

Mr. KEMBLE negotiated the matter much better with Solomon, the Cook at the Piazza Coffee-house. It was absolutely necessary to have four feet of his kitchen, or the carriage would not have got to the entrance for his Majesty. Now, it was known, that though more at home in the kitchen, Solomon was never more in his glory than when at the Theatre—"You are free of the house," said Mr. K. "Take the four feet," said Solomon.

NOVELTY.—Mr. Osborne's Company, in the Town-hall, Hounslow, performed, on the 20th September, "A grand new Pantomime," most appropriately, wittily, and invitingly called "*Harlequin in Hounslow; or, the generous Post-boys!*" concluding with *The Temple of Hymen*.—"Venus, Mrs. Haley; Cupid, Master Haley; Hymen, Miss Danby; Gods and Goddesses by the rest of the Company." Osborne's benefit, by command of Mrs. Frogley. *Bob Handy* in the play by a Lady.

The LYCEUM, with the *Drury-lane Company*, opened on the 25th of September. The greatest discord has prevailed amongst this headless body. Next month we shall have some agreeable remarks to make on the conduct of Colonel GREVILLE and Mr. SHERIDAN.

Mr. BANNISTER, with his *second budget*, has been a grand tour, York, &c. and pocketed handsomely by mimicking the *mewing of a cat*, and other curious pieces of wit.

A woman, calling herself the Mrs. INCEBALD, has travelled the same route, with a sort of entertainment of song and recitation, and with so much success, as to make it appear that the Yorkists are losing their character for *deepness*.

*Methodists*—Mr. SHERIDAN has lately been seen several times at Rowland Hill's chapel, when he seemed to be very attentive to, and much edified by Mr. Jay. The Prince of Wales, who is said to have a similar turn, was probably the first converted, and by him—"I never see thy face, but I think upon Hell fire—" and now, like master like man.

#### DESCRIPTION OF THE NEW THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN.

##### *Exterior and Interior.*

It is fit that we should put a just description of this Theatre on record, but as the public are already possessed of so much on the subject, it is unnecessary to use any extraordinary expedition. Our account will, in consequence of the assistance we have obtained, be found the most scientific and perfect that has been given.

# THE MONTHLY MIRROR, FOR OCTOBER, 1809.

*Embellished with*

A PORTRAIT OF JOHN SHELDON, ESQ. ENGRAVED BY FREEMAN, FROM  
AN ORIGINAL PAINTING.

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in the United Kingdom.

**1809.**



## CORRESPONDENCE.

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An action of Trever; an *Endymion* containing the speech which Mr. Lewis ought to have delivered on retiring; *Horace in London to Rowland Hill*; *Bad Taste*; *Magna Charta*; and *Notes on Athenæus*, next month.

Mr. W. GEORGE recommending a *Society of Poets*, with convivial laws, is under consideration. G. M. in bed, has ugly dreams.

*Domesticus* on *Politeness*, and W. S.'s *Sketch of Dresden*, shall have an early insertion.

Reuben's "dialogue in Mr. Kemble's kitchen;" T. J.'s *Anacreontic*; Alcæus's *Rosabella*; and *Rose Mary's* sonnets, are received.

A constant reader wishes our poet, J. to publish his celebrated song, called "*The Mail Coach*." This is the reply we have obtained—"You may acquaint him that Mr. Palmer means to apply a second time to parliament for a remuneration for his mail-coach, at which time I mean to ask a reward for mine. This is a very cogent reason for keeping the song to myself for the present." The improvement on J.'s *Mail Coach* is, that instead of breeding it destroys emmi, spleen, and vapours.

Z. Z. Q. is our "earnest well-wisher," and we are his well-wisher. He recommends us to avoid certain books which he terms vulgar, we on the contrary recommend a very vulgar book to his particular attention—*Dilworth's Spelling Book*—"a bad principal"—"genious"—"has for blushing." Now hand in hand we will proceed to our reformation.

Reasons on the sixty *badimen* is, he will see, forestalled, but he has our thanks.

The courage of Sir W. CURTIS is thus proved by Q.—"*fighting well*," he says, "he cannot fear to die." The verses need correction.

I. S. S. will have fair play.

T. on *Shakspeare*; Mr. Adamson's *Queries*; *Not a Dunstable man*; Mr. Twist on *History*; and some remarks on *Miss Edgeworth*, as soon as possible.

Letters from Mr. Dibdin, Mr. T. Keys, *City Library*, and Mr. J. Dickson, *Icy-Lane*, have been received.

S. Y. desires "a decisive answer." His poems have merit, but they are not sufficiently correct for the *Mirror*. *Express'd* and *burst*—*ave* and *flow*, he can have but one reason for calling rhymes—indulgence.

*Covent-Garden Theatre* has again excluded many valuable articles.

---





*Painted by Davis. Engraved by Freeman.*

*John Sheldon Esq.  
Late Professor of Anatomy, to the Royal Academy*

*Published by Vernon, Hood & Sharpe, Paulry, Nov. 1. 1809.*

# THE MONTHLY MIRROR,

FOR  
OCTOBER, 1809.

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## SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF JOHN SHELDON, ESQ.

(With a Portrait.)

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**T**his gentleman was born in Tottenham-Street, or Tottenham-Court-Road, as it was formerly called, in the parish of St. Pancras, in the year 1754. His father, who had been a surgeon in the British navy, resided there, and practised pharmacy and surgery with much success for many years. He gave his son John a good education. He was sent to a very respectable school at Richmond, and from thence became a resident pupil with Mr. Henry Watson, of Rathbone-Place, an excellent anatomist, who gave lectures on anatomy, and who was the original surgeon at the first institution of the Middlesex Hospital, but quitted it, and was elected surgeon to the Westminster Hospital.

Here Mr. Sheldon availed himself of an excellence which seldom occurs. Mr. André was the dissector of subjects for Mr. Watson; and perhaps André must be confessed to have been the most laborious, the neatest, and most intuitive man, that ever prosecuted that rare study. No one before or since ever excelled him in dissection, or in making preparations. It was to him that John Hunter owed all the refined part of his Museum, as for some time before, and after the death of Watson, he resided with Hunter. Mr. André died in the beginning of the year 1808, at the Earl of Egremont's at Petworth, and his lordship has, highly to his honour, erected a sumptuous monument to his memory in the new church-yard of that place.

Under the immediate example of André, and at a time when such anatomists as Hewson and Falkner, were establishing their fame, it was not possible for a man like Sheldon, so situated, so inspired, so strongly possessing ardour in the pursuit of anatomical researches, not to find himself pre-eminently favoured, and necessarily stimulated to embrace and to improve the vast advantages, which were then so critically offered.

As soon as Sheldon had finished his studies with Watson, he commenced lectures on his own account, in Great Queen Street, Lincoln's-Inn Fields, at the former residence of a lecturer on anatomy, Mr. Moffat, who had been a surgeon of some fame at the Middlesex Hospital in 1777.

Mr. Sheldon's professional reputation perhaps was found to spread more rapidly than that of any young man before or since his time. Many circumstances of fortune contributed to it. The immortal Hewson, and the promising Falkner, both dying prematurely, left him no other rivals but the relicts of the Hunters in Windmill-Street. And it was by his easy and early ascent to that high fame which is always most lasting, when it is acquired with the most difficulty, that perhaps prevented him from setting upon it all that solid and important value, which more persevering constancy, and harder difficulty, will necessarily excite in him who has at length acquired it. Mr. Sheldon also, without the smallest exertion, was in this career elected surgeon to the Westminster Infirmary, Fellow of the Royal Society, Fellow of the College of Surgeons at Paris, and Professor of Anatomy at the Royal Academy, in London; and he also, on the shortest notice, found his house, and his lecture-room, crowded with pupils.

He removed for want of room to a large house in Great Russell-Street, formerly inhabited by TOPHAM BEAUCLERK, Esq. and whilst he was in the height of this good fortune, as if the pursuit of anatomy, lectures, hospital attendance, and private practice, were not enough to gratify the zeal, and ambition of genius, he sought new objects. He mingled in all the comparative excellencies of balloons. He entered most minutely into the theories, and he even ascended in a balloon.

This pursuit naturally drew his attention from the most useful and profitable undertakings, and led him too much into society. So flattering were his general talents, and so transcendent his power of oratory, that he was seduced by these high temptations to look for applause among parties more than among his pupils;

and as if the mind having once obtained a full knowledge of a subject, grew tired of it, and threw it by for the sake of embracing the charms of another, Mr. Sheldon conceived in the midst of a course of lectures, a plan for the more easily killing WHALES on the coast of Greenland: and as if he had already exhausted the science of anatomy in London, he actually embarked to visit Greenland for the purpose of carrying his project into execution, which was that of arming a barbed spear with *MACUNAS*, and inserting it into the body of the WHALE, in order to kill it instantaneously.

There was nothing against the probability of the project; but unfortunately Mr. Sheldon never arrived at Greenland. He was visited in his passage with a brain-fever, and the captain of the Greenland merchant-ship, delivered him over to Captain Domett, now Admiral Domett, who was cruising in that track in a ship of war. Captain Domett, much to his honour, kindly received him and conveyed him to his brother, Thomas Sheldon, then a practitioner in pharmacy and surgery at his late father's residence in Tottenham Street. His brother Thomas was then in a flourishing situation, and his affection for John was of the strongest nature. Every consolation, which could be poured upon a wounded mind, flowed most profusely upon him, both from his brother, and his two sisters, most accomplished women. Their condoling attentions were never exceeded in the scale of humanity and affection; and aided by these, the wife of John, formerly a Miss Palmer, second daughter of the Rev. William Palmer, rector of Combrowligh, and vicar of Yaricombe, Devon, who during his absence resided with the family, and was as exemplary in her offices of duty, as if she had been chosen for a model of what might be hoped for from a woman married to a man of genius, and on whom the dreadful necessity of affection and attention had thus imperatively fallen.

Mr. Sheldon never returned to his lecture-room in London, but as he gradually recovered, retired to his wife's relations in Devonshire; and when he was perfectly restored to health, he took up his residence in the city of Exeter, where he had not long remained before the fame of his former reputation, and his usual good fortune, followed him. He soon came into extensive practice, and his success quickly procured for him, in the face of a strong opponent, the appointment of one of the surgeons to the County Hospital at EXETER.

[To be continued.]

## ENDYMION THE EXILE.

## LETTER XXV.

THE American captain is an active and a faithful friend. He last night delivered to me your letter. The intelligence, it communicates, pierces me to the soul. You are at last, then, a victim to the inexorable conscription; yes, my friend, I feel, I sympathize with all your griefs. How well do you pourtray that agonizing moment! "I felt when I drew the fatal lot, as I imagine young Asgill must have felt when, during the American war, he encountered the chance, which was to condemn him to perish by the hands of the hangman." Good heavens! to what a fate are you reserved! condemned either to assist in forging chains for the unoffending Spaniards, or to rush upon the bayonet of the roused and indignant Germans. The lot of the soldier who fights in a good cause, is sufficiently afflicting; but what words can express the remorse of that man who wields the sword in a bad one? The thunder of artillery cannot drown the still small voice of conscience. The wounds he receives are not more painful to him than those he inflicts, and thus he is the devoted victim of ignominy and grief, whether vanquished or victorious.

Twenty years are now elapsed, since the voice of reason in France, was drowned in the cry of *Vive la liberté!* How eagerly did you and I, my friend, then mere children, assist in the grand confederation in the Champ de Mars; had we been then told, that twice the period spent by the Greeks in demolishing Troy, was fated to be expended by France in demolishing herself; the triumph of that day would have been converted into a funeral procession. Unhappy France! as far from the object of her pursuit as at her outset! Like the man in the fairy legend, she has trodden in a circle, while she imagined herself proceeding in a straight line, and the career of blood ends where it began. What a painful series of calamity and guilt! One of the warmest partisans of the revolution foretold that it would, like Saturn, devour its own offspring.—Yes, it has done so, and the serpent, grasped in the right hand of the father of Jupiter, is an emblem of our lot—

an eternity of sufferings and crimes ! Were our calamities confined to our own country, Ambrose, our grief, as citizens of Paris, might find alleviation in our pleasure as citizens of the world : but alas ! this comfort is not allowed us. The desolating flame of war is lighted from one end of Europe to the other, and morals, commerce, arts, and sciences, perish in the blaze. The fabric of oppression, broad at its basis, and gradually sharpened to its present summit, resembles the Egyptian pyramids in form, and, I fear, in permanence. A National Assembly, a Convention, a Council of Five Hundred, six Directors, three Consuls, one Emperor ! What an insupportable load, exhausting the very vitals of our country ! Like the fabled giant under Mount Etna, France writhes beneath the oppressive weight ; she in vain endeavours to shake it off, and her groans are music to the ear of her oppressor. Go, my friend, where the conscription calls you ; and, whether riveting the fetters of the ill-starred Austrian, or tinging the waters of the Tagus with the blood of the betrayed and insulted Spaniard, be assured that my esteem and love for you is unaltered. Glory, alas ! awaits you not. The cause in which you fight can give you no higher fame, than that which accrues from the successful depredations of an Algerine pirate. Go, and if the observation of our cynical countryman be true, that the adversity of our dearest friends always presents some source of pleasure, be assured that, Ambrose, the foot-soldier is far happier than Endymion the Exile. O wretched lot of man, whom constant occupation alone snatches from misery ! The bustle of war shall keep from you those anxious reflections, which are destined to haunt your friend in the peopled solitude of London.

Whence, Ambrose, this strange, this unaccountable difference in the government of the natural and moral world ? When I survey the former, I indeed see a work worthy of a God. The regular recurrence of the seasons clothes the earth with beauty and abundance. Flora decorates the spring, and Pomona the autumn, with charms, rivalling the poet's Elysium, and nothing seems wanting to complete the beauty of the scene, but a race of beings, sensible of the gifts they enjoy. But, when I behold insane men trampling on the gifts of Providence ; one half of his wretched race marshalled in battle array to slaughter the other, and gaunt famine, following like the vulture, to devour those whom the sword has spared, my senses are lost in astonishment and indignation ! and I am led to ask, by what strange perversion of the



designs of a benevolent Providence, an earth, qualified for the residence of Angels, is fated to become the habitation of Demons ! Adieu !

### AN ANECDOTE.

MR. EDITOR,

THE following anecdote perhaps may not be unacceptable to the Readers of *The Monthly Mirror* (providing they have not heard it) which I take to be the case.

It is related to me as a fact, witnessed by a person pretty well acquainted with the CHATTERTONS, and who is himself a native of Bristol. I will briefly state it :—

One day reciting part of the Poet's life, by Davis, where TANNER's name is mentioned, (vide p. 37.) I was agreeably interrupted by being told what I shall endeavour to elucidate :—It is as follows :—

"TANNER," says he, "I knew very well ; I can tell you a curious anecdote of this man ; when articulated to my father (Pember) in Bristol, I was passing by the street, called Maryport, where Chatterton stopped at the breeches-maker's, in company with a Mr. Gardner ; a few yards from this was seen Tanner, going towards his own house. He had, as it is well known, a habit of walking UPRIGHT, so much so that his head exactly corresponded with that of a *soldier's at drill*. A boy observing him striding in *propria persona*, began to mimic his attitude : this, as might be expected, set several people a-laughing, which Tanner perceiving, immediately turned round to know the cause ; this he soon found out, when he caught the stripling by his coat, and was going most severely to chastise him, but the youth begged to observe in reply, "that he thought it no harm to walk in the *way* of the UPRIGHT !" which created no small amusement—need I tell you, Sir, it exonerated the poor boy ?

Gray's Inn,

I am, Sir.

Oct. 8, 1809.

Your most obedient, humble servant,

R. HATT.

## THE PEDIGREE OF MILTON.

BY THE REV. MARK NOBLE, F. A. S. OF L. AND E.

## TO THE EDITOR OF THE MONTHLY MIRROR.

SIR,

SOME time ago I sent you a genealogy of our greatest poet, SHAKESPEARE, which you published; permit me to present you with a pedigree of our second bard, MILTON.

We are naturally sedulous to learn all we can of the family of a person who has greatly distinguished himself, and is regarded by posterity as illustrious. It is not an idle curiosity to wish to obtain such intelligence, for often by it we find circumstances which led the character to attain his celebrity.

The Miltons were undoubtedly an ancient family of gentry, seated at a place from whence they took their surname, which is near Tame, in the county of Oxford. It is represented that the protracted wars between the branches of the royal house of Plantagenet was fatal to their fortunes. It is not said whether they declared for the white or the red rose. The Miltons could only have been very minor gentry, holding under some family of higher consequence. I have carefully examined my MS history of the wars of York and Lancaster. I do not find even the name of Milton. It may be remarked too that we do not see the family allied to our considerable, much less our higher gentry.

The pedigree can only be commenced with the poet's grandfather, John Milton, gentleman. It is evident that he was a native of, and a resident in Oxfordshire. He obtained the office of under-ranger of the forest of Shotover, in that county. The forest lies near to Milton, where they had, in better times, lived.

Allowing twenty-five years for a descent, and carrying it up from the poet's birth, this Mr. Milton would be born about the year 1558. The whole, or the greatest part of his life, therefore, must have been in the long reign of Elizabeth. It is alledged that he was a bigoted Roman Catholic. His marriage, or the time of his death, are not mentioned. He is supposed to have left at least two children.

1. John Milton, father of the poet, of whom, below; and

2. Mr. Henry Milton, who resided in St. Giles, Cripplegate parish in London, in which church he buried a daughter on Sep-

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tember 30, 1635. It does not appear that he left any child surviving. He devised to his nephew, the poet, his house standing in Bunhill Fields.

Mr. John Milton, the poet's father, it is acknowledged by all, was his eldest son, but not his heir, for he was disinherited because he chose to conform to the national church. It is evident that he was sent to Christ Church in Oxford. Yet it appears extraordinary that a bigoted papist should let his son go to a Protestant University for education. I know that in Elizabeth's reign there are instances of Roman Catholics going to Oxford and Cambridge. At that time youths of fifteen years of age, and even still younger, went to college, and with a design to be taken away early, and placed in professions lower than is now usual, owing to education being there, then, at a far proportionably less expence, than now. It is believed that here he first disliked the Papal faith, but I suppose he did not dare to leave the Romish church until he was a man. If so, his father brought him up, and settled him in a line of life he thought most proper for his station, and the fortune he originally had intended to give him. The profession to which he was bred was that of a scrivener. This, now obsolete, calling was formerly well known, especially in towns, and then held in the same estimation to attorneys, as apothecaries are now to surgeons. Attorneys may be said to be scriveners, but scriveners were not attorneys. So late as the reign of George II. we read in the Historical Registers of "Eminent Scriveners." The calling was lucrative. Many scriveners were wealthy. They procured money for their clients at legal interest. In his time, James I. made them a company.\*

I am well aware that we are told a sad tale of this gentleman, having been disinherited. It may be that the real estate which the father had, did not come to him, as heir at law, but was left to some other son; but can it be believed that a person who had little, or no paternal inheritance, could have much to give his children, except providing them with good educations? Who ever heard of an under-ranger of any of our forests leaving considerable landed estates? If Mr. Milton had such an estate, would not his family have told us where it had been? Would it not have declared itself? It was a thing visible. Let us then dis-

\* Dr. Johnson thought his acquaintance, *Jack Ellis*, the scrivener, was the best informed man he ever knew.

miss this idle story, leaving in its room a plain fact, that some inconsiderable real property was given from him, but which, if he had obtained it, would not have altered his original destination; for we can learn nothing of a brother of Mr. Milton, who was an independent gentleman; indeed it is foolish to suppose the under-ranger ever had such to devise to any child; and I must own, had not the constant current run of the father being a bigoted papist, I should not have believed that he, if of the Romish church, would have sent his son to Christ Church, though he had been of more liberal sentiments, but as to the estate, that, there is every reason to believe, was very inconsiderable.

That Mr. Milton had received a good education is undoubted, and that he was successful in acquiring, and prudent in the management of the fortune he obtained, is self-evident. He resided in Bread-street, in the parish of Allhallows, in London. It surprises us now to think that this man of the quill, had a sign, and it will still more surprize us that his sign should be the armorial bearings of his family:—Argent, an Eagle displayed, Sable.\* This was uniting gentility with business. He joined with the latter, learning and other accomplishments. He was a good Latin scholar, he excelled in music, and he could pen a sonnet. We have instances of other scribes being attentive to literature. We must highly commend his liberality in bringing up his children. It appears that he had obtained a sufficiency to retire in part, or wholly from business. In his declining days he visited his eldest son at Horton,† and his younger one at Reading; but he did not quit his house in town; dying there, he was buried in the church of St. Giles, Cripplegate, March 15, 1656-7, at which time he must have been, I should think, between seventy and eighty years old.

Nothing shews the difficulty of obtaining accurate information relative to very private families, more, than the uncertainty

\* The Miltons used for a crest the gamb of a lion, holding the head of an eagle erased. The colours are not traced like those of the arms in the shield: both are given under some of the prints of the poet.

† Co. Bucks. The poet was at Great Marlow, near Horton, in 1669; his name occurs in that register, says the Topographer. Unwilling that any thing should be omitted that I could obtain relative to the poet or the family of Milton his relations, I requested my eldest son, Mr. Mark

of the family of the poet's mother. Peck, the antiquary, heard that she was a Hoghton, of Hoghton Tower, in Lancaster. This idea seems to have no foundation to support it. Others have given her to the Bradshaw family of that county.\* The pedigree of that name is well known, and none of them married a Milton. Her grandson, Mr. John Philips, says she was a Caston of Wales. I see no reason to doubt his knowledge: he brings indeed no

Noble, of the Royal Military College at Great Marlow, to make an inspection into the registers of that parish. From him I received these extracts :—

John, y<sup>e</sup> sonn of Ralph Milton, and Julia, his wife, was baptised y<sup>e</sup> 5th of August, 1638.

January, 1669. Marriages.

Robert Sknelling, and Elizabeth Milltonn, boath of this parish, with Banes the 19 day.

May, 1670. Burialles.

Ralph Milltonn, the 30.

December, 1670. Marriages.

John Milltonn, and Ann East, boath of this parish, by way of lisenccs, the 25th day.

The name of Milton, or Milltonn, is of frequent occurrence in the register of Great Marlow; but these are all the items near the time which the Topographer mentions. The registers are well kept, and the clerk (for the vicar was from home) told my son that they go up as high as the reign of Henry VIII. It is not unlikely that these Miltons might be related to the poet; we know that affinity was remembered, and affection entertained to a distance, which now would be considered not only as extraordinary but ridiculous.

\* There is no alliance between the Miltons and the Hoghtons, as may be seen by the history of the baronets Hoghton. I cannot help querying whether there is not a confusion about the Bradshaws. The family in Lancashire, baronets, spell the name Bradshaigh: the title is extinct. It was long thought that the president Bradshaw, who presided at the trial, and condemned Charles I., was a Lancashire man. It is now well ascertained that he was the son of Mr. Henry Bradshaw, of Marple Hall, Cheshire; but they originally came from the county of Lancaster. He was at first designed only for an attorney, having served his clerkship to one of that profession at Congleton. If Mrs. Milton's mother was allied to those Bradshaws maternally, it might well account for the poet's political creed.

proof. He thought none wanting. It is well known that the Castons were an ancient family in Salop; an heir-general of the eldest branch, married an ancestor of Sir Robert Lawley, bart. From the name we must be certain that they did not derive their beginning from the principality. The surnames of the Welch being, with very few exceptions, taken from baptismal ones. Blome does not mention the Castons amongst the gentry of Wales. It is probable the Castons resided near Cheshire, and were, like the Miltons, of very slender landed property. As to Mr. Milton marrying a wife from Wales, we are not to wonder. A scrivener often went far upon business, and even to as great a distance as the Principality; besides, Miss Caston might have come to London, or elsewhere, so as to have been seen and admired by him. She was a most suitable alliance to a man of his education, and acquirements, for she was extremely amiable; and accomplished beyond the usual station of the daughters of the middle rank. Her son bears honourable testimony of her worth. She was eminently charitable. She died in 1637.\*

\* It is greatly to the credit of Mr. Milton that he knew how to sufficiently esteem and love the amiable woman he married. We find that he had a miniature of her, as well as their son, the poet; they were both in the collection of the duchess of Portland.

[To be continued.]

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## VACCINATION.

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SIR,

AT this time when the public opinion is still divided regarding the merits and the originality of the Jennerian discovery, the following article, which may perhaps be new to the major part of your readers, is respectfully submitted to your notice. It goes to prove that the practice of vaccination has, though in a limited degree, been known in the northern parts of Hindoostan, long before its introduction into Europe. The fact, however, detracts nothing from the merits of our European discoverer; nor is its

advancement intended to revive any argument unfavourable to his cause, to which I am a sincere well-wisher.

H.

*Translation of a written Memorandum from the Nawab Mirza Ali Khan, who was long resident at Benares, to Mehadi Ali Khan.*

"During the period of my abode at Benares, my eldest son being taken ill of a bad kind of the small-pox, one of my friends, a Hindu, named Slookum Chupd, pointed out to me, that there was in the city, one Aless Choby, a Brahmin from Oude, whose practice was chiefly confined to that malady. I therefore sent for him to the town of Ghazeepoor, where I dwelt, and he arrived on the ninth day of the eruption; on seeing which he observed, that if the eruption had not taken place, he would have endeavoured to facilitate it; but that now it was too late. On asking him what his process was, he answered:—"I keep a thread drenched in the matter of the pustule of the cow, which enables me to cause an eruption on any child at pleasure, adoring, at the same time, Bhowanny, (who is otherwise called Debee Mata, and Seetla, and who has the direction of the malady) as well in my own person, as by causing the father of the child to perform the same ceremonies; after which I run the drenched string into a needle, and drawing it through between the skin and flesh of both arms, leave it there, which operation always ensures an easy eruption, on the first appearance of which, the child's father, or guardian, renews his worship to Bhowanny, and presents his lap full of grain to the sacred ass, on which this goddess rides. These observances ensure the propitious direction of Bhowanny, so that only a few pustules make their appearance, nor does any one ever die under this process.

"Upon referring this subject to a native well versed in the learning and customs of the Hindus, I learnt, that the practice was not general among them, but confined to those who were faithful worshippers of Bhowanny. He possessed little information with respect to the practice, but understood that cows were subject to have pustules break out on them, from which the matter was taken, which produced the above salutary effects."

## HISTORIANS.

## No. II.

## GEORGE THE SECOND.

EVERY thing in his composition was little; and he had all the weaknesses of a little mind, without any of the virtues or even the vices, of a great one.

*Chesterfield.*

The personal character of George II. was truly worthy and venerable.

*Dr. Chandler.*

An excellent king.

*Archbishop Herring.*

Avarice, the meanest of all passions, was his ruling one; and I never knew him deviate into any generous action.

*Chest.*

His charity was liberal and extensive.

*Dr. Chandler.*

We wish to expatiate on his munificence and liberality; his generous regard to genius and learning; his royal encouragement of those arts, by which a nation is at once benefited and adorned.

*Smollett.*

He had a contempt for *belles-lettres*, which he called trifling. He troubled himself little about religion, but jogged on quietly in that in which he had been bred, without scruples, doubts, zeal, or enquiry.

*Chest.*

He had unquestionably a very high sense of, and regard for Deity. His regard to the public offices of religion was remarkably grave and serious, strictly attentive, &c.

*Dr. Chandler.*

He had that humanity and tenderness of mind, the very ordering to execution, malefactors that were unfit to live, was a painful part of his duty.

*Dr. Chandler.*

His heart always seemed to me to be in a state of perfect neutrality, between hardness and tenderness.

*Chest.*

He had no favourites, and indeed no friends.

*Chest.*

Sincere in his friendships.

*Dr. Chandler.*

Never more beloved and honoured than in the decline of life.

*Dr. Chandler.*



For above thirty years I was always near his person. He died unlamented, though not unpraised *because* he was dead.

*Chest.*

#### QUEEN CAROLINE.

Queen Caroline had lively, pretty parts.

*Chesterfield.*

Queen Caroline was a princess of uncommon sagacity.

*Smollett.*

She had made so great a progress in literature, that she became an umpire in one of the most abstruse points of metaphysical reasoning that was ever agitated,—the doctrine of free will and fatality, as disputed between M. Leibnitz and Dr. Clarke,

*Tindal.*

She often conversed with men of learning, and bewildered herself in their metaphysical disputes, which neither she, nor they themselves, understood.

*Chest.*

Her royal consort, in her, always found a wise and faithful counsellor.

*Tindal.*

Cunning and perfidy were the means she made use of in business, as all women do, for want of better.

*Chest.*

Neither esteemed, beloved, nor trusted, by any body but the king.

*Chest.*

No princess ever lived more in the love and esteem of all who knew her than she did.

*Tindal.*

After puzzling herself in all the whimsies and fantastical speculations of different sects, she fixed ultimately in deism, believing a future state.

*Chest.*

Her pious firmness is likely to be rewarded.

*Bishop Burnet.*

#### GEORGE THE THIRD.

*Memorandum.*—ADOLPHUS, BELSHAM, and others, to be compared hereafter with future historians.

• • •

## LE POÈTE MALGRÉ LUI.

"*Tout ce que n'est point prose est vers.*" MOLIERE.

MR. EDITOR,

I RISE from the perusal of CUMBERLAND'S *John de Lancaster*, fully confirmed in the impressions, which your just review of it had stamped on my mind, and repeating the apt quotation, which an ingenious correspondent of yours made on a similar occasion, "*Who would have thought the old man had so much blood in him?*" CUMBERLAND'S style is certainly elegant to the very last; but did it not strike you that, where he has polished the most highly, he has actually rubbed his prose into regular *heroic verse*? I will transcribe a few passages of this kind in lines of ten feet each: as I scrupulously abstain from altering, adding, or deducting a single word, a half line will occur now and then; but as it is, the SOUTHEY and WORDSWORTH school will call the measure by far too melodious and artificial.

"Come then, my friends, rejoin'd the good old man;  
Let us dismiss the subject for the present,  
And leave my grandson to discuss the point  
With others of the family, who perhaps  
May scan this enterprize with more alarm,  
Than you, whose hearts no danger can appall.  
Our guest, young Devereux, has been employed  
Upon his letters;  
We'll call him out, and take a turn or two  
Upon the terrace.  
The sun is pleasant, and though mother Nature  
Begins to put her winter garments on,  
Yet she looks cheerful, and invites us forth."

Vol. iii. p. 96, 7.

"This said, she gave her hand to him, and smil'd:  
He press'd it to his heart, and thus, endeared  
Each to the other, in the purest sense  
Of virtue's chaste affection, forth they went."

Ib. p. 108.

"Still the chaste maiden, and the prudent wife

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*Shall turn these leaves with no revolting hand,  
Nor blush for having read them.*

\* \* \* \* \*

*Whether in novel, drama, or in poem,  
I love the mirror that presents mankind  
In amiable lights; nor can I think  
That frowns or wrinkles are a mark of wisdom;  
Or that asperity becomes the face  
Of critic or philosopher."*

*Ib. p. 105, 6.*

*"Where then can a heart-wounded man like me,  
Find comfort, but with that beloved daughter,  
To whom I gave the memoirs of my life,  
And who still lives to cheer its short remains?  
To her I dedicate this humble work;  
For these repeated testimonies of my love,  
Are all the inheritance I can bequeath her,  
All my hard fortune hath not wrested from me."*

*Ib. p. 106, 7.*

*"In me at least that rival is not found.  
But, sir, there stands beside me one—  
Would I could see him!—an exalted being,  
Endowed by nature with such blessed properties,  
That but to guess at what he wishes done,  
And not to do it, would be in me, who live  
Upon his bounty, and may be said almost  
To breathe his air, a sin of such ingratitude  
As yet no name is found for, and I hope  
No instance ever will occur to put  
Invention to that lamentable test.  
Your grandson, Heaven preserve him, willed me  
To string my tuneless harp afresh,  
And second Mr. Williams in a strain,  
Melodiously adapted to the words,  
Which he will chaunt."*

*Ib. p. 131.*

This does not all flow like Shakspeare and Fletcher; but we must take the rough with the smooth.

I am, Mr. Editor,

Your obedient servant,

Sept. 29.

† + †.

\*.\* Our ingenious correspondent will find that Mr. C. has, amongst many precursors in the art of writing poetical or versified prose, or prose run mad, TACITUS at the commencement of his *Annals* :

*Urbem Romam à principio reges habuere.*

We shrewdly suspect that the same sort of good turn might be done Mr. C. with regard to his *blank-verse*, which has frequently appeared to us only to need the form of printing here used to deceive the eye no longer with the belief that it was any thing but *plain prose*. What PAOLO ROLLI says of BOCCACCIO seems not to be ill-applied to Mr. CUMBERLAND's genius. *Professò POESIA, ma nè versi ebbero poco favorevole la poetica vena : e pure in sue NOVELLE trovansi molti bei versi.*

Having thus proved his prose to be verse, and *vice versa*, we wish our correspondent would try what can be made of him when read *hebraicè*, that is, backwards. The attempt is not so desperate as it may at first appear. *Ex. gr.*

"These words at the head of a map of the world, 'Nova totius terrarum orbis tabula,' make an hexameter when read backwards—*Alubat sibro murarret suitot avon.*"

Here we see that, which is no verse in one direction, verse in another; and it should at least teach us, in charity, not to pronounce unfavourably on what many of our moderns call *poetry*, until we have given them the fair play of trying it both ways. EDIT.

## COUNSEL.

SOME reform appears very necessary as to the present mode of calling to the bar. From a hint formerly thrown out in the court of King's Bench, and lately revived, concerning the necessity of the bench being satisfied that students, applying to be admitted to the bar, have received a liberal education, we should not wonder if the old rule were renewed—that none should be called to the bar, who had not taken a degree at one of our universities:—A bad criterion, however, by which to judge of the size and character of a man's understanding; for though we chuse to say nothing in derogation of those learned seminaries, we may yet be allowed to observe, that a man may have some sense without

having been at either,—probably enough to be a good lawyer. It is also *within the scope of possibility*, that a person may have been many years at an university, and be little better than a dunce. The question should be *non quod sed quomodo*, not by whom a man was educated, but in what manner, or not *where*, but *how*. There was a time when no person could have been admitted, even as an attorney, without satisfying some of the judges that he possessed competent knowledge; but the way, in which it has lately been judged expedient to supersede the necessity of that laborious enquiry, has been, to call on each individual to shew his fitness for the station by paying the revenue, 100*l.*; and the mode by which gentlemen come to the bar is by *keeping*, as it is termed, a *certain number of terms* at one of the inns of court—i. e. to *dine* there, a given number of days in each term.

In that time, it is true that the performance of a certain number of exercises is requisite, but for these he may compound at 40*s.* apiece. The form of performing them, where the composition is not admitted, will, as it relates to the proof of qualification, excite a smile. A question is proposed in writing by the under-treasurer, or deputy reader, which is argued before him by four students, two of whom are to *affirm*, and two to *deny*.—The first speaker rises very solemnly and says—“*Under all the circumstances of the case, I think so and so, and that A. takes an estate for life.*”—His opponent, with the same preamble, forms an opposite conclusion. The third professes his agreement with the *learned gentleman* who spoke first, and the fourth concurs in opinion with his *learned friend* who spoke second. Thus, after regularly eating his dinners, and arguing three or four cases *in this way*, he is *called to the bar*.

The barrier which formerly divided the ATTORNEY from the BARRISTER, is now in such a great measure removed, as to open the greatest intimacy of communication, and intercourse of familiarity between them. It is not here meant that there ever was any positive rule or law, which prevented this freedom between barrister and attorney; but by the *étiquette* of the profession, the former preserved a dignity, that kept the latter at a distance—*this* is the barrier at present removed through the eagerness of barristers to procure business by flattering and courting attorneys, who have the distribution of it. To this practice is given the curious appellation of *huggery*, which, if it be observed on the circuit, is transportation—to *Coventry*. \* \* \*

## ON THE GALLANTRY OF THE AGE.

OLD people, and especially *old women*, complain very loudly of a *want of gallantry* in the young men of the present day ; but this complaint, like all those of the degeneracy of the age, will be found, on reflection, to be without foundation. A century ago, the education of women was so little intellectual, that unless they were kept at a chivalric distance from the men, and were very little *known* to them, they would never have been taken by them for *magnificent*. A gallant, or rather a knight, of a century ago, looked upon all women as a kind of superior beings, to be thought of only with reverence, and to be approached only upon the knee. In the pleasing life of LORD HERBERT OF CHERBURY, the "*true knight*" gives an interesting account of the effect his chivalric oath wrought upon him ; in virtue of which he thought himself bound to challenge, and actually did challenge a man who had playfully taken a ribband from a female child, of ten or twelve years old ; and even so late as *Richardson's* days, there was not a novel that gave its heroine to its hero till he had been on his knees to her. Such blind idolatry as this is very properly scorned by the present generation ; and to the *worship of stocks and stones*, has succeeded that of a more reasonable object. The present education of women, and the literary works of some ingenious females, have brought them to a real equality with men, instead of an ideal superiority over us ; and they are now treated more as our companions and friends. In former times, women were kept from the company of men as if they were not the same species of animal, and were really taught to believe that man was some nondescript he-monster, who would eat them up, if they fell in his way. The whole duty of women then was to keep all the keys : if the man wished to entertain his friends, the presence of his wife was a restraint, and he took them over to the next tavern. Surely then, the sex ought to rejoice at their elevation in our opinions, rather than repine at the greater familiarity of our behaviour towards them, when it is only the result of that elevation, and should gladly exchange the restraints of being thought *angels*, for the privileges of being considered as *women*.

† † †

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 REVIEW OF LITERATURE.
 

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*Shall we for ever make NEW BOOKS, as apothecaries make new mixtures, by pouring only out of one vessel into another? Are we to be for ever twisting and untwisting the same rope? for ever in the same track---for ever at the same pace?*

Tristram Shandy.

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*Il Poeta di Teatro, Romanzo Poetico in sesta rima, del Dr. Filippo Pananti da Mugello. 2 Vol. Dulau. 1809.*

ITALY is the cradle, home, and chosen seat of the Muses, and this is of modern days their chosen son. Moschus bids the Sicilian Muses weep, for Bion the lovely songster is no more, but, says he, *it pleased the nymphs that the frog should sing for ever*—

*Ταῖς νυμφαῖσι δ' ἔδοξεν αἰετὸν βαρεῶρον αἶνεν.*

—and here he is, by name *Pananti*, all hopping alive! Moschus's singing frog is, indeed, finely represented by an *Opera-House* poet.

The *preface* informs us that we shall meet with *una varietà di cose e di stile*, a variety of things and styles; and Doctor Filippo keeps his word. We shall take little notice of the first volume, which is occupied in describing the troubles of a dramatic poet, and his insults (being called by the *mechanists*, a fellow artist,\* &c.) with his travels, but leap immediately into *tomo secondo*, where we have the fate of an *Italian master* delineated.

E s' impiegasse almeno il precettore!  
 Ma i milordi ora a caccia ora a cavallo,  
 Or la notte tornarono a cinque ore:  
 Le Dame al rout, al teatro, al ballo,  
 E c'è la sera nel tornar di fuori  
 Un bigliettino con un *very sorry*.

Cant. xiii. st. 7.

This is what *Il Maestro Pananti* promises himself, in his *preface*; will prove useful to the cultivators *del bel sermone d' Italia*, of

\* *Fra noi altri artisti* is a salutation to dramatists from scene-painters and other mechanists, which need by no means be confined to the *Opera House*.

the beautiful language of Italy.\* The notes, explaining proverbial expressions, may certainly have some merit in this way, but not if they are no better interpreted than the above *very sorry*, which Italian masters are, it seems, perpetually receiving in billets from their idle scholars. In English thus:

Note 6. *Very sorry*, that is, *It displeases me very much*. This is the common beginning of the letters of ladies to the master, when they inform him that the following morning they cannot take a lesson, and consequently mean to keep their *seven shillings*—these little notes, therefore, cannot be called *billets doux*.

We shall give some further specimens of the Doctor's notion of humour, wit, and pleasantry. The motto from the twenty-third canto is from *Chesterfield*; "*When you go to the Opera, leave your senses with your half-guinea at the door*—" always supposing it to be an opera by *Dr. Filippo Pananti da Mugello, the Don Quixote of the theatre*,† as he styles himself.

Un gentleman non deve andare a piedi,  
Se no se ne farebbe poco conto.  
Call a coach—*Very well—the coach is ready.*  
—*To the Opera.* Parto, arrivo, smonto,  
Passo al Pitt door e, in gran prosopopea,  
Faccio suonar la mia mezza ghinea.

St. iii.

Ma non vuo' star sì presso all' harpsichord,  
E in platea non mi voglio io confinare,  
Ma come un fashionable e come un Lord  
Che a dieci ore partì da desinare,  
Per goder lo spettacolo per bene,  
Convien ch' io vada dietro delle scene.

St. viii.

Buonaiuti, whom he justly denominates a fool, for professing to correct Metastasio,

"—pon nei libri poi da lui venduti,  
*An original work by Buon Aguti.*"

P. 196.

It is true that "*il croit avoir fait le livre qu'il gate*," and that when he meddled with *La Chasse d' Henri IV.* it was well said—O Henry, how hard is thy fate, to be murdered both living and

\* And he says at p. 293, vol. ii. The study and love of our humorous verses have tended to give perfection to the taste of that happy island.

† Io son il Don Chisciot del teatro.



dead!—but is there nothing behind—no motive for all these attacks made by Master Pananti, (who boasts of never being *personal*, p. 371,) on poor Buonaiuti? It appears at p. 356, that *il Signor Taylor* created him a poet, and put him over the head of Doctor Filippo Pananti da Mugello!

Applause.

“Bravo, da capo, oh bello, benedetto,  
Oh charming, very good, encor, encor.”

P. 303.

One stanza more, and we have done with Pananti's poetry. He turns *Dun*.

“Seguo quindici di torno e ritorno,  
Possibil che quel di mai non s'incontri?  
*Is in bed, is engaged, l'altro giorno,*  
*Is out, not in town, is in the country,*  
Ma il peggio è quando seppero il mio nome,  
E ritornato a dirmi *is not at home*.”

P. 248.

A fine, though unintentional, improvement on *Ariosto*:

“Come

*Hu si tosto in oblio messo il mio nome?*

*Orl. Fur. c. xxv. st. 20.*

*Basta*. *Catalani* is spelled *Catilina* for the sake of quoting from Cicero—*Quousque tandem abutere, Catilina, patientiâ nostrâ?* The learned Doctor Pananti also cites “*Cantabit vacuus*,” which is admirably descriptive of his own singing, and our only objection is to his giving the words to *Horace*, when they belong to *Juvenal*. The *Romanzo Poetico* is made up of cantos on “*Mother Goos*,” the “*invisibil girl*,” and the squabbles of Messrs. TAYLOR, WATERS, D'EGVILLE, &c. Two volumes, 300 pages.

What the notes furnish that is likely to amuse the reader, we shall translate.

[To be continued.]

*Letters from an Irish Student in England to his Father in Ireland.*  
2 Vols. 12mo. Cradock and Joy. 1809.

ENGLAND is become so completely a nation of readers, that we have now books for all places and for all seasons. “*We live in a printing age, wherein there is no man either so vainly, or factiously, or filthily disposed, but there are crept out of all sorts, vnauthorized authors to fill and fit his humor—in a word, scarce a cat*

can looke out of a gutter, but outstarts a halfe penny chronicler." *Martin Marsixtus*, 1592. One little volume comes recommended to us as a good post-chaise companion; another is modestly ambitious only of a seat in our parlour-window; and the author of a third will think himself quite content if he can gain a quarter-of-an-hour's hearing, in the interval of your waiting for the sound of the dinner-bell. We have also books for our watering-place consumption; and after having purchased a light summer-hat at one shop, we may step into the next, and buy a light summer-book. To such a pitch is this carried, that it will shortly be as attractive a recommendation to a book, as it is to any other commodity, to say that it will stand the test of all seasons and climates. Last summer the public were amused with the make-believe Letters from England of a fictitious Spaniard; and this year we may hear what an Irishman says of us, who for aught we know is made of the same straw. *The Spaniard* manufactured a much better book, however, than *the Irishman*; but all we mean to protest against is the book-making spirit, which is the parent of all these literary wares. Our ancestors, "good easy men," thought that books were penned, and they often said so in their title-pages; "*Penned by Master Nokes*;" or if a compilation, "*Newly penned by Master Styles*." Now-a-days the scissars is quite as common an appurtenance to an author's (we mean to a book-manufacturer's) writing-desk, as the pen; and there is more good sense in the example in the Latin grammar, "*Scribo calamo*, I write with a pen," than good people would think. If we go on at this rate of book-making, to say that such and such a book is well or ill cut, is almost all the praise or censure a reviewer can have to bestow: if he has a mind to be complimentary, he may say the book proceeds from the polished scissars of Mr. *This*, or if abusive, he may talk of the rusty shears of Mr. *That*. Farther he cannot go.

The volumes before us are in truth a complete catchpenny. There is so little uniformity in them, that we have great doubts whether they are not the production of more scissars than one. The proprietors of these writing-machines should have been more careful than they have been, in one instance in the present work, that the instrument of A should not cut what had been already

supplied by that of B. In the 26th and 27th pages of vol. i. we have:

"The lower orders in England, I am well informed, exhibit but little of those animated and naturally eloquent expressions, which distinguish our countrymen (the Irish), unless they are exasperated:—I heard two women of the town quarrelling *last night*, and one said to the other, whose complexion and features were singularly rubicund and frightful, 'Your face is a blaze of horror; you look like God's revenge against murder.'"

In the 195th and 196th pages of the second volume, the same anecdote is introduced with rather more pomp, and with an agreeable variation of circumstance: it is there thought worthy of a separate title:—"Anecdote."

This story we believe to be in Joe Miller, where we dare say it is related with still other circumstances. Perhaps as our author is a law-student, he thought it best to declare this anecdote in two counts.

However unitarian the author may have been, we have no hesitation in saying that these volumes were never written in "*Letters from an Irish Student in England to his Father in Ireland.*" The letters do not affect to have dates, and letter xx. shall give you as news, something that happened many months before a circumstance only incidentally mentioned in letter x. For instance, the last general election "much amused" the author "lately," in letter xxxvii. whilst he talks of Alexander Davison's being in Newgate in letter xxxii. Book-makers should guard against these little anachronisms.

If these letters really are an *Irishman's*, he knows little of his country, and if a student's, little of law. What right has a professedly superficial writer to bounce out with the following dictum?

"There is something more honest and intellectual in the Irish, than in the English assumption of this right of adjudication; for, as *the Irish do not judge hastily*, they are not often wrong, and very seldom renounce an opinion. On the contrary, the English mob is very rash, and never firm in its decision." Vol. I. p. 99.

The Irish never blunder! oh, no! And when our author is talking of the misnomers in announcement, of which English servants are guilty, like every body else who is not inspired with,

instead of hearing perhaps quickly whispered, a long name, he exclaims :—" *How different in Ireland, where the servants fasten upon a stranger's name with uncommon facility and accuracy!*" Vol. ii. p. 238.

The Irish student makes a very hasty and prejudiced estimate of the talents of the English bar :

" The British bar is crowded with votaries for practice and distinction, hundreds of whom, in all probability, will never even have the felicity of making a half-guinea motion. Upon the whole, I am much disappointed in the talent I expected to find. The best of the English pleaders (he means barristers) would suffer by a comparison with Curran (whose elevation to the Rolls of Ireland I shall for many reasons regret), M'Nally, and others whom I could name in our own country (of our own country, whom I could name.)" Vol. ii. p. 71.

This is the conclusion : the following is a sample of his premises :—

" Sir Vicary Gibbs, the Attorney-general, ranks next to Mr. Garrow as a pleader, (a student should know better what a pleader is,) whose superior he is by many thought, in profound legal knowledge." Vol. ii. p. 69.

A student should also know, not to rank *Clement's Inn* as one of the Inns of Court.

The average of the anecdotes in these volumes is of a very inferior and trite quality. The commonest books and newspapers have been pillaged for them. The original remark of the work is of about the following pitch :—

" Sir Francis Bacon, afterwards Lord Verulam, presented so many blemishes in his character, so much to admire, and so much to pity and condemn, that we cannot help exclaiming, ' Poor human nature!' Vol. i. p. 69.

The original anecdote of the volumes does not flout the original remark :

" My poor uncle carried his prejudices against the members of the profession I have adopted, too far ; for he often used to say to me, *after* recapitulating a long Chancery suit, in which he had been engaged, *after* which he had been most terribly fleeced by his solicitor, the story of which said Chancery suit he told me a thousand times, ' Avoid a lawyer, William, as you would the Devil.' On the contrary, I think the conversation of an able lawyer, in general, very entertaining and en-

lightened, provided there is not another lawyer in company." Vol. i. p. 70.

Some of the second-hand anecdote of the volumes cannot fail to be better; and we shall avail ourselves of a scrap or two, as some relief to our reader's patience.

"A few mornings since, a man who had accumulated a genteel independence by keeping cows and selling milk, was found murdered, by some persons unknown, in one of the fields in the vicinity of town, near the road leading to Hampstead. The public curiosity was instantly excited. Crowds flocked to the place where the crime had been committed,—not to see the body, for that was removed to the neighbouring house, immediately after it had been discovered; but to view the spot where it had been found, and upon which a small hole had been dug, to point it out more accurately to the eye.

"This spot became so much the subject of curiosity, that two or three gin-and-gingerbread merchants erected booths there, and got so much custom from the crowds of persons who flocked to it, that two more of the same fraternity were induced to erect two rival booths, at a little distance from the others, where they dug another hole, and declared that that was the real genuine spot where the poor man was shot, and that the other was all an imposition upon the public." Vol. i. p. 148.

"A brother-student told me, that some years since, at the assizes at Exeter, when a celebrated trial for a rape was coming on, the Court was uncommonly crowded with women, many of them very well dressed, and apparently genteel. The judge requested them to withdraw, which the majority of them retired; but some, in spite of every remonstrance of the tip-staff, persisted in remaining; upon which Sir Vicary (then Mr.) Gibbs got up, and said, 'My Lord, we may as well proceed, as all the modest women have left the Court.' This well-applied remark had its desired effect, and female curiosity sunk [sank] under it, by the complete removal of every female from the Court, except the unfortunate one, who remained to tell the awkward story of the loss of her virginity." Vol. i. p. 209.

We very much doubt the truth of the following statement:—

**"FASHIONABLE THIEVES.**

"By the bye, it is a fact well known, that some of these fashionable ladies, and of title too, are so much under the dominion of infatuation at the sight of a piece of valuable lace, that they cannot resist clandestinely removing it, whilst the observation of the female attendant at the time, is diverted by her attentions to other customers. To such an extent is this sort of depredation carried, that, at one celebrated milli-

ners, where this class of ladies, and their irresistible propensities are known, it is usual, at the end of the year, for the master or mistress of the shop to add to their bills an equal moiety of the aggregate value of lace which has been stolen that year, and which is equally divided, at a high price, amongst these fair-ones, under the unoffending title of "*To ceteras*—so much." Vol. i. p. 203.

A little further on it is said—

"Such is the prevalence of fashion, that it was lately all the rage with ladies of rank and ton, to attend, and that too on a *week-day*, the sermons, called Morning Lectures, of a preacher who, for a time, was very popular amongst them; and even a prince of the blood was found amongst the congregation on this extraordinary occasion. However, I need not add, that this *holy fever* only lasted for a short time amongst the gay devotees." Vol. i. p. 207.

If the late Bishop of London's *Lent Lectures* are here alluded to, it was the preacher, and not the audience, that tired first; the Bishop declaring, that he thought his lectures were attended only for fashion's sake.

The author of these volumes, as if he anticipated no good from *Reviewers*, has had the malice to invent the following side-hit at the fraternity. It is so unskillfully aimed, that it does nothing but bring the author himself to the ground:—

"REVIEWERS.

"On this side of the prison (the Debtors' side of Newgate) we saw two persons who were busily employed in writing. We were told by the turnkey, that one had been a clerk to a cheesemonger, and the other the attendant of a quack-doctor; that they got involved by dissipation and extravagance, but that they were now getting a comfortable maintenance in prison as reviewers. The fellow made us laugh by telling us, that at first they were so gentle and milk-and-waterish in their occupation, that the booksellers threatened to withdraw their custom, unless they seasoned their criticism higher, and without justice or mercy abused every work they received orders to treat in that way. He added, that by doing so, they had now good employ. We could scarcely believe what he said. Heaven protect the unhappy authors that come under their slaughtering knives! We observed that they had two or three volumes, extremely thumbed and dirtied, of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, which we supposed to be the auxiliaries of their criticism." Vol. i. p. 166.

If we thought that the merest child could give credit to this story, we would go to the turnkey of Newgate, and get him to contra-

dict it. SIR RICHARD PHILLIPS, who is mightily lauded throughout the whole of the present work, attended the author round Newgate, and hates reviewers with a most *disinterested, gratuitous, and independent hate*, for he has sworn that he never reads them ! We say no more.

The work is embellished with a few paltry scratched chalk engravings. "The frontispiece, intended to represent the appearance of Drury-lane Theatre, during the early part of its conflagration, as seen from the Patent-shot-mill," is nothing more than a bird's-eye view of the Theatre in outline, with a little smoke rising from it. The following statement is made in a note on the subject : to us it is novel.

"A short time previous to its demolition, Mr. Smirke, the architect, who had inspected every part of it, declared that it was so slightly built, and the timbers so decayed, that, should it take fire, the whole would be burnt down in about two hours. This gentleman was within an hour of being accurate in his prophetic remark. If it had not been destroyed in the way it was, in all human probability it would, in a short time, have fallen to the ground, and perhaps proved the destruction of thousands." Vol. i. p. 209.

*The Elements of Astronomy, according to the Newtonian Principles ; illustrated by Diagrams, &c. By George Reynolds. 12mo. pp. 143. 4s. 6d. Sherwood. 1809.*

DR. YOUNG has not better described *Astronomy*, than he has the simple method here adopted by Mr. Reynolds to facilitate its study :—

"Divine Instructor! Thy first volume this  
For man's perusal ; all in capitals !  
In moon and stars (Heav'n's golden alphabet)  
Emblaz'd to seize the sight ; who runs, may read ;  
Who reads, can understand."

Such is, indeed, the character of this little volume, which, being "intended *solely* for the instruction of young ladies and gentlemen," is therefore all that it should be. To weigh it in other scales would be unjust.

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 THE BRITISH STAGE.
 

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Τὰ αὐτὰ τῷ Σατῶν, καὶ τοῖς τοῖστοις Χρηστοῖς.

Marc. Antonin. lib. vi. § xlvii.

*Nil novum, nihi quod non semel spectasse sufficiat.*

De Circensibus Plin. l. ix. ep. 6.

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 PRIVATE THEATRES.
 

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MR. EDITOR,

IT is very seldom that I take up my pen to write letters with a view to their meeting the public eye, but from your general silence on the subject to which I now seek to draw your attention, I wish to trouble you with a few words. The subject I allude to is the *private theatres*. I must first premise, that I am not an absolute enemy to those places, if practised with discretion, because I think it an innocent and amusing relaxation from the toils of business, and a very pleasing medium of conveying instruction to the mind; but, it is too often the case, that the young men who take a fancy to that recreation, can very seldom muster sufficient resolution to abandon the pleasure while it has yet done them no harm, but should they meet with some small symptoms of applause, it inflames their pride and ambition to such a degree, that they instantly think they are certainly intended for *great actors*, and pursue the dangerous practice, without giving themselves time for reflection, and they arrive on the very brink of ruin ere they bethink themselves that they have committed a fault.

At the particular request of a friend, I accompanied him last Monday evening to the *Minor Theatre, Catharine-street, Strand*, where the comedy of *Folly as it Flies*, was to be attempted by some of those young men. After keeping the audience waiting till near eight o'clock, the curtain drew up, but a poor author so dreadfully murdered I never before saw, and hope never to see again. Two or three books on the stage, in a scene, and the reading of the parts I can scarcely describe. You have, doubtless, heard young children saying their A, B, C, at an old woman's day-school: exactly in the same manner were those parts read to an audience much more respectable than generally visits those places.—*Leonard Melmoth* was passable, but "*Oh! ye Gods and Goddesses!*" such a *Tom Tidd*. Pray, Mr. Editor, only conceive—



but really I am so much puzzled to give you any idea or conception of the *attempt*, and in mercy to the feelings of the young man, I shall charitably say nothing further, than that I hope he has the good sense to see through his error, and will never *attempt* to make himself a laughing-stock again.

I take the liberty of writing this letter to you, because I believe your valuable Miscellany is most generally read by the private-theatrical gentlemen, and by inserting it therein, or taking some other notice of the subject of it, it may catch their attention, and cause them for a moment to reflect, that they are not all born to be actors.

I am, Mr. Editor, Your constant Reader,  
13th Sept. 1809. G. H. W.

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### THE STAGE.

THE fanaticism of the *Methodists* is deplorable. I know that they were supposed to have set fire to the *Birmingham Theatre*. The best things may be perverted; it is so when religion is exchanged for enthusiasm. I own, I always think that every enthusiast is a fool or a rogue,—I could wish them to chuse the rank and file they please to march in, but in one of these they must be placed. The wild men of the modern day class plays with all the vile abominations of the Romans, where men were slaughtered by men or wild beasts. The stage ever partakes of the degree of refinement of a country. In Charles II.'s licentious days, it often recommended sin instead of virtue—It does not now. The wisest and the best have written for the stage; what they have given, cannot be sinful to act; nor can the actors be wicked for playing such characters. There is vice every where—there is virtue every where. The inducements to profligacy may be greater in some situations than in others. They who escape contamination, have double merit. Persons in every profession have, in point of abilities and accomplishments, the three degrees. Those of either sex, who greatly excel on the stage, are sometimes peculiarly well-informed, and their society highly and justly prized, if the moral character is equally well supported; and in every other line of life, however elevated, if this latter is deficient, contempt will attach, whatever *real* robes adorn the person.

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ANTI-FANATICUS.

## ORIGINAL POETRY.

## HORACE IN LONDON.

## BOOK II.—ODE I.

TO MR. KEMBLE.

*Motum ex Metello consule civicum, &c.*

IN battles provok'd by the blood-tainted *Thane*,  
When tempests assail aged *Lear*,  
When fortune deserts the poor lunatic *Dane*,  
In *Richard* the cruel or *Hotspur* the vain,  
O! when shall your equal appear?

The wreath of applause what philosopher scorns?  
'Tis a crown of the sweetest moss-roses:  
But when it the brow of an actor adorns,  
The public oft mix a few good-natur'd thorns,  
To tickle his ears when he dozes.

Awhile to your Theatre now bid adieu!  
Fly, fly from the tumult and riot!  
Attempt not your truncheon and staff to renew,  
But give them to *Townsend* to help to subdue  
The foes to *new prices* and quiet.

For, hark! what a discord of bugles and bells,  
What whistling and springing of rattles,  
What screaming, and groaning, and hissing, and yells,  
Till mad-headed *Mammon* his victims compels  
To scuffles, *rows*, riots, and battles!

And now from the barracks of *Bow-street*, good lack!  
A band under *Townsend* and *Sayers*,  
Wave high their gilt staffs, while the dull sounding thwack  
Falls frequent and thick on the enemies' back,  
Or visits their pate with a merry-ton'd crack,  
In aid of *King John* and the Players.

F F—VOL. VI.\*

The Billingsgate Muses indignant to find  
*Catalani*, and fiddlers from Paris,  
 Usurping their place; in revenge have combin'd,  
 To kick up this dust in the popular mind,  
 So fatal to *Kemble* and *Harris*.

What surly *Brown Bear* has not gladly receiv'd  
 The misers who old prices stick to?  
 At *Bow-street* what knight is not sorely aggriev'd,  
 Where Christians are cross'd, unbelievers believ'd,  
 O story *mirabile dictu*!

To mix in this warfare, regardless of fear,  
 What 'prentice or clerk is unwilling;  
 From Smithfield and Wapping what heroes appear,  
 Who fight, I acknowledge, for all they hold dear,  
 When the object of war's the last shilling?

What fists of defiance the pugilists wield;  
 What Jews have not had bloody noses?  
 What victim of law, who to *Mainwaring* yields,  
 But gladly for ever would leave *Cold-Bath Fields*,  
 To fight here *pro ARIS et focis*?

But gently, my Muse: hush your angry-ton'd lyre,  
 From rows so disgraceful remove,  
 And seated at home by your own parlour fire,  
 Let beauty and claret your numbers inspire  
 To melody, laughter, and love.

H.

---

 BOOK I. ODE XXXVIII.

*Persicos edi, puer, apparatus; &c.*

---

HERE, waiter, I'll dine in this box,  
 I've look'd at your long bill of fare,  
 A Pythagorean it shocks,  
 To view all the rarities there.

I'm not overburthen'd with cash,  
 Roast beef is the dinner for me,  
 Then why should I eat calipash,  
 Or why should I eat calipsoe?

Your trifles no trifle I ween,  
 To customers prudent as I am;  
 Your peas in December are green,  
 But I'm not so green as to buy 'em.

With veni'son I seldom am fed,  
 Go bring me the sirloin, you ninny;  
 Who dines at a guinea a-head,  
 Will ne'er by his head get a guinea.

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### THE JE N' SAIS QUOI.

---

FINDING sad fault with all the graces,  
 Young Love, a little urchin boy,  
 Declar'd he hated pretty faces,  
 Without the charming *Je n' sais quoi*.

Quoth Venus, laughing at his prate,  
 "Hey-day, shall you, an upstart boy,  
 And blind too, talk at such a rate,  
 And all about this *Je n' sais quoi*?"

"Does it 'mid roses' petals grow?  
 Or Philomel's sweet note employ?  
 Gives it the peach its ruby glow?  
 Say, have I got this *Je n' sais quoi*?"

"In the bright sparkle of the eye,  
 Or in the dimpled cheek of joy,  
 Or in the bosom's pensive sigh,  
 O! say, dwells there this *Je n' sais quoi*?"

" O ! yes, Mamma, but do not chide  
The folly of your simple boy,  
Who feels unable to decide,  
What rightly is this *Je'n' sais quoi*.

" But this I know, in JULIA's eye,  
In JULIA's *dimpled cheek* it plays,  
And gives a grace, I know not why,  
To all she does and all she says."

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### A COVENT-GARDEN QUIBBLE.

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MR. LEES on hearing that SIR CHARLES PRICE, a man in years, was one of the Committee to enquire into the necessity of the late rise on the Pit and Boxes,

SIR CHARLES is one, it argues well !  
We've justice in a trice !  
And I in after-times will tell  
How I obtain'd *old PRICE* !

*Bank, Oct. 1.*

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### CATO'S SANDAL.

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*From the French.*

A SERVANT of Cato's ran to him one day,  
And told him with looks of surprise and dismay,  
That a rat, not contented with stealing his candles,  
Had, the preceding night, *eaten one of his sandals*.

" My friend," replied Cato, " there's nothing in *that*  
To excite your surprise, so prithee be calm ;  
But had *one of my sandals* devoured a rat,  
You might then, I'll allow, have express'd some alarm."

H. W. QUIX.

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 OXFORD QUIBBLE;

 ON THE OXFORD STRABO\*.
 

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*Oxford Editor loquitur.*

THE more *deform'd* (for I will say so)  
 So much more *perfect* is the STRABO.†

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 EPITAPH.
 

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POOR JACK, alas! could boast of nought,  
 When Death knock'd at his portal;  
 If Nature's debt had been a—groat,  
 He would have been—*immortal*!

Liverpool, Oct. 14, 1809.

R. H. T.

---

 THE COURT OF JUSTICE.
 

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"BELOW the Bar, silence! keep silence! I say,  
 You make so much noise, that the Judge you will stun;  
 For tho' he's *decided nine causes* to-day,  
 His Lordship declares that he has not *heard one*!"

H. W. QUIB.

\* See the last *Edinburgh Review*.

† *Strabo* was "a name, among the Romans, given," says Lempriere, "to such as were deformed." The *Oxford Strabo*, for instance! The Latin word *strabo* signifies one with goggle eyes, or who squints, and of course sees nothing right, viz.—the Oxford Editor—who being himself a *Strabo*, was, of all persons living, the most fit to edit *Strabo*, on the principle of—None but a poet should edit a poet! All the Oxonian bucks, (a very near-sighted, ugly race) are now, when absent from Oxford, called *Stray beaux*.

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## MEMORANDA DRAMATICA.

NEW THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN.

We continue our history of the six-day war. At present we are in the fifth.

## PLACARDS.

"No live stock from Italy.—Up with King George, and down with King John.—John Bull against John Kemble, &c. &c.—Raising the Wind, the part of Jerry Diddler by John Kemble."

There was one which reached from the upper boxes to the pit. At various periods fresh devices were exhibited, viz. A caricature of Mr. Kemble and Mr. Harris, in *Macbeth* and *Benue*.

"Mac. Thou canst not say I did it." "Ben. A lie, a bl—d lie upon my soul— a d—d lie!"

"Old prices, the only basis upon which the public will negotiate a peace with John Kemble."—"Old prices or empty benches."—"Angels and ministers of grace defend us from the new prices!"

"No Kembles!"—"Performers, support us, and we'll support you."

The opposition appears to strengthen, and to be systematized. It is said that a committee is appointed to conduct its operations. Between the first and second act of the farce, a gentleman in the lower-box lobby addressed the people.

This was the last speech. The lungs of the orators of former nights being probably under the care of the apothecary. The disappointment was relieved by a new display of bills:

"Let there be no new prices."—"No relaxation, but old prices."

"Let them perform to empty benches, 'Twill bring the Managers to their senses."—"No compromise: come to the point."—"Are not the Managers the cause of the disturbance? They ought to be sent to Bow-street."—"No Italian depravity, or French duplicity; native talent; old prices."—"Would there be a rise of prices, if Old Drury was not burnt?"

A dance, instead of a song, made up the *finale*, which assisted much in kicking up a dust, and destroyed all the green cloth on the seats of the pit. Some ladies, elegantly dressed, and commonly called modest, were seen actively employed in fostering the popular cause. The Theatre was emptied before eleven.

Sept. 23. Woodman.—Raising the Wind\*.

\* Here terminated one whole week—such a week as no dramatic animals can parallel:—as Grizzle says, "’twas whirlwind all. Havock, let loose the

*sheds of war—Halloo!*—From the Monday to the Saturday inclusive, a play and farce have been performed throughout, and not a single sentence has been distinctly heard from any part of the Theatre. On this night the Managers, who had hitherto filled the house with *orderly men*, who had only increased the disorder, were resolved to admit nothing but money—all flint or all steel, they thought safer than a mixture. The seats were consequently not crowded at the beginning, but the ear could mark no diminution in the band of performers in the national concert. Discords, on no occasion heard together, still prevailed, with the addition of a *dustman's bell*. Marrow-bones and cleavers spoken of as reserve. "One of *the mob so uproarious*," was refused admittance at the door with kettle-drums, and another with a trombone. Shakspeare talks of speaking with "*most miraculous organ*,"—but we never heard it before! Every other person of these "*hum et hissini auditores*," seemed to have an instrument of hideous sound, and it is a fact, that yesterday, neither at Exeter-Change, nor at any toy-shop in town, could a single child's whistle or penny trumpet be procured. The performers were pelted, and bills of every dimension were exhibited in such abundance, as to cover the whole front of the second tier of boxes, besides others flying in the pit. The following is a tolerable specimen, prose and rhyme.

A list of salaries, making those of the Kemble family, and Catalani, for the year, 25,575*l*.

The draught of a coffin, with this inscription—" *New Prices died of a whooping-cough, &c. aged six days.*"

"John Bull! John Bull! John Bull! Be merry, bold, and resolute! Fear not to shew disapprobation, but firmly keep your proper station; for none of Kemble born shall gull the British nation."—" 'Tis no use to dissemble, 'Squire John Philip Kemble."—"Mountain and Dickens! No Cats or Kittens."—"Old Kemble begins to tremble."—"Kemble, cease your unjust pretence, and shew at least you've common sense; Your pride on folly clearly borders; witness the tools that have your orders."—"John Kemble be damn'd; we will not be cramm'd." "John Kemble alone is the cause of this riot; when he lowers his prices, John Bull will be quiet."—"Seventeen thousand a-year goes pat, to Kemble, his sister, and Madame Cat."—"All the Bank clerks have been forbid the theatre, through John Philip Kemble."—"Britons! be firm and persevere, and John Bull must conquer John Kemble."—"No compromise: native talent: and old prices."—"No foreign singers."—"John Bull's opposition against King Kemble's imposition."—"Would

\* A tripos speech. See *Anonymiana*, 467.

they



they have dared to raise the prices, if Drury-lane had not been burnt." —"Kemble! awake! arise! or be for ever fallen!"—"The public the best arbitrators: *No hoax.*"—"Repent, monopolizers, before the just and deserved indignation of an insulted British audience overtakes you in your career." "National theatre: Fair prices: English drama: *No Catalani.*"—"Britons who have humbled a prince, are able to conquer a Manager."—"TO BE BURNED ON MONDAY."

A shower of hand-bills were continually falling in the pit.

The following is the best *jeu d'esprit* yet exhibited.

"THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT.

This is the house that JACK built.

These are the *boxes* let to the *great*, that visit the house that JACK built.

These are the *pigeon-holes* over the *boxes*, let to the *great*, that visit the house that JACK built.

This is the CAT engaged to squall to the *poor* in the *pigeon-holes* over the *boxes*, let to the *great*, that visit the house that JACK built.

This is JOHN BULL with a *bugle-horn*, that hissed the CAT engaged to squall to the *poor* in the *pigeon-holes* over the *boxes*, let to the *great*, that visit the house that JACK built.

This is the *thief-taker* shaven and shorn, that took up JOHN BULL with his *bugle-horn*; who hissed the CAT, engaged to squall to the *poor* in the *pigeon-holes* over the *boxes*, let to the *great* that visit the house that JACK built.

This is the *Manager* full of scorn, who RAISED THE PRICE to the people forlorn; and directed the *thief-taker*, shaven and shorn, to take up JOHN BULL with his *bugle-horn*; who hissed the CAT engaged to squall to the *poor* in the *pigeon-holes* over the *boxes*, let to the *great* that visit the house that JACK built.

Bow Wow."

The dramatic pieces were over by twenty minutes after nine. No symptoms, however, of retiring prevailed. An Irish gentleman at length addressed them very unintelligibly, about Mr. Kemble's insulting conduct on Tuesday night, when he affected not to know their wishes, &c. We cannot pursue him, but Cowper well describes him:

"His aim was mischief, and his zeal pretence,  
His speech rebellion against common sense."

MR. KEMBLE at length came forward, and spoke to this effect:—

"Ladies and Gentlemen,

"I am now, as I have ever been, proud to submit to your commands. (*Loud applauses.*) Understanding that an imputation has been thrown upon me, of attempting to insult the public, which, if silently acquiesced in, might be conceived to be admitted, I beg leave, in the first instance,

to rescue myself from such a charge—I cannot better attempt this, than by referring you to my general conduct, and appealing to the twenty-five years of assiduous service, in which I have toiled for your approbation. (*A cry of “Come to the point!”*)—Ladies and Gentlemen, the Proprietors are most anxious to embrace prompt and effectual means for restoring the public tranquillity. (*Loud applause, mixed with hisses!*) I intreat that I may be heard out in the whole of what I have to propose, before my proposition is rejected. The Proprietors are willing to submit their accounts to a Committee. (*Loud disapprobation, mingled with cries of “Who are they?—Who are they?”*) And they consider, that the best proof they can give of their respect for the public is, to make them participators with themselves in their affairs. (*A cry of “No Catalani.”*) To that I will speak presently. When Mr. Harris entered into an agreement with that lady, he was actuated solely by a wish to prove his gratitude to the public, and promote their amusements; finding, however, that the object was not answered, an alteration was accordingly made, and I can assure the audience, that Madame Catalani has relinquished her engagement at this Theatre.”

The applause was general; and so was the hooting as he retired, after observing, *that the house would not again open, until the Committee to investigate the books and accounts, had made their report.\** After all, it is not the shilling on the boxes, the six-pence on the pit, or the engagement of Catalani, but the private boxes, which is the serious and reasonable cause of public complaint.

Many persons during this conflict have been taken to Bow-street, and held to bail. The most remarkable good-humour, and mischievous pleasantry, quite void of any thing like an atrocious spirit, ministered throughout the hebdomadal reign of CHAOS the second.

The drop-curtain, exhibited in the beginning, was superseded on this night, by one beautifully representing a view of Richmond-bridge. The former is an assembly of Dramatic Poets. Shakspeare, of whom we may speak as Cicero did of Homer, “*certé nemo similis*,” naturally presides, and on each side of him are seen the great dramatic bards of all nations, Æschylus, Plautus, Lope de Vega, &c.

Oct. 2.—On this day the following advertisement appeared in the papers.

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\* On the 26th inst. Messrs. Hughes and Tull, the Treasurer and his deputy, made oath before the Mayor, that the accounts laid before the Committee, were “true, faithful, and perfect.” The *affidavit* appeared in the *British Press* of the 27th.

G G—VOL. VI.\*

The Committee for examining the Affairs of Covent-Garden Theatre, consisting of the following Gentlemen—

Alderman Sir CHARLES PRICE, bart. M. P. ;  
 Sir THOMAS PLUMER, knt. His Majesty's Solicitor-General ;  
 JOHN SYLVESTER, esq. Recorder of the city of London ;  
 JOHN WHITMORE, esq. Governor of the Bank of England ; and  
 JOHN JULIUS ANGERSTEIN, esq. ;

Have authorised the Proprietors to publish the following Report in their names :—

“ We do hereby certify, that, after a full and attentive examination of the subject which we have been desired to investigate by the Proprietors of Covent-Garden Theatre, for the satisfaction of the Public, in respect to the rate of profit received by them from the late theatre, and likely to be received from the new, that the following is the result of our inquiry :

“ The rate of profits actually received, upon an average of the last six years, commencing in 1803, (the period of the present copartnership,) in the theatre, upon the capital embarked therein, we have ascertained to have amounted to  $6\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. per annum, charging the concern with only the sum actually paid for insurance, on such part of the capital as was insured ; but, if the whole of the capital had been insured, the profit would have been reduced to very little more than 5 per cent.—and, for want of this full insurance, the Proprietors, being in part their own insurers, sustained a loss by the late fire, for which no compensation has been made, to the amount of more than the whole of their profits for the above period of six years.

“ The rate of profit likely to be received in future from the new theatre, depending upon the amount of bills not yet delivered, and of estimates not fully ascertained, and on the future receipts of the house, which are subject to various contingencies, cannot be ascertained with the same degree of certainty ; but, upon the best consideration we have been able to give to this subject, after having recourse to every source of information, oral and written, we are fully satisfied, that the future profits of the New Theatre, at the proposed advance in the prices of admission, will amount to only  $3\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. per annum upon the capital expended in the Theatre, if the same be insured, and that, upon the same supposition of insurance at the former prices of admission, the Proprietors will, in our judgment, annually sustain a loss of near  $\frac{1}{4}$  per cent. per annum, on their capital.

“ CHARLES PRICE.

“ THOMAS PLUMER.

“ JOHN SYLVESTER.

“ JOHN WHITMORE.

“ JOHN JULIUS ANGERSTEIN.”

The account of the receipts and expenditure of the six years will be published to-morrow; and the public are respectfully informed that the theatre will be re-opened on

**Oct 4. Beggar's Opera.—Is he a Prince?\***

\* In the morning prints the foregoing report was given with this addition :

The proprietors have the honour of presenting to the public the report of the gentlemen who kindly undertook the investigation of the accounts of the theatre, and cannot but feel assured that a liberal and enlightened people will now be convinced, that the alteration in the prices arises solely from the impossibility of their continuing the public amusements on the former terms of admission.

Statement of the Accounts of Covent-Garden Theatre, for the last six years, most respectfully offered to the Public:

Received		Paid	
1803-4 .....	£.61,682 13 10	.....	£.58,926 18 7
1804-5 .....	70,727 9 10	.....	81,057 11 6
1805-6 .....	56,065 18 5	.....	47,975 2 2
1806-7 .....	68,126 7 5	.....	63,391 6 4
1807-8 .....	63,038 14 7	.....	62,406 8 3
1808-9 .....	46,342 13 0	.....	47,334 11 2
	365,983 17 1		366,091 18 0
Deduct payments in six years ...	307,912 0 0	Deduct what was drawn out by the Proprie- tors .....	58,179 18 0
	58,071 17 1		
Deduct outstand- ing debts .....	8,000 0 0	Paid in six years	307,912 0
Profit, divide by six .....	50,071 17 1		
Average of each Year .....	8,345 6 2		

Errors excepted,

RICH. HUGHES, Treasurer.

JOHN TULL, Deputy Treasurer.

Sworn before me, the 26th Sept. 1809,

C. FLOWER, Mayor.

The paper says that the committee was occupied in these affairs for three whole days, from Friday morning till Sunday night, but it is untrue—it was engaged only on Friday, and part of a morning.

The time allotted to the armistice having elapsed, the theatre of war was again on this night thrown open, and hostilities again commenced.

The lower boxes were all taken by people decently dressed, and filled accordingly; for only such seats were let to one party, as that party undertook to occupy. The pit was by no means full at the beginning, but no part of the house long remained untenanted. Soon after six, the whistles began to "*discourse most eloquent music*," by which we understood, and did not live to be deceived, that no word of either opera or farce would be distinctly heard. At the commencement, and throughout, however, the roaring noise was, by comparison with former nights, only as the report of a pop-gun is to that of a demi-culverin. But it was enough, and did all that was required of the deafeners. The national concert performed by this Dutch band was more vocal than instrumental.—The bugles and rattles were few, with not above one or two bells, triangle, and saw-gelder's horns—these, however, with sticks and whistles, were plied incessantly—

*" Oh che orchestra, oh che musica l'è quella!  
Chi diavolo è il maestro di cappella?"*

The curtain up discovered Mr. Munden as *Peachem*, who attempted to proceed, but inaudibly, when Mr. KEMBLE made his appearance. Much did he exercise his graceful bows and his courteous actions, but all in vain—his lips moved, but no word was heard by any, except a few in the front row of the pit. The applause was great, and so was the inclination to hear him—it was utterly impossible, however, for the noise made by "*silence!*" He retired. The clamour of the spectators attended every scene and actor with the greatest impartiality, except in the instance of Mrs. C. Kemble, in *Lucy*, who was indulged with a very disproportionate share. Rattling peals of hideous discords, accompanied by certain peels of orange, &c. waited on her appearance. She took up several of these presents, and cast them from her with indignation, but without mollifying the hearts of the gallants in the pit. Mrs. C. Kemble appears to be in the family way, and one of these *manly* heroes, throwing something at her, exclaimed, "*No little Kembles! no more little Kembles!*" Such is the frenzy occasioned by opposition to power, possessed by wanton thoughtlessness and brutal ignorance.

Mackheath with more than usual satisfaction, cried, "*Tell the sheriff's officer I'm ready*," and thus ended the opera, which was succeeded by a boxing match in the lobby.

The placards were not numerous, viz.—

" *He that is greedy after gain, disturbeth his own house.*"

" Theatre Royal Covent-Garden.

" This evening will be performed the farce of *Who's the Dupe?* to which will be added, *John Bull*. A new farce, called *The Jubilee*, is in preparation, and will be presented on the 25th instant."

"John Bull, *versus* John Kemble. This matter having been left to arbitration, a verdict is given in favour of the defendant, but the plaintiff has moved to set it aside."—"The public is unalterable. Boxes, 6s. Pit, 3s. 6d." "No annual or private boxes." No private boxes for intrigues."—"John Kemble, your MONOPOLY cease, and THEN raise your prices as high as you please."

The farce over, silence and order resumed their reign. The communication between the pit and boxes was, as it related to the former, obstructed by a row of iron spikes, two or three inches long, immediately under the reclining cushions of the first tier of boxes—so that *facilis descensus Avernæ*, &c. easy was the descent of the box-people into hell, but to return was no such easy matter. The players had done about a quarter before ten o'clock. "Kemble" was loudly called, but he seemed disinclined to come after his former reception; or he might, perhaps, seeing his ill success, be thinking of sending for one of the committee to address them—Mr. SYLVESTER, the recorder, for instance; supposing—

"———the people were not us'd  
To be spoke to, except by the RECORDER."

However this might be, at ten o'clock he appeared, and after, and with much interruption, proceeded thus:

"Ladies and Gentlemen—('Speak out! Hear him! Hear him! Hear him out! Hear him out! Fair play! Fair play! Let us hear him!') Ladies and Gentlemen, the proprietors of this theatre—(Uproar). Ladies and Gentlemen, the proprietors of this theatre, for the public satisfaction, have laid their accounts unreservedly—(Uproar. 'Silence! Silence! Hear him out! Hear him out!') They have laid their accounts unreservedly before a most upright and honourable committee—(Applause.) Ladies and Gentlemen, the proprietors have had the honour of laying before you the report of that committee, together with the accounts of the receipts, disbursements, and profits of the theatre, for the last six years.—('Bravo! Bravo! Fair! Fair! Silence! Silence!') From these documents, Gentlemen, it is manifest that our inevitable ruin must be the consequence of returning to the old prices—('No, no, no, no; Hear him! Hear him! He has heard us long enough! we ought to hear him now!') I beg you, Ladies and Gentlemen, to hear me patiently, while I declare to you, that if we could possibly open at the old prices, we would do it with pleasure.—('Oh, this is abominable! What's to hinder you?' Some applause, but censure decidedly predominant.) I throw myself upon your candour, Ladies and Gentlemen, when I ask of you a patient hearing.—('Hear him! Hear him!') I throw myself upon the candour of the house.—('Bravo! bravo! let us hear him!') When

I ask whether there is one gentleman in this house, who thinks that a trade by which we are sure to lose three quarters per cent. upon a capital is a trade which we can carry on.—(“O, stuff, stuff! put up your property for sale, if you find your concern a losing one. Silence! Silence!”) When I address the most enlightened and liberal audience in the world, (“You do not know it!”) I feel confident that this plea will be sufficient, when I throw myself on its candour, and declare, that nothing but absolute necessity has driven us to the unpleasant task of this advance.” (“That will never do, you must come down; this appeal to our candour is all cant; it won’t do.”)

After the retirement of Mr. Kemble, the audience were, it is said, addressed by a Mr. O’Reilly.—The speech, however, was made by the reporter of the *Morning Chronicle*.

The *Pittites* now continued the row till eleven, when they dispersed. The time just before their departure was principally taken up in addressing the persons in the private boxes, and driving them out with such exclamations as “No private boxes, no public b---dy houses,” &c. The galleries on this night were more uproarious than on any other occasion, and at the end of the opera cheered the pit with huzzas, which cheering was returned with all the ear-splitting effect of clamorous exultation.

On the report of the COMMITTEE, “errors excepted,” we are not prepared to speak—that those, who formed it, are all honourable men, no one doubts, and as little is it questioned that they were by no means the best referees that could have been chosen to satisfy the opinion of the public, once formed and acted upon. We may say of the committee, what Lord Bacon writes to Lord Essex, respecting certain other gentlemen—“though they be as true as one hand to the other, yet opinio veritate major.”

Our reasons have been stated for thinking that there is nothing exorbitant in the rise of the prices, and we have also declared our utter disapprobation of a tier of boxes in a public theatre, (and that nearly the only one,) disposed of to private persons. It is a thing not to be tolerated, and will, on every full night, when persons are driven up to the seven-shilling-one-shilling gallery, (for such are the pigeon hole-boxes) be a subject of perpetual riot and disturbance. That the proprietors will, if fully insured, lose three quarters per cent. on their capital, is really the most astonishing thing in trade that ever came within our cognizance—this is indeed to labour *pour la gloire*. If we could be bound to believe that this will be the case, *after a little time*, or that after a little time they would get no more than three and a half per cent. on their capital, we should more than ever recommend the adoption of that retrenchment in their expences, to which we alluded in our last (p. 183).

—We mean in the salaries of the performers, and we may add in the getting up of childish pageants, at once expensive and worthless. Mrs. Siddons is engaged this season for seventy nights at fifty pounds a night. She is in our opinion one of the most wonderful actresses that ever trod the British stage, but is not such pay far above any imaginable merit, and a most destructive precedent or principle to admit into such a society as that which composes a theatre? Of this sort of prodigal profusion, we shall say no more—it cries out for reform and cannot bear investigation. We mean, however, to assert still further, that the whole scale of salaries is, with the exception of the very underlings, enormously too high. Is it to be endured, much less approved of, that these heroes of the buskin or of the sock, or singers, more ignorant and stupid in general than the worst of either, should be in the receipt of from seven or eight hundred to five thousand pounds per annum? Look to every other trade and profession—deliberate well, and tell us where the desert exists to warrant the exaction of such gain, or how it consists with good sense or oeconomy, to yield to such extortion. Let the scale be lowered throughout, and it will not only be found that they are paid equal to their merit, but that they will behave better both in mimic and in real life, by shewing more respect both to their managers and the town. They are continually calling themselves *the servants of the public*, while their aim (well supported by their gain) is to be independent gentlemen; but vain extravagancies, and idle company, horses, carriages, and tower and country houses, will never make them better singers, better actors, or, while they continue on the stage, so worthy of public patronage. Mr. COBBETT has called the players "*diverting vagabonds*," but such language is, at this hour of the day, neither decorous nor merited. There is a mean to be observed. By the statute 10 Geo. ii. they are treated too degradingly, and now by the custom of our times, they are made far too much of. When we see the first peer in the country, the *Duke of Norfolk*, and even the last *Lord Barrymore*, arm in arm, and getting drunk with mimes and singers, is it not a mutual injury? That this system should have nourished pride and imaginary consequence in weak minds, is not surprising; but it is surprising that these large salaries and benefits should continue, while they are clearly so detrimental to the actors in one sense, and to the managers in another. We talk merely of the Capital actors, or rather actors in the Capital, and not at all of their strolling brethren. As it respects the former, we could wish both their scale of *vanity* and *profit* to be reduced. Not so of the latter, for we should rather rejoice to see their scale of receipts raised, and until that happens, we have no desire to witness any reduction in their vanity, for as *Horatio* says of his good spirits, they have nothing else to feed and clothe them.



What is paid to authors, by some people called dramatists, is still more unreasonable and objectionable. When we are told that the writers of plays and farces of late years, "*our native Muses*," have often received 150*l.* and upwards for the latter, and 400*l.* and upwards for the former, whose judgment does not revolt at the idea, as it respects them all except two or three now glimmering in the socket? What relation has the merit to the pay?—None. Did their productions exhibit marks of genius, who would say that any price was too great? Did they even shew any symptoms of labour or good sense, instead of being evidently the fruits of idleness and folly; or did it appear that the education necessary to such writings was expensive, instead of being, as we see it is, all most homely mother-wit and scissars work, we might be content to allow that the labourer was worthy of his hire, which at present, while he is paid in any way that amounts to gold, we do not. Managers, who have the monopoly of theatres, can make these reforms when they please—the morals and manners of their actors will be improved by it; and their stock of authors, not being paid indiscriminately alike, but according to worth, estimated any way but by a forced run, will in so much be bettered that full three fourths of the present race must be starved, or at any rate rendered so unfit to propagate their kind, that the breed will happily become extinct. CATALANI was to have had five thousand pounds and two benefits, say seven thousand pounds for the season. If all the *items* laid before the COMMITTEE partake of this want of economy, there can be no question about the truth of the report, that the proprietors do not make the common legal interest of their money.—But in all such *items*, it is clear, that a reformation is absolutely necessary. We are great admirers of Catalani's brilliant execution, but we like her best in her own sphere, and are rejoiced that she is not to be imported into this theatre. The principle, which a great statesman thought so true, as it related to the importation of laces, &c. is equally so here—"Where foreign materials are but superfluities, foreign manufactures should be prohibited—for that will either banish the superfluity, or gain the manufacture."

Hist. of Hen. VIII. p. 171.

The manager, after these reforms, will not have such frequent occasion to despise the public voice, and to say,

"Populus me sibilat; at mihi plaudo  
Ipse domi, simul ac nummos contemplor in arcâ—"

for he will not only applaud himself, but the town will cease to hiss, and he will by just and prudent means increase the interest on his capital.

Oct. 6. John Bull.—Poor Soldier.\*

\* In addition to the report, &c. before published, we find the following information subjoined to the advertisement of the day :

"The proprietors have the honour of submitting to the public the following exact account of the proportions of space allotted to the audience in the new theatre in Covent-Garden, in the old theatre, and in Drury-Lane. The boxes are calculated to hold the same number of spectators in the present, as in the old theatre; but one hundred and forty more persons are now provided with seats in the lower circles. Six feet six inches is the average depth allowed to the three rows in each box—six feet three inches was allowed in the old theatre, and six feet in Drury-Lane.—In the old theatre, twenty seats were contained in the pit, their whole declivity three feet :—in the new theatre there are also twenty seats, but their declivity is four feet nine inches—in the two-shilling gallery of the old theatre, a person seated in the back row was eighty-eight feet from the stage-door;—in the present theatre he is eighty-six; and in Drury-Lane he was one hundred.—In the upper gallery of the old theatre, the last row was ninety-three feet from the stage-door; in the present it is eighty-five; and in Drury-Lane theatre it was one hundred and four.—The upper gallery in the new theatre will contain about fourscore, and the two-shilling gallery about fifty more persons than they did in the old one."

This is the *eighth* only, of the *thousand and one nights' entertainments*, which we seem to be threatened with. In the former part of it the noise was, by comparison with former times, peace, but towards the half price, and after, "confusion worse confounded," reigned and roared throughout. Occasionally, during the play, some words might be heard from the stage, but never a sentence. The house was by no means full at the beginning, and the tumult on the whole much abated. The pit exhibited a singular appearance, many rows being filled by Jews, in number at least three hundred, taken in by *Moses Abraham*, alias *Mazey*,\* a great leader of the tribe of Israel. Many scuffles took place in consequence of the instructions of *Mendoza*, in which the *children* were considerably worried and worsted by the "*Christian dogs*." \* Fighting on benches, and running the risk of having your back broke at every fall, is very different from sparring in a school, or a round in a ring.

\* The *Statesman* of the 7th of October says, and we ourselves heard this said "*ebrew Jew*" assert, that the manager had declared that if it cost 100,000*l.* he would not concede the point in dispute.

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ring. The *host*, however, were very active and successful in preventing the display of placards.—Few appeared, viz.—“*John Kemble, lower the price; for no evasion will suit John Bull on this occasion. No garbled extracts to humbug John Bull. Six and a half per cent.—Upon my soul a lie! Retrench your expences.*” The stage business was over at half past nine. *Kemble* was called, but did not come. Some vapouring attempts were made to address the house, but nothing was distinctly heard, except one roaring from the gallery—“*Gentlemen in the boxes, for shame! for shame! to let yourselves be imposed on; resist the new prices, and we will support you!*” Shouting, groaning, and greeting, followed of course. The theatre, after some indecent conversation between the galleries and pit, respecting the private boxes, was, by eleven o'clock, entirely cleared.

### Oct. 9. Richard III.—Raising the Wind.\*

\* We have heard of a *nine days' wonder*, but this promises to exceed that time, for the ninth day has elapsed, and it seems to bear a glass which shews us many more to come—the police not interfering. The tumult on this occasion is described by the description of the last—moderately deafening at first, and from the half price to the end furious. *Mendoza* had again been furnished with orders, and sent his *anti-swinish multitude* into the pit, to oppose the exhibition of placards, and, in case of necessity, to exercise their pugilistic skill. In the first they succeeded tolerably, but in the latter, the Christians, led on by a hero of the fist, known by the honourable title of *Jemmy from Town*, completely beat them out of the field. *Jemmy* wore his beaver up, a white one, and wherever the battle raged, there was it seen towering and diffusing terror and dismay. We make no comment on this mode of taking the sense of the public—*Point d'argent, point de Mendozas & Jemmies*. A Mr. SCOTT displayed the first bill, and defended its post on the front boxes with a stick, but it was fated to perish—a scuffle ensued, which was referred to a committee of Bow-street officers, who examined the parties before the sitting magistrates at home. These may be repeated: “*Persevere and you must be successful.—Old prices, better times.—Resistance boys, are good signs.—John Bull's opposition to John Kemble's imposition.—The stage's law the stage's patrons give, and those who live to please, must please to live.—An English audience, in an English theatre, have a right to see and to be seen.—No private boxes.*”

At the appearance of Mr. C. Kemble in *Richmond*, it might have been said, “*confusion hath made its master-piece*”—such was the distinction paid to him. After the tragedy some other placards had a momentary existence, viz.

“*The*

*"The public will never submit to the partial report of a select few."—Fair accounts and fair prices.—To let, private boxes for intriguing, for the benefit of Harris and Kemble.—N. B. No connection with the KEY\* ; (a figure of a key supplied the word ;) which was rebuilt without raising the prices.*

During the night a gentleman stood up in the pit, and hissed and groaned most outrageously ; when he had done that for some time, he addressed the house in this singular manner :—" *Here am I, RANG JANG, CHING CHONG, just arrived from China, fifth day, fourth moon—I expect to go to Bow-street, presently, but I don't care, do you? No, let 'em fire away and be d—d — HERE'S MY BAIL !* (pointing to a person on each side of him : (loud cheering.) *How are you up there, (to the Galleries ;) Are you pleasant—how many?—(a shout.) That's right—Go it, if it kills you !"*—with this, amidst a roar of laughter, he began again to hiss and groan most fearlessly and uninterruptedly, concluding with the following chant :—

" God save great Johnny Bull,  
Long live our noble Bull,  
God save John Bull !  
Make him uproarious,  
With lungs like Boreas,  
Till he's victorious,  
God save John Bull !

O Johnny Bull, be true,  
Oppose the prices new,  
And make them fall !  
Curse KEMBLE's politicks,  
Frustrate his knavish tricks,  
Confound them all !

No private boxes let  
Intriguing ladies get—  
Thy right, John Bull !  
From little pigeon-holes,  
Defend us jolly souls,  
And we will sing, *by Godes,*  
God save John Bull !"

At ten the curtain dropped, and about eleven, after giving three cheers for to-morrow, the mob dispersed.

\* A bagnio in Chandos-street, lately burnt down.

Oct. 10. Woodman.—Village Lawyer.\*

Oct.

\* From the conduct of the audience at the drawing up of the curtain, we began to think that in nine days the wonder was to cease, for the greatest order prevailed during an act; the players cheered, every sentence heard, and the songs encored. With the half price, however, the old scene commenced, and continued to the end. Whilst the harmony existed, not above one hundred and fifty persons occupied the pit, and the boxes were thinly attended. What are called the *hired Jews* were there as before, but their presence only exasperated Mr. Bull, who is not a gentleman to be drubbed into any other man's way of thinking. There was a general cry of "*Turn out the fighting Jews.*" Bills:—The figure of a *Key*—"Remov'd from Chandos-Street."—The *Times* and *Past* are bought and sold to Kemble's pride and Kemble's gold."—"Lads in the pit, never submit."—"It came to pass, that, lo! John Bull was sorely vexed, and smote the Israelites." In the scuffles with the tribe, these were almost all soon demolished.

The following hand-bill was distributed by James Andrews.

"MENDOZA AND KEMBLE.

It is a notorious fact, that the managers of Covent-Garden theatre, have both yesterday and to-day, furnished DANIEL MENDOZA, the fighting Jew, with a prodigious number of PIT ORDERS, for Covent-Garden theatre, which he has distributed to DUTCH SAM, and such other of the pugilistic tribe as would attend, and engage to assault every person who had the courage to express their disapprobation of the managers' attempt to ram down the NEW PRICES.

This shameful abuse in the managers shall be proved to the satisfaction of

October 10, 1809.

THE LORD CHAMBERLAIN."

He was taken before the sitting magistrate; when Mr. Brandon attended, and swore that the contents of the bill were not true. But he must have done this with a mental reservation, for the *Times* of the 12th contained letters signed Bish and Powell, with an extract from a note written by Daniel Mendoza, which proved that he had orders from the theatre in any numbers, and put the letter D. on the back. It cannot be denied that the opponents used the same measures, equally contemptible and disgraceful to both parties. The prisoner proved to be a common lottery-bill deliverer, and said a gentleman had given him one shilling to deliver them. Instrumental music being, for reasons of safety, almost entirely banished, the vocal, though horribly puissant, was of course *pianissimo* by comparison.

## Oct. 11. The Heir at Law.—Padlock.\*

Oct.

\* During three acts, the play was heard with uninterrupted peace—after that, the tempest raged with its usual violence, and so continued to the end. At present, instruments are no longer openly used, and the opposition appear to husband their means, both pecuniary and vocal, by coming in at half price. The boxers were there, headed by *Dutch Sam*, a prize fighter, and several scuffles took place, with some perilous leaping into the pit, to escape from the Bow-Street officers. The bills that appeared in the pit exclusively, had a very short existence—they ran thus:—“*No wonder the POST decries John Bull's placards, when it lends its support to John Kemble's JEW blackguards.*”—“*John Bull, be firm, defy the ruffian throng; thy rattles safe—they cannot touch thy tongue. Oppose Shylock and the whole tribe of Israel. Fair play and fair prices. Who support the managers? Profligate Jews, hired ruffians.*”

After the curtain dropt, a male and female orator displayed their talents. These speeches were unintelligible to us, and if we could give them, on the authority of the newspapers, not worth reading.

After the theatre, we attended the magistrates at the office in Bow-Street, where we heard the information against a Mr. S. F. Stallard, a stock-broker, for beginning the riots of the evening; which Mr. Graham said had so long been indecently carried on to the disgrace of the town. Mr. S. had, according to his account, bought a box-ticket of a Jew for half a crown; but, said the clerk very well, “*The Jew did not throw the sow-gelder's horn into the bargain, did he?*” He was held to bail 500*l.* himself, and two sureties of 250*l.* each, which he could not find immediately, and Mr. Graham told him that they should not wait there a moment after their business was done, already too long and disagreeably prolonged. In the course of the day the magistrates had placarded the streets with a *Whereas*—giving notice that all rioters would be prosecuted with the utmost rigour of the law—signed *Stafford*, clerk.—This had the effect of preventing the introduction of bells, &c. but the human voice, more hideous, as well as more sweet, than all other sounds, was nevertheless, or rather more vigorously exerted.

Till this night we have had no fair opportunity of speaking of the performance. The actors were all received with great marks of approbation, by way of contra-distinction. Mr. Fawcett's *Pangloss* is very superior to any we have seen, and Mr. Blanchard's *Lord Duberley* is altogether as inferior. His lordship is vulgar, “*and many of his equals countenance the practice,*” but there is a real vulgarity and a stage vulgarity—Mr. B. is too natural. The lovely *Cicely* of Mrs. Gibbs, is in look, word, and action, without a fault; and Mrs. Davenport's *Lady Duberley* is a good piece of acting. That, however, which stole away the palm entirely from all former competitors, and stood at least a head and shoulders

Oct. 12. Love in a Village.—Animal Magnetism\*.

13. Speed the Plough.—Rosina†.

Oct.

shoulders above the rest in this *Dram. Pers.* was Mr. Emery's *Dick Dowlas*.—Acting more exquisitely true to nature we never witnessed. The *Kewrick* of Mr. Waddy was, to use the language of the author of this comedy, all "*putty and lead*, as Plutarch says."

\* Solomon Hirscheli, the High Priest, has struck one hundred itinerant Jews off the charity-list for six months, as a reward for their labours in the Covent-garden vineyard, with a warning of excommunication in case of similar conduct. This considerably affected the numbers of the *race of Barabbas*, and no fighting, or scuffling, or riot took place during the early part of the evening. With the half-price the dissatisfaction, principally confined to hissing, was renewed, and perfectly overcame all sense of hearing, as it related to the actors. Placards.—*A long pull, a strong pull, and a pull altogether*.—*Bish for ever, Mendoza never; The public voice will not be silenced by foul means*. One person exhibited a pocket-handkerchief with a motto on it, which was torn. After the performances of the night, Mr. Ross, a noted hair-dresser, addressed the mob. A fellow-tradesman in the pit, a carpenter, ("they both deal in *shavings*,") defended the Theatre and the Players, against this "perriwig-pated fellow's" comparison of them to a *barber's shop* and *wig-makers*, and said something ironically about their *genius* and *education*. The Jews and the Christians came several times to fisty-cuffs.

We are really tired of recording these orgies, instituted and maintained by *Mammon*. We think the use of force and intimidation, by the introduction of boxers, and the compulsion to find heavy bail for whistling or hanging up bills, is alone calculated to injure the cause of the Managers, let it be just or unjust. Messrs. *Read* and *Nares*, the Magistrates, when they appeared on the first night, forgot their own dignity and consequence. They came on the stage, and suffered themselves to be hooted off. When power exerts itself, and is content not to be successful, it loses more than half its terrors.—From that moment fear was weakened, and the riots became formidable. The revolution in France began something in this way.—*Hæ nuga seria, &c.*

† We shall amuse ourselves a little with the *Jews*, for we are quite sick of these riots, *cranbe* and *Crispin* again and again.

The support obtained from them is of a very doubtful tenure, for if a Jew get a groat to clap his hands till they are sore, he'll turn tail, and hiss his teeth out for a tester. They are great half-price-going people after Sabaoth on Saturday, and nobody will believe that they are sincere.

Oct. 14. Poor Gentleman.—Flich of Bacon \*.

Oct.

cere in their approbation of what will cost them an additional six-pence :—then are these *friends* deceitful, and *lineally* descended from *Judas*, whose death was *hanging*—alike their virtues, and similar be their fate! No one ever saw a labouring Jew, *i. e.* a Jew employed in honest labour—they are, indeed, mere vermin on the body-politic. Now, it seems, they sell themselves, but formerly they were sold. *Henry III.* who had an absolute property in them, “ sold the Jews for a certain term of years, to Earl Richard, his brother ;” and *Edward I.* turned them to account in another way, as well as did them more justice. He hanged 280 one day for the sake of example, and threw all the rest into prison, whence they were compelled to redeem themselves for a vast sum of money. These things were better managed in former times than they are at present, but something we think might even now be made of these vermin, that would prove beneficial to society—we by no means allude to an *auto da fe* ! No, as they shine so much in the pugilistic art, and are such prime fighters, let them be embodied, and sent to meet the French in Spain—then, killing or killed, either way *the country will be benefited* !

The scene was precisely the same on this as on the foregoing night—peace till half price, and tumult and disturbance ever after. Bills were exhibited, “ *Covent Garden Synagogue, &c.*” and speedily demolished.—Orations not heard, and boxing without its just reward. *Lord Yarmouth* was noticed in the pit, and called on to speak ; and in default, “ *Turn him out,*” was the salutation. A *billiard marker*, it is said in the *British Press*, a paper distinguished by the title of “ *Kemble's Gazette,*” delivered something, in which there was more *mace* than spice, and which we are in no *cue* to repeat. *Townsend* interfered, and he finished his speech in Bow-street. Mr. Barclay gave a gentleman the lie, his reason since published, was, that in the bustle *he was stinted for time, and that it saved a world of trouble* !

The *play-writers* of the day are very earnest in their good wishes towards the *Theatre*, and naturally very active in support of its project—the suppression of hissing. We have not heard that they have been sworn-in *constables*, but they would make very good ones.

\* The principal actors being off, not on the stage, we have merely, in speaking of the performance, to say that the very audible, striking, and popular entertainments of the evening went off with the accustomed up-rear of riot and exultation. The managers of these extraordinary theatricals, exhibit great judgment as it respects effect—as thus—for



Oct. 16. Richard III.—Farmer\*.

four acts of the play the greatest peace and quiet prevailed, so that when they did burst out at the beginning of the fifth, the difference was remarkably perceptible, and the attraction and distraction very forcible. The bills were more plentifully displayed, viz.—“*Zeal in a good cause, merits public applause.*”—“*Himself in 500l. and two sureties in 250l. each, for laughing and hissing!*—*Britons never quit the field, until the foe is forced to yield.* *Lower John Kemble's pride and prices.*” One, representing the figure of Mr. Kemble, inscribed “*John Kemble's Defence—John Bull's Reply—Boxes 6s. Pit 3s. 6d.*” “*Kemble must stoop to conquer—No Israelites—No thief-takers—The patriot's motto—Conquer or die! Every night our voice we'll raise—To Kemble's shame and Britain's praise.*”

This is a great revolution in the theatrical world—The English public, so long lords paramount in this sphere, are now at issue with the managers of the monopoly.—Are they to hiss, and shew their disapprobation as usual, or are they to have the right abolished? We wish to support the Managers in all that is just; and amongst those things which are so, we include the rise of prices, for we have spoken to one of the *Committee*, who declared to us that, as far as he had had the means of judging, he thought the concern so ruinous, that he would not venture a sixpence in it, unless he meant to throw it away.—Much as we would lend them our aid generally, we most decidedly protest against their conduct as it relates to the exercise of force and intimidation. If they can only carry their point, by scandalously holding people to excessive bail, or by the introduction of tribes of Jew-ruffian-pugilists, we say that the cause is too despicable and worthless, to merit or expect support from honest men. If hissing is to be exploded by the fist of *Dutch Sam*, or the bail exacted by Mr. Graham, the gag is in, and there is an end of public opinion. The principle will be extended from the theatre to the press, and woe be to the critic who loves truth so well, as to accuse “*our native Muses,*” the *Arnolds, Brandons, Cherrys, Dibbins, Dimonds, &c.* of absurdity, nonsense, ribaldry, and folly. An action will immediately be brought for damage done to this precious property. It will even be dangerous for an old gentleman to enter the house with a cold, lest his cough should awaken *Dutch Sam*, or call in the Bow-street Officers. Any thing more disgraceful than all this management (if the papers and report have truly represented it) cannot be imagined, and as the work of sensible men desirous of success, it is scarcely to be credited.

\* This night the opposition began their disturbance sooner than usual, and continued it to the end, with little interruption from the peace-

## LYCEUM \*.

Sept. 25. Duenna.—Mayor of Garratt.

Sept.

peace-officers, or peace obtained in any other way. The Managers' allies, *the Jews*, have quitted the field by command of their two generalissimos, the heads of the two tribes, Dutch and Portuguese. It is much to their credit. *Bills*.—"Kemble *versus* Bull—*Qui tam*." "Mendoza to fight—Brandon to swear—John Bull in the right—Therefore don't care!" "In spite of thief-takers—Or magisterial power—If the people prove true,—Their prices they must lower." "By ruffian-Jews assaulted ;—By Managers scorned ;—By thief-takers ill-treated ;—But John Bull will not be subdued." "Thomas *versus* Brandon and others." "1000 guineas to Madam Catalani for six nights only. Boxes 7s. Pit 4s." "Genius of Britain espouse our cause, —Free us from Kemble and Jewish laws." "King John outlives our liking." The placard, however, which excited the greatest disturbance, was one with a coffin, inscribed, "Here lies the body of Old Prices ;" and on the reverse, "Old prices, or no play—John Bull be free." This was thrown up to the second tier, and pinned there with great exultation, which was interrupted by those *kill-joys*, called Bow-street Officers.—The principal *placardist* made a harlequin leap, with the assistance of the chandelier into the pit, and the bill maintained its station during the night.

We find it totally impossible to proceed any further this month.

\* Another and the same.—The same theatre re-opened with principally another company—that of the late Drury-lane house ; and thus it comes about. Mr. Arnold's licence to play English Operas, expired on the 19th of September ; a similar one was granted to Colonel Greville to exhibit the same amusements in the winter. Now Mr. Sheridan wished to take the Lyceum for his Drury-lane Company—Pay me *first*, says Mr. Arnold, and it's at your service.—No, replies Mr. Sheridan, that's not my way of doing business—I don't like the plan, it's excessively *inconvenient* ! Mr. Arnold would listen to no other. A meeting then took place between Colonel Greville and Mr. Arnold, when they agreed to make their summer and winter licence a joint property, and to open immediately under the management of the latter, but no assistance could be expected from the Drury-lane Company, while Mr. Sheridan chose to keep them together, and at his bidding. Here, however, Mr. Sheridan made the first advances—finding that they would be nothing but a burthen to him under his peculiar circumstances ;

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and

Sept. 26. John Bull.—Rosina.

27. Duenna.—Fortune's Frolic.

28. She Stoops to Conquer.—No Song no Supper.

Sept.

and that something might be made of them another way—for *themselves*, he brought in his forces, and left them to the management of drill-serjeant Arnold. In consequence of this arrangement, the Colonel has one-third of the profits of the ensuing season; the serjeant another third; and as to the third third, none but the ill-natured pretend to *guess* at its disposal! The following advertisement has appeared, nevertheless and notwithstanding:—

“ THEATRE-ROYAL, DRURY-LANE.

September 25, 1809.

THE new renters are respectfully informed, that their *adjourned meeting* will take place early in *October*; when, as matters of essential importance will be submitted to their consideration, a general attendance is particularly requested.

We are farther authorized to state, that the present temporary arrangement has for its object the particular advantages of the New Renters, and the means of keeping the Company together; and that the Proprietors have not reserved to themselves the smallest emolument or income, be the success of the season what it may.

CHARLES WARD, Secretary to the Board of Management.

RD. PEAKE, Treasurer.”

We shall only remark, that the Drury-lane Company do not play under their former licence \*, but under a *new* one†: this certainly excludes such of the Proprietors and Renters as might otherwise be troublesome, and interfere and spoil bargains. But what is to be said of Colonel Greville, who sinks his licence in this concern, when the Chamberlain granted it to him, to increase the number of places of public amusement? This, it must be confessed, is altogether a very shuffling business.

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\* Although the Proprietors bought the *dormant patent* from Covent-garden, they never played under it, and its purchase was, with an eye on both sides, to the *monopoly*.

† “ Under the special licence of the Lord Chamberlain, granted for the present season to the joint application of all parties principally interested.”—*principally interested!*

Mr.

- Sept. 29. John Bull\*.—Devil to Pay.  
 30. Haunted Tower.—Irishman in London.  
 Oct. 2. Jealous Wife.—Deserter.  
 3. Heir at Law.—Rosina.  
 5. Haunted Tower.—Mayor of Garratt.  
 7. West Indian.—Weathercock.  
 9. Jealous Wife.—Deserter.

Oct.

Mr. Phillips, Mr. Horn, and others of the *English Opera* establishment, are added to the old company, which has experienced some losses, such as Mr. Bannister and Braham. The pieces went off with great *éclat* on the first night, through the excellent acting of Mr. Downton in *Isaac* and *Sturgeon*, of Mr. Russell in *Sneak*, and Mr. Phillips in *Carlos*. Between the Opera and the Farce, this placard was dropt from the gallery into the pit, and there read aloud :—

"John Bull victorious—Success to the Drury-lane Company—Fair prices—Native talent—No foreign usurpers—God save the King."

\* The part of *Dennis Brulgruddery* was, on the 26th, played, with permission, by Mr. Waddy, but on this night it recovered all its beams, by the return of its original representative, Mr. Johnstone. A richer vein of characteristic humour was never witnessed on the stage. Miss Ray, in *Mary*, looked as beautiful as light, and her acting was tolerably effective. Miss Mellon played *Nell* in the farce—a clumsy rogue. Miss Kelly, whose genius rapidly develops, and who promises to be a first-rate performer in this line, should have been chosen to do that justice to the part, which Miss Mellon laboured to afford it, but puffed and blowed in vain.

Great confusion has prevailed amongst the corps behind the scenes of this theatre. "Two heads are better than one," it is said ; but three are not, it seems—viz. SHERIDAN, *Colonel* of the Somerset-house volunteers; GREVILLE, *Colonel* of Pic Nics ; and ARNOLD, *Drill-serjeant*. The reason appears to be this : the *first colonel* cannot with propriety be seen meddling in this business ; the *second colonel* cannot, through indisposition, join the regiment ; and the whole command consequently falls on the *drill-serjeant*, capable enough to order such a brigade as the *Lyceum*, with its former muster, but rather unequal to the government of the combined forces—at least, the Drury-lane heroes seem to think so, and are, therefore, themselves all commanding-officers :

*In nave persa tutti son piloti.*

We hear that Mr. Raymond is about to return to the office of stage-manager—much may be expected from his industry and talent.

Oct. 10. West Indian.—Weathercock.

11. Haunted Tower.—Mayor of Garratt.

12. Heir at Law.—Deserter.

13. Love in a Village.—Three and the Deuce.

14. Soldier's Daughter\*.—Fortune's Frolic.

Oct.

\* At the word *Edwin* every theatrical ear is pricked ; and the risible muscles will naturally bustle about and begin to prepare for their former indulgences, when we announce one of that name, of the same family, and of great reputation in comedy. Mrs. Edwin, who made her first appearance at the Lyceum this evening, is the daughter-in-law of the EDWIN : her maiden name was *Richards*, and she is now a widow. When Miss Richards, she performed on the boards of the late Covent-Garden theatre, and we believe since her marriage, for a short time, at the Little Theatre, but at both without much celebrity. Now, however, she has acquired a very large portion by her performances for many years in all the principal provincial theatres of England and Ireland. We have repeatedly been obliged to class the fame, which has forerun these country-stars, amongst the "*mendacia fama*," but in this instance it gives us pleasure to find the judgment of the provinces so good.—We always call *that a good judgment* which agrees with our own—it is a way of thinking not commonly confessed, but constantly acted upon!

Mrs. Edwin is, we should imagine, less from her looks than certain *data*, about five and thirty. She is very *petite* in her figure, but there is as much elegance in it as the small compass will admit of. Her features are regular, and her countenance illuminated by most bewitching dark eyes, exceedingly fascinating and expressive. A mistress of stage-trick and the histrionic art, she is perfectly unembarrassed, and easy in her deportment on the stage. To these qualifications, we are told that she adds great powers of discrimination, judgment, and good sense ; none of which belonging to Mr. Cherry, we are surprised at her choice of his works for the first exhibition of her talents. In a *Beatrice* or *Violante* we might have seen some of that delicate discrimination and good sense, the display of which the ingenious author of the *Widow Cherry* has rendered quite unnecessary to the character. From her style of acting, it is very evident that she is an excellent performer, but of her finer powers we could form no judgment from the present personation. The *Widow* in this play, or lady-like novel dramatized †, is a rough sort

† Amongst the blots on Mr. Cumberland's literary escutcheon, we reckon his ambition to rival Mr. Cherry in the *Sailor's Daughter*—he failed of course—so fell the Angels!

of

Oct. 16. Stranger.—Three and the Deuce.

17. Soldier's Daughter.—Fortune's Frolic.

18. Cabinet.—Honest Thieves.

of non-descript animal, and Mrs. Edwin affected (if that be the case, for we don't pretend to understand Mr. Cherry's designs) too much of the coquette, and lady of *haut ton*. Her action too is, though always considerably graceful, not always very appropriate or judicious, and she has a very graceless trick of twisting her mouth to the right, which more belongs to Mr. Munden, in *Nipperkin*, than to any lady, in any situation whatever. We must see her in better parts, to speak of her as report has spoken of her; and, as she is engaged for some years, at eighteen guineas a-week (too much) we shall not want opportunities. The peerless Miss Farren\*, (for we will call her *peer-less*, spite of all that Tom Dibdin may make of it) has long since withdrawn her rays for ever, and Mrs. Jordan, another sun, will soon probably set to rise no more. More elegant than the latter, and far less than the former, but with much of the witchery of both, Mrs. Edwin promises, from all we now see, to remain without a comic rival on the London boards.

Two other candidates for the honours of the *sack*, require a very short notice. Mr. Wrench, from Bath, made his *debut* here on the 7th inst. in *Young Belcour*, and *Tristram Fickle*. On this night he performed *Frank Heartall*, and if Frank had been a fingerer of muslins behind a counter, instead of a *British merchant*, nephew to a governor, he would have looked the character very well—his graces of person and action are nearly equal to such a standard. About the middle size, with a good-humoured, chubby, inexpressive face, short nose, and lack-lustre bottle-gooseberry-eyes, he is something between Mr. Farley and Mr. Jones—a sort of bird between an owl and a — any other you like. As the hero of genteel comedy in London, we have not met with many who boasted worse qualifications. We did not see his *Tristram*, in which, we are told; he shewed some very good ability.—Then let him leave genteel comedy to those who have any gentility.

The other *debutant* was Mr. Knight, from York. He played *Timothy Quaint* very poorly in the play, and *Robin Roughhead* very well in the farce. He is a short man, with a good face, but his dryness in *Timothy* was entirely void of humour; and having joined the Drury-lane Company, he probably thought they were still in the old theatre, for he spoke with a voice that would have delighted the last row in the one-shilling gallery of Old Drury. In the play, the upper part of his face reminded us of King, and his voice of JOHANNOT. We think him likely to be

\* Now Countess of Derby.

useful to this company in its shattered state. They can play none of the old stock pieces at present, with any credit to a Metropolitan Theatre.

Mr. Dowton is one of the very best actors on the stage. His performance of the *Governor*, however, forces us to give him a little advice, and it is—not to sacrifice so much to the galleries—the draughts of applause, which he obtains by it, make him drunk, and the brandy of Mr. Cooke is not more inimical to good acting. It was easily perceivable that Mr. Holland and Miss Boyce, in *Mr. and Mrs. Malfort*, were man and wife, for never did two people *frown* at each other more desperately. If we may venture to guess at Mr. Cherry's meaning, this hapless couple, or their faces, quite mistook the passion they were required to describe.

#### THEATRICAL CHIT-CHAT.

CATALANI was to make her first appearance in the *Castle of Andalusia*, and play *twice* a-week. Reynolds had written an Opera for her, in which she had much to sing and little to say.

Mrs. GLOVER, of the Haymarket, was in the straw on the 9th of September. To her multiplying we have no objection, but we hope she will not increase.

*Saturday, the 16th of Sept.*—The *Haymarket* closing on the 15th—*Drury-Lane* Company disembodied, and *New Covent* not opening till the 18th, made this night a singular event in the history of the drama—No ordinance, and yet no play.

On the 13th Sept. HER MAJESTY, with the PRINCESSES Elizabeth, Augusta, and Sophia, attended by the DUKES of York, Kent, and Cambridge, visited and inspected the *New Theatre* in Covent-Garden.

At the celebration of the Mayor's annual dinner, Caermarthen, Sept. 19, Mr. Cherry's proposition to build a *new theatre* there, was submitted to the company by J. Jones, Esq. Permission was given, and the subscription more than half filled on the spot.

Mr. D'Egville and his *corps de ballet* are, with Deshayes and his wife, engaged at Mr. JOHNSTONE's theatre, Dublin.

Jaques very properly reminds us of "a gross and silly falsehood," in Mr. Arnold's farewell address spoken by Mr. Raymond (see p. 190.) "He boasts of not having called in the aid of *foreign auxiliaries*—refer to the bills."

Mr. C. Kemble on the 18th Oct. was hoisted in the Stock Exchange—such is the popular infatuation.

Oct. 6.—Young Watson has engaged Catalani to sing six nights at the Birmingham theatre. She is to receive 1000*l.* The house holds about 300*l.* The newspapers inform us that "*Mrs. T. Dibdin is a favourite performer here.*" *Brummagem* has taste!

The *New Theatre* is, they say, to be turned to some other purpose. The poor of *Covent-Garden parish* insist on it, that they are more in need of a *workhouse* than a *playhouse*, and that it would make a very good one. The *methodists*, on the other hand, recommend that it be converted into a meeting, and we verily believe that if *Mr. Kemble* were to preach on the Sunday, and revive the performance of *sacred dramas* during the week, he would have no reason to complain of want of profit. There could be no sort of harm in, or possible public objection to, the conversion, regeneration, &c. of *Mrs. St. Leger, Cooke, Incledon, &c.*

The *Morning Chronicle* of the 7th Oct. submits a plan to the public, which is well worthy of consideration.

We may remark that till *Walpole's* time, and during some part of it, while it suited his purpose, any number of theatres was permitted—the greatest licentiousness in morals and politics was the consequence; when *Walpole* brought in his bill, and confined our theatres to certain patents, and the watchful eye of the master of the revels. No such vicious outrage then is now to be apprehended from an increase of theatres, seeing that the Chamberlain has not only the power of suppressing their pieces, but taking away their licence.

*Mrs. Siddons* has been playing several nights at the *Richmond Theatre*, where she made just such a division of the receipts as the lion, in the fable, did of the stag.

The *Chronicle* and other papers accuse *Mr. Kemble* of illiberality for turning away *Mr. Pope*, and filling his place for half his salary—we should surely read *prudence* for *illiberality*. *Mr. Pope* is an excellent *Henry VIII.* but “*ha! ha!*” is not worth 15*l.* a week.

*Mrs. EDWIN*, it is reported, is followed to town by a theatrical gentleman, incog. who is not a whole man without her.

We have received “*A farewell epistle to Mr. Elliston on his secession from the Drury-Lane company,*” signed *Druriensis*. It is too long for entire insertion. Extracts we can give.

“Hie thee to Croydon! There in pompous state,  
Reign uncontroul'd, and labour to be great:  
There shew to wond'ring boors thy scenic skill,  
And murder Gay and Shakspeare as you will.  
Shakspeare and Gay shall curse thy barb'rous rage,  
And mourn in silence the degraded stage:  
And Drury's Muse shall eye with just disdain,  
The man of folly, arrogant, and vain—  
Exil'd from sense, from Drury, and the town,  
Stript of the last remains of fair renown;  
Joy of the Circus, star of Croydon, go:  
Court the vile herd, the lowest of the low:  
And when the Circus rabble spit disdain,  
And sated Croydon spews thee forth again,



Then try the Scotch, the Irish, or—the French,\*  
We'll be content with Duncan and with Wrench."

Mr. Elliston has taken the Croydon theatre, and is going round the country with the Circus troop.—He now certainly comes within the vagrant act.

Mr. Taylor, the master of dancers, and Mons. Deshayes, the great toe of the Opera-House, do not seem, as Dibdin would say, *to tally*, or they rather seem *totally to disagree*. In a long letter from Dublin, Mr. Deshayes very funnily calls himself the "first *serious* dancer at the Opera," for which important service the demand was "for myself, 1400*l.* salary, and a free benefit *only*." Fourteen hundred kicks of the breech! Was there ever such an ass as Mr. Bull, or such a vagabond as this! As to Mr. Taylor, we all know that he is more N. than Ph.

Oct. 6.—This advertisement appeared in the papers. "*National Subscription Theatre*. Notice is hereby given, that application will be made in the next session of parliament for leave to bring in a bill for erecting and maintaining a theatre in the metropolis, to be called *The National Subscription Theatre*. By order of a select committee of subscribers, Henry Fry, Solicitor."

#### ASTLEY'S.

On the 4th of October, this theatre terminated its summer season. Mr. Astley, jun.'s benefit took place on the second, when he and Mrs. A. performed in the *Death of Captain Cook*, to a house, testifying by a crowded attendance their high opinion of Mr. Astley, jun.'s genius in the invention of pieces, and his diligence and taste in accommodating the public. This season Mr. A. has been unwearied in his exertions, and the success of the troops under his command, was never greater or more justly deserved. He opened the OLYMPIC PAVILION on the 9th of October.

#### VAUXHALL.

The season closed on the 11th of September. Were every summer like this last, we should say that a garden was as ill-placed in this country as a horse in Venice. The enchanting beauties of this spot have, however, frequently prevailed, and in spite of the rains, and the threats of the apothecary, numbers have attended. The season must still have been far from lucrative by comparison.

Mr. Dignum, from the orchestra, with all his characteristic elegance, took leave of the Company, trusting to meet them another year "in renewed splendour, and in *better weather*."

---

\* This *French* to rhyme with *Wrench* reminds us of the song of a witty friend, who introduces "*Mrs. Crump and I*," to symphonize with "*company*."

# THE MONTHLY MIRROR,

FOR  
NOVEMBER, 1809.

*Embellished with*

A PORTRAIT OF MR. PHILIPPS, ENGRAVED BY FREEMAN, FROM  
AN ORIGINAL PAINTING.

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1809.

TO meet the very flattering patronage of the Public with something better than empty thanks, it is proposed by the PROPRIETORS, at the commencement of the coming year, to improve the appearance of this Work by new types, and its value by an additional quantity of matter.

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## CORRESPONDENCE.

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A LADY, who is highly qualified, personally, to be a judge of charms, assures us, that we were quite mistaken in our last, respecting *Mr. Wrench*, as neither she, nor any of her female friends, can see him without exclaiming, "Oh! what a handsome creature!" *Sir Fretful* says, "The women are the best judges after all," and so doubtless says *Mr. Wrench*, and so say we—after all the other judges are dead.

*Croydon Theatre* we have been obliged to omit, on account of the room taken by the play-house riots. Several other provincial favours are also necessarily put by for the moment.

L. M. N. one of our Poets, writes thus, "Only say what sort and size you like, for I have 'em of all, from four lines to four dozen stanzas—Tragicat, Comical, Pastoral, &c." Answer—Four lines comical.

H. P. begs, if we have "made light of his works, not to be left in the dark." He shall appear soon.

*Mr. Clensell's* and *Mr. J. Dick's Letters*; *The Separation*, by N. G.; "The Tomb of Theocritus, by J. M. aged 15" C. R. on Evening; are received.

*Jun* tells us, that *say so* and *Strabo*, (p. 229.) is a lame rhyme.—We request him to look to the speaker—*The Oxford Editor!*

We by no means intended to offend *Z. Z. Q.* when we turned censors in imitation of himself. His good advice, as well as his "good wishes," will always be acceptable.

*Julia's* "Je n' sais quoi," is come to hand.

Errata.—P. 226. for "the pugilists wield," read "each pugilist wields." Henry VII. for VIII. p. 240; and at p. 243, insert after "tricks,—On thee our hopes we fix." At p. 143. for "lightly tread," read "lightly print."

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*De Wilde pinx. Freeman sculp.*

*Mr Phillips,  
of the Theatre Lyceum.*

*Published by Fennell, Hood & Sharpe, Printers, Decr. 1. 1829.*

# THE MONTHLY MIRROR,

FOR  
NOVEMBER, 1809.

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## MEMOIR OF MR. PHILIPPS, THE SINGER. (With a Portrait.)

---

MR. THOMAS PHILIPPS is a native of London, and the only son of Isaac Philipps, Esq. a gentleman of good family in Monmouthshire, who was, in the early part of his life, in the army, and afterwards held the situation in the revenue, of Surveyor of Land-Carriage Officers. He had intended his son for the army, and to use, for his promotion in it, the interest of the late Duke of Beaufort, Mr. Philipps's avowed friend and patron; however, he died before his wish could be effected, and at the time his son was at the age of about ten years. Mr. T. Philipps was then educated, at his mother's desire, for the law, but having early evinced a strong propensity for music, he was instructed in that science as an accomplishment.

At the age of seventeen, his partiality for the stage became evident, but it met the discouragement of his friends, who, however, after opposing his inclination about two years, allowed him to make the attempt, in hopes of his failure, and that he would then apply himself to study, for the profession of the law. The event proved contrary to their expectations. On the 10th of May, 1796, he made his debut at the Theatre Royal, Covent-garden, in *Philippe*, in "*The Castle of Andalusia*," for Mrs. Mountain's benefit. His reception was so brilliant and flattering, that it formed his determination of embracing the life of a public singer and professor of music. He no longer met the opposition of his friends on the subject. Although at this time possessed of much musical knowledge, and labouring to improve himself in that science, he wanted information in stage manner, and the

various requisites which only practice on the stage can give, and which are, with a London audience, indispensable for a performer in the higher cast of characters. Accordingly, after performing a few nights, at different periods subsequent to the above-mentioned, at the Haymarket and at Covent-garden, Mr. Philipps engaged as principal singer at the Theatre Royal, Norwich; which he soon after exchanged for a similar situation at Bath; in both which cities, he became so great a favourite, and made such progress in his profession, that he was offered, and accepted, an engagement at the Theatre Royal, Crow-street, Dublin, in 1801. The taste and liberality of that city declared in Mr. Philipps's favour, and decided his success in his favourite pursuit. The propriety and correctness of his conduct introduced him into the first class of society, and, united with his professional talents, occasioned his being appointed singing-master in some of the best families. He continued at the head of the opera department in Dublin, increasing in reputation and emolument, during eight years, until the period of Mr. Arnold's commencing his English Opera, when (having formerly known Mr. Philipps, a pupil of his father) he proposed an engagement to him, which was accepted, and Mr. Philipps again appeared before the London audience, in *Young Heartwell*, in Mr. Arnold's opera, "*Up all Night*."

Mr. Philipps's success in the summer at the Lyceum, produced so advantageous an offer from the Managers of the Drury-lane Company, that he relinquished his intention of returning the following winter to Dublin, and became attached to the above-mentioned establishment, in which his success has been confirmed, and he is nightly rising in the public favour. His most successful characters have been, *Carlos* in *The Duenna*, and *Orlando* in *The Cabinet*; the latter of which having been composed by Mr. Braham, expressly for his own powers, Mr. Philipps undertook very reluctantly. Mr. Braham has, much to his credit, on every occasion, forwarded Philipps's professional advancement with his warmest encomiums.

Mr. Philipps's masters were, Mr. Spofforth (from whose instruction he acknowledges to have gained much advantage) and Dr. Arnold; while at Bath he had lessons from Razzini, and in London, at different periods, from Signor Viganoni, Mr. F. Bianchi, and Mr. Kelly. During his residence in Ireland, his intimacy with Sir J. A. Stevenson, and Mr. T. Cooke, was a

source of improvement and advantage to him, he has composed several ballads with much success, and will no doubt continue to rise in improvement as well as public favour.

As an actor, Mr. Philipps has the advantage over almost every other singer on our stage. Mr. Braham is the very essence of all that is stupid and absurd, in word, look, and action, as a player; and Mr. Incledon has the grace and elegance of "*Old Towler*." Mr. Philipps, however, has faults: they are a redundancy of action, and rather too close an attachment to the Italian school as a singer; perhaps this is a fault on the right side (inasmuch as taste and science are far removed from vulgarity), but it is a fault: let him and Mr. Braham remember, that simplicity is the acmé of the singer's art, and that an English opera differs from an Italian one, as the language less admits the extension of its vowel sounds; and the filagreed work of endless divisions, however fashionable the vice, should be reformed by the example of the judicious actor, who, to play his part well, worships at the shrine of Nature, and exclaims with Ariosto—" *Natura d'ogni cosa più possente.*"

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## SKETCH OF THE LIFE

OF

JOHN SHELDON, ESQ.

(Concluded from page 198.)

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ON his return from his intended voyage to Greenland, which took place in the spring, a circumstance proper to notice, a singular event occurred in the history of a Corporate Body, and which must not be omitted in the Memoirs of Mr. Sheldon. Every biographer should minutely watch the transactions of Corporate Bodies, and this event may operate as a warning. Corporate Bodies will endeavour to accomplish what individuals will not and dare not attempt. Mr. Sheldon returned in the spring, and as the nature of his malady was exaggerated, a candidate (Mr. CAUTCHSHANK) intruded himself and canvassed the Royal Academicians for his professorship, and a vacancy was declared, but not without opposition. Mr. Sheldon's brother, Thomas, who possessed great literary talents, and strong influence with distin-



guished characters, exerted himself in the most active manner to prevent a new election. He drew up a petition, which was presented at Windsor to her Majesty, by his two sisters, and the proceedings of the Royal Academicians were stopped. In short, Mr. Sheldon appeared at Somerset-place, before the Royal Academicians, at the accustomed time for lectures, in November, and the writer of this bears testimony to the reception which unrivalled talents, and the triumph of justice, then experienced. He was received with warm applause by a great part of the Academicians, as he delivered his lecture with all his usual ability.

Hence Mr. John Sheldon having taken up his residence at Exeter, constantly came every November to lecture to the Academicians, till death, in the year 1808, put an end to his career, a career fraught and marked with those changes in fortune, which the precarious tenure of our nature sometimes exemplifies, as a lesson, in all probability, for our general good. Mr. Sheldon was buried at Coombe Rawleigh, near Exeter.

Independently of minor productions, Mr. Sheldon has left for posterity, a most valuable publication on the Lacteals and Lymphatics of the different Viscera, of which I shall give a brief sketch.

That eclipse which overshadowed the Anatomical honour of the English nation, by the public loss of Hewson, was a short time after dissipated by SHELDON. The last work of Hewson, illustrated, by figures, the lymphatic vessels of the extremities and trunk; but he had left no representation of the lacteals, nor of the lymphatics of the different viscera of the thorax or abdomen: the lymphatic vessels of the viscera, and the lacteals in the human subject, were but imperfectly known; even at the late period when we were deprived of him.

To supply this deficiency, Sheldon has not only corrected the errors of former authors, who had published conjectures on this subject, but has given also many elegant figures from nature, of those parts of the system in the human body, which had been falsely described; and where they had been recently discovered. But this service does not comprehend the whole of the value of his work; its worth is very extensive; his unreserved discovery of the art of injecting, to which the great progress of anatomical science is chiefly indebted, claims a tribute of praise for ingenuous candour, and ought, by its example, to induce anatomists

in future to publish, as he has done, whatever they know respecting anatomical investigations, and which have been derived from injections. The progress of the science has been much impeded by a mystery among anatomists, who have generally concealed the composition of their injections, and their methods of dissecting, injecting, and preparing the different parts; a mystery unworthy the character of a professor in philosophy. Mr. Sheldon was above all these little motives. This specimen plainly shewed the natural character of Sheldon; he gave, with the greatest freedom, the genuine result, of his own native studies, not impugning his predecessors, nor detracting from English, German, or Scotch anatomists. Not claiming what might be afloat in the experiments and prosecutions of other anatomists, he gave to every bird his proper feather; he commenced where others had left off; he has carried the enquiry much farther, and has reached almost that ultimate boundary, on which the mind is contented to rest.

To the genius, and to the affection of his brother, Thomas Sheldon, a greater tribute is due, than my powers can pay. Mr. Thomas Sheldon died about the year 1803; he had scarcely reached his fortieth year. He was educated at Harrow school, and he possessed talents of the highest order. He was in the possession of as much general knowledge as any one person of his day. Besides being an elegant classic scholar, he was conversant in French, Italian, Spanish, and German. He wrote shorthand of his own invention, and exercised it in taking down all Mr. Pott's Lectures. He was the idol of the genius of Percival Pott. Mr. Thomas Sheldon was also an accomplished writer of essays and poetry, but his modesty never would permit him to give his name to his productions. Many of them were published in the *Times* newspaper, in its earliest stage. But I question whether the conductor of that publication ever knew the author.

To return to Mr. John Sheldon. He had a manly person, with an intelligent and expressive countenance, equally marked by genius and benevolence. He was humane, active in every intercourse of friendship, and, though of so animated a character, mild, forbearing, and affable. His conversation was lively as well as erudite, and he had a strong sense of honour, and great ingenuity in displaying it. There was nothing like envy in his composition; on the contrary, if useful knowledge was discovered by any body, he was zealous to diffuse it, and to procure due

honour for its author. To conclude, it may be fairly said, that he had a genius which would have risen to eminence in any course to which it might have been directed.

Besides the History of the Absorbent System, here remarked, Mr. Sheldon published the following:

“ *Dissertationes Quatuor, Johannis Nathaniel Lieberkuhn, 1782.*”

“ *An Essay on the Fracture of the Patella, 1789.*”

“ *An Essay on the Iris, published at Exeter, 1794, presented to a Society there, under the title of Essays by a Society at Exeter.*”

J. F.

## REMARKS OF M. DE VALOIS.

### MONKS.

THE love of indolence, much oftener than any motives of religion, induces many young persons to enter into convents. Feeling themselves not inclined, or finding themselves not qualified for any active employment, they look upon the monastery as an asylum from the toil, the anxieties, and the misfortunes, incident to those who launch into the world, and where the wants of nature are supplied in abundance, and without trouble.

### SOLITUDE.

Few men can endure perpetual solitude. I was conversing with M. \* \* \*, a Jesuit, and an intimate friend of mine, of the strict rules of his convent, particularly in what regarded solitude. He agreed with me entirely on the sad state of retiring altogether from the world, and told me in confidence, that if not more than ten or twelve of the brothers became mad during the twelve months, it was thought a wonderfully fortunate year.

### COQUETRY.

Tacitus records a curious instance of coquetry in Poppæa, the wife of Nero. She used to cover a great part of her face, in order to raise an high idea of her beauty. “ *Velata oris parte, ne satia-ret aspectum;*” veiling part of her face, that she might not glut the eyes of the spectator with her charms.

## ENDYMION THE EXILE.

## LETTER XXII.

FROM the depth of despondency, you have raised me to the pinnacle of joy! Ambrose is again free, and Endymion is again happy. But, good Heavens, what a price for a substitute does this inexorable Conscription require! The generosity of Sir C—H— is, I own, proverbial, yet I little expected him to advance so large a sum. Behold me then once again the sportive Gossamer of Fortune, and treat, I conjure you, the reflections in my last as the reveries of a morbid imagination. Happy myself, I sought faces merry as my own, and went to the theatre to find them. I was disappointed, for the audience were in the act of taking leave of a favourite actor, who for a length of years had run a career of stage excellence, unrivalled by aught, except his private good character. Though myself a stranger to the man, and not intimately acquainted with his language, I partook of the general regret: all emotions in a crowd are sympathetic. The face, which for thirty years the public had welcomed with smiles, they were now beholding for the last time. To a man thus caressed, and thus circumstanced, retirement in the decline of life can afford few pleasures. Like a worn-out statesman, he may complain of the fatiguing huzzas of the mob, but his ears are sensible of a painful vacuity when their acclamations are heard no more. *Valeat res ludicra* is as serious a sentence as an actor can utter. And yet, Ambrose, if we consider the matter a little more closely, in what respect does it differ from a merchant leaving off business? When a man like my friend TRANSFER finally turns his back upon the *Royal Exchange*, he rather rejoices than laments. Determining to spend the remainder of his days in ease and comfort, he is astonished at the stupid indifference, with which his postilion jogs towards his earthly paradise at *Twickenham*, and if he be a man of a very active intellect, it is probably a full week before he discovers that *father Thames* is a much pleasanter fellow at the *Custom-House Quay* than at *Richmond Bridge*. Why

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should not the actor feel as much joy at his emancipation as the citizen? Why should not he exult on quitting a scene of bustle and jealous rivalry, to sojourn in a magical solitude, where he may appropriate to himself every soliloquy in SHAKESPEARE without question or controul? The performer to whom I have alluded, in the course of his speech mentioned something about gratitude. Such a word from the lips of an artist a little startled me. I take the meaning of the word *gratitude* to be a strong sense of favours conferred upon one man in preference to other competitors of equal merit. A favourite actor is not in this predicament, he is caressed, because in the opinion of his auditors, another of equal merit cannot be found. The extra-remuneration he receives being upon a par with the extra-pleasure he affords, the obligation is unquestionably mutual. In entrusting my palate to a BIRCH, my taste to a KEMBLE, my countenance to a LAWRENCE, or my cause to a GARROW, I do not even expect thanks. It is a matter of barter and exchange: reduce their merits to a common standard, and if I then persisted in preferring them to others, it would be time enough to talk of gratitude. In the world of letters, it has, on this side the channel, been for some time discovered, that a flattering dedication to Lord A. or Sir Harry B. mars the sale of the work; their approbation being in general in an inverse ratio to the merits of the book. The bookseller is here the only patron, and poor old Dedication is down among the dead men. I hope to see stage-adulation share the same fate. I have no great fancy for bows and curtsies. I hate respectful informations; and as for humble submissions, I desire none of their company. Men upon their death-beds are expected to speak the truth: why should not the actor, before he kicks away the ladder, do the same? A little wholesome truth told to the public, would certainly, in the present rage for novelty, be kindly received. Had the abdicating stage-monarch applied to me to pen his valedictory address, it should have been couched in the following terms:

“Ladies and Gentlemen!—By my own prudence and economy, aided by a casual preference on your part, I have acquired a fortune sufficient to allow me to live independent of all caprices but my own. A review of other sexagenary hermits might perhaps have told me, that occupation is the only antidote to grief, and that solitude gives a good man the hip, and a bad man the horrors. All this is very true; but that most convenient of doe-

trines, 'there is no rule without an exception,' has determined me to the step I have taken. When I first came among you, I found you a far soberer set than I leave you. My *Belcour* and *Beverly* were then walking gentlemen: they have, of late, been running footmen. I was never much of a declaimer: a man of great dramatic talents found this out. He gave me something good to do: if he had thought fit, no man was more able to give me something good to say. But you had too much good-humour to ask it, and he too much wit to throw it away unsolicited. Since that period, it is incredible to all but the frequenters of *Newmarket*, in how short a time I have travelled from O P to P S. I have hopped and I have straddled. I have capered before a mirror like the female savage at the Opera-House. I have danced in fetters, and paraded the park in a powdering gown. I have kicked cuckolds, bamboozled bailiffs, and somersetted old women, breaking the unities and China plates at a most unmerciful rate, and all because it was your sovereign will and pleasure that I should so conduct myself. If you had taken it into your heads that I should stand upon mine, I should readily have obeyed, satisfied that upon your heads, and not upon mine, would alight the imputed heaviness. In the midst of all these vagaries my mind was sober: my limbs alone were guilty, and old Time has given them a hint to discontinue their gambols. Some sour few of you may assert that I have played the fool: that I beg leave respectfully to deny—the character was performed by those who paid their cash at the door. In doing what I have done, I have felt a reasonable degree of pleasure at censure withheld, but not one spark of gratitude for favours conferred; your conduct with respect to *Master Betty* and *Miss Mudie* entirely obliterating all such transient emotions. When your even-handed justice placed me in the dramatic balance, had any foreign nightingale's tongue tickled your whimsical palates, I well know that you would have soused it into the opposite scale, and my merits would have kicked the beam, in company with *Shakspeare*, *Congreve*, and other antiquated *Quizzes*. You have lost your money, and I have found it, and right glad am I that it has so happened, otherwise I should have been obliged to protract to a more distant period, the pleasure of bidding you cheerfully farewell."

## MEMORANDA LUSITANICA,

BY JOHN ADAMSON.

No. IV.

[Continued from P. 86.]

## THE HOUSE OF BRAGANZA.

*A realm, which held its head among the nations,  
 Droops in despondence, and expects its fall.  
 The hour when nature, in convulsion, hurled  
 Our lofty domes and temples to the dust,  
 Was fraught with less calamity....*

*I see and hail a glorious beam of light,  
 Which pierces through the darkness of the cloud,  
 And gives a promise of a brighter day  
 To great Braganza's House.*

VII. DUKE JOAM was succeeded by his eldest son, Theodosius, Duke of Barcellos, who, when a youth, accompanied his cousin, Sebastian, in his unfortunate expedition into Africa, and was taken prisoner by the Moors at the battle of Alcazar. By the interposition of Philip II. he was released by Muley Hamet, King of Morocco, and returning to Portugal, was detained at San Lucar by the Duke of Medina Sidonia, who, upon receiving information of the death of Henrique, conceived it would be rendering a service to Philip to have the person of the heir of the principal pretender to the throne of Portugal in his disposal. When in this situation, this heroic prince wrote to his father, begging that his detention might not in any wise prejudice the rights of the realm, and informing him that he preferred his country's liberty to his life. This letter was produced at the Cortes assembled at Almerim, his father displaying his grief at the imprisonment of his son, and his satisfaction at his heroic magnanimity. His fears, however, were dissipated by the release of Theodosius, by the express order of Philip, who wished to conciliate by every means in his power, the Duke and the Portuguese.\*

\* Conestaggio. Vaseoncallius.

Shortly after his succession to the dukedom, Philip III. made his entry into Lisbon, and, desirous of shewing his affection for Theodosius, offered him whatever favour he should ask. "Sire," replied the duke, "the munificence of the former kings of Portugal has left nothing which I can desire; the greatest favour you can shew me, would be to extend your affection to the inhabitants of Portugal."

He married Anna de Velasco, daughter of Don Juan Fernandez de Velasco, Constable of Castile, and of the Duchess de Frias, Maria de Giron, his first wife. His issue were—Joam, the eighth duke, who succeeded to the throne of Portugal. Duarte, born on 31st March, 1605, served in the army of the Emperor of Austria, long before his brother ascended the Portuguese throne, and although that circumstance occasioned a rupture between the two courts, he still did not desert the service of the emperor, but was betrayed by a Portuguese named Francisco de Mello, at that time ambassador from Philip to the Austrian court. Mello, ungrateful to the House of Braganza, earnestly solicited the emperor to deliver up Duarte to the Spanish monarch, representing the peculiar service which the possession of his person would render to Philip, and the danger to be dreaded from his abilities in military tactics. The emperor answered with disdain to a request, which would, in the most disgraceful and ungrateful manner, sully his honour and that of the state, which owed so many obligations to Duarte. Mello, not discouraged by the answer of the emperor, used every effort to gain his purpose, and procured the assistance of the Confessor of the empress, who endeavoured to persuade the emperor, who at last yielded to their joint entreaties, and dispatched Don Luiz Gonzaga to the prince's quarters at Leipen, to summon him to Ratisbon. To account in some measure for so great a breach of honour it was reported that Duarte had fled from Leipen for some misdemeanour, and a reward of 16,000 crowns, was offered for his person, dead or alive: he escaped, however, the search of his pursuers, but on his arrival at Ratisbon he was cast into gaol, and his retinue imprisoned. Mello now solicited the emperor to deliver him over to Philip; but the emperor by a messenger assured Duarte he would not give him up to the Spaniards; his treatment in prison became, however, worse daily, and his frequent requests of an audience with the emperor, fruitless. When the news of his imprisonment reached Lisbon, instructions were sent to Don Francisco de Sousa Cou-



tinha, ambassador extraordinary to Sweden, to represent in the name of the king his master, the whole proceedings to the Diet at Ratisbon. This representation was ineffectual, and although the emperor seemed still disinclined to deliver Duarte up to the Spaniards; yet tempted by the offer of 40,000 crowns, contrary to every law national and honourable, he agreed that this innocent prince should be sent wherever Philip wished, in consequence of which he was removed to the castle of Milan, and kept close prisoner. On his entering into the Spanish territories, he was received by the Count de Sirvela, governor of the dukedom, where the convoy of the emperor had him adieu; at parting, Duarte thus addressed the Austrian commissary—"Tell your master that it causes me more sorrow to have so long served so unworthy a prince, than to see myself sold a prisoner into the hands of my enemies; but the Judge of Heaven and Earth will one day deal in the same manner to his children, who are not more privileged for being of the House of Austria, than I am, being of the blood royal of Portugal, and posterity will judge of him and me." The instructions given to the Austrian convoy by the emperor were, that in case of resistance, the death of the Infante was to take place immediately, arrived at Milan, he was placed in the common prison, having a guard lodged in his chamber, so rude as scarcely to allow him any rest; in this miserable situation he died on the 3d of September, 1649. I have related the history of this deserving, though unfortunate prince, at length, wishing in this memoir to give every information relative to this illustrious house in my power; his death greatly affected his brother, whose revenge was only prevented by the insecurity of the tenure by which he held his crown, and the continual inroads of his troublesome neighbours. Theodosius had also by his duchess, Alexander, born April 6, 1607, died May 31, 1637; and Catharine, born 1606, who died an infant.

VIII. Joam succeeded to the dukedom of Braganza, on the demise of Theodosius. The reign of Philip II. and III. had experienced little molestation from the Portuguese, these monarchs having policy and foresight enough to endeavour by every possible means, to conciliate their new subjects; whereas Philip IV. committed the kingdom to the tyranny of Count Olivarez. The Abbé Vertot, in his history of the revolution, which this occasioned, has, with most elegant brevity, summed up the particulars. I shall endeavour by a slight sketch to point out the

reasons and methods which eventually placed the duke upon the throne. The rigorous measures prescribed by Olivarez, in the governments of Catalonia and Portugal, were extremely oppressive; both nations were tender of their privileges, the Catalonians first threw off the yoke, and placed themselves under the protection of France. The Portuguese were encouraged by this display of magnanimity in their neighbours, especially as their own sufferings demanded immediate redress. By the second article sworn to by Philip II. on his accession, the viceroy or governor of Portugal was to be either son, brother, uncle, or nephew to the King of Spain; instead of which, the infanta, Margarita di Mantua, was appointed governess. This, together with a grievous tax imposed in 1636, so incensed the Portuguese as to occasion a revolt, which required all the skill of the governess to overcome. To prevent a like occurrence, Olivarez began to endeavour to gain possession of the Duke of Braganza, and withdraw him from Portugal. This prince, allied to most of the monarchs of Europe, was beheld by the subjects of Portugal, as the lawful heir to their crown, and was treated even by the Spanish monarchs with more respect and ceremony than any other of the grandees, and received by them as a sovereign prince. The first measure, employed by Olivarez, was to offer him the government of Milan, a place of great trust and honour, which he modestly refused, alledging as a reason his unwillingness to leave Portugal; the reason assigned by Joam increased the anxiety of Philip and Olivarez; an edict was published proclaiming the king's intention of going in person to subdue the revolting Catalonians, and requiring all the nobility to be in readiness in four months to attend him. The Duke of Braganza, suspicious of some design against his person, retired to Villa-Viciosa, sending an excuse to Olivarez, that the state of his affairs was so low, as to preclude his attendance on his majesty with the pomp suitable to his rank. This answer of the duke confounded Olivarez, yet this subtle courtier continued his plans to entrap him; Olivarez's letter in answer to Joam informed him, that his answer had given perfect satisfaction to his majesty, who with himself commiserated his small income; at the same time, enclosing him an appointment of commandant of the militia, and a present of 60,000 crowns, with a request that he should reside in the neighbourhood of Lisbon where his choice should incline him. This confidence placed in the duke, amazed the politicians of the king-

doms particularly the Princess of Mantua, who repeatedly solicited the king to guard against the opportunity, which was now given the Duke of Braganza to revolt; these representations were of no effect, and their surprise was still further excited by an order, by which the Spanish garrisons in the forts, which commanded the city, were withdrawn, and the castle put into the hands of Joam. After so much confidence having been placed in the duke, Olivarez thought he had some claims upon him, and therefore in 1640, he by letters solicited him to leave Portugal, and set out for Madrid, assuring him how much his majesty was pleased with his able conduct as general, and stating that his presence, attended by his vassals, would encourage others to give that assistance, which his majesty, from the weak state of his kingdom, required. Although this pretence was planned with great ingenuity, it failed in its effect; the fears of Joam were alive for his safety, and he beheld the fair promises, held out by Olivarez, as but gilded allurements to entice him to his destruction: to prevent suspicion he sent his majesty a quota of his tenantry, but excused himself attending, and retired again to Villa-Viciosa. Olivarez thus again disappointed, had at last recourse to treachery to secure, if possible, the person of Joam. Orders were sent to Don Lopez d' Ossis, and Don Antonio d' Oquendo, that after they had relieved Flanders with men and money, they should put into Lisbon with their whole fleet, that the duke should then be seized, and conveyed by them to Cadiz. This plan was frustrated by the Spanish fleet being attacked and routed by the Dutch.

[To be concluded in another number.]

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### MISS EDGEWORTH.

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THIS lively and entertaining writer ought to be reminded that whatever is printed as quotation, should be cited in the words of the original. In the first volume of her *Tales of Fashionable Life*, we find—"Not to know *him* argues *yourself* unknown," p. 170. "*We* never mention hell to ears polite," p. 173. In the second volume, p. 159—"How can you mothers vex your *infants* so?"

A delicate lady would hardly have dived into Pope's *Alley* for a motto.

Infantumque animæ fientes in limine primo —  
would have been prettier by far.

In the third volume we find, p. 268,—“ The creature's at her dirty work again.” *Arbitratrix elegantiarum* is not a quotation, and *Candelabras* is neither Latin nor English. In vol. i. p. 174, the following sentence occurs: “ In certain political as well as in certain geometrical lines, there is a continual effort to approach, without a possibility of meeting.” The lines here alluded to, can be no other than two parallel lines, and in these the effort to meet remains to be discovered.” The authoress may have read the loves of the Triangles where such efforts are whimsically described, but the loves of the Parallels are hitherto unsung.

AMICUS.

## NOTES ON ATHENÆUS.

BY GRÆCULUS.

No. XXV.

“ *The wit and genius of those old Heathens beguiled me, and as I despaired of raising myself up to their standard upon fair ground, I thought the only chance I had of looking over their heads, was to get upon their shoulders.*”

PURSUING the course through the xith book, I perceive that the Athenians, the most polished people of their time, like the most unpolished in ours, constantly regaled themselves with eating and drinking, during the exhibition of their spectacles. E. p. 464.

A. p. 466, for *μή ἀμφότεροι* read *μὲν α.* In the next line *διδόν*, for *διδω*. The third—*οἱ καὶ οἱ πατρὶς ἀνείη φιλοτητι δασαίτο* is mended by Casaubon; but try it thus—*οἱ καὶ οἱ ἱερὶαν ἐν φ. δασαίντο*. In the 4th, between *δασ* insert *ειν*.

In B. for *παύξεν* read *παύξενον*. See Pindar, Ol. iii. 30. In F. for *τοὺς Σάλυρας* read *τινας Σ*. Athenæus here treats of *πότηρια γραμμαλῖνα*, *lettered cups*—they were either stamped or engraved, Weston\*

\* Fragments of Oriental Literature.

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thinks, with great probability, that the ancients understood printing, from the specimens to be found in every museum of Roman antiquities ; in some of which we see two or three lines of names in letters raised from the surface, and retrograde for the purpose of marking pigs and poultry ;

*Aut pecori signum, aut numeros impressit acervis."*

Virg. Geo. I. v. 263.

That the art of printing, when discovered by the Romans, should fall into disuse, might have arisen from an idea with them, as with the Turks, that it would ruin the *transcribers*.

The invention of glass seems to have shared a similar fate. According to Pliny and Petronius, Tiberius thought the ductility of glass, or whatever the discovery was, of so much consequence to the real or imaginary value of gold and silver, that he considered the suppression both of it and its author, as absolutely necessary to the salvation of the precious metals.

At p. 465, C. we learn how highly gold and silver cups were prized. They had also earthen cups, and indeed cups of every sort, size, and quality, if we except those peculiar to the *Hall of Odin*, and the warriors of the East.

"Our drink is the blood of our enemies, and our cups the bowls of their wooden skulls." Weston's translation of certain *Verses of Ali, son of Abi Taleb*. Nothing could warrant the use of such a cup, but the beverage.

Nov. 4.

## BAD TASTE.

THERE are two fashions in the practice of the fair sex of the present day, which meet with my disapprobation. The cropping of their hair, and the exposure of their bosom. EVE, even in Paradise, did neither—

—"half her swelling breast  
Naked met his under the flowing gold  
Of her loose tresses hid."

P. L. b. iv.

MILTON describes our first mother with long hair, and the father of mankind with it short curling in his neck. By this *Ricciardetto* and *Bradamante*, brother and sister, are in *ARIOSTO*, alone distinguished—

*questo crin raccorcio, e sparto,  
Ch' io porto come gli altri uomini fanno ;  
Ed il suo lungo, &c.*

Orl. Fur. cant. 25. st. 23.

It is perhaps too much to believe that MILTON copied from the Italian poet,\* a distinction so pointed out by custom and the graces of beauty. It can never be violated without injury.—To crop a woman's hair is indeed to leave her "*shorn of her beams.*"

Now, though I am a very great *bosom-friend*, I am by no means friendly to its public exhibition. "The chariest maid is prodigal enough, if she unmask *those beauties* to the moon." *Shakspeare.*

*Quanto si mostra men, tanto è più bella.*

*Il Goffredo di Tasso, l. 16.*

Fair nymph, would'st thou with muslin hide that charm,  
'Twould more *thine own*, 'twould more *our bosoms warm* !

My LORD BACON says, "that learned men forgotten in states, and not living in the eyes of men, are like the images of *Cassius* and *Brutus*, in the funeral of *Junia*; of which not being represented, as many others were, *TACITUS* saith, *Eo ipso præfulgebant, quod non visabantur*;" which words I will thus translate, with a relation to the subject in hand—*These beauties advance by retreating, and are the more seen because they are concealed.* \* \*.

\* In his own person, it is true, he erred against the rule as it applies to the male; for, having fine hair, he wore it long, and so merited the compliment paid by St. Gregory at Rome, to some beautiful youths from this country—"Angli!" said he, "nay, rather *Angeli.*" Now, though few men would, by these means, excite the same admiration, women, with better hopes, ought never to neglect the trial.

## MAGNA CHARTA.

"Nor could our Legislature do their country a more seasonable office than to look into the distresses of an unhappy people, who groan perhaps in as much misery under entangled, as they could do under broken, laws; nor could there be a reward high enough assigned for a great genius, if such may be found, who has capacity sufficient to glance through the false colours that are put upon us, and propose to the English world a method of making justice flow in an uninterrupted stream."

SIR RICHARD STEELE.

**N**ULLI VENDEMUS, NULLI NEGABIMUS, AUT DIFFEREMUS RECTUM VEL JUSTITIAM. We will not *sell*—we will not *deny* or *delay* justice to any one. Such are the emphatic words of the 29th chapter of *Magna Charta*, the foundation of English liberty—and certainly this country does not *literally and directly*, labour under any of these grievances. It is admitted that the stream of justice flows free and unsullied by the breath of calumny.—A Judge would consider himself as much dishonoured by the suspicion of being actuated by any undue influence, as an officer would by being kicked at the head of his regiment—in truth, there is such a regular course of gradual appeal from the lowest magistrate to the highest, and the proceedings of every court are so public, that any bias towards corruption or partiality *must* be followed by detection and disgrace.—Still the increase of stamps, enormous fees, and ill habits in practice, have done the work of corruption, and introduced all its mischiefs—so that *in effect* justice is sold,\* delayed, and denied.

\* Debts from one to fifty pounds, according to present practice, are not worth contending for, where defendants are sufficiently rich to dispute them. In a case, not many years old, where the only question was whether defendant should pay thirty-six shillings or two guineas, defendant paid the thirty-six shillings into court; and plaintiff insisting on the other six shillings, the cause was tried, the defendant prevailed, and plaintiff paid seventy-two pounds for defendant's costs, and one hundred and thirty-six pounds for his own, in all two hundred and ten pounds.

The variance and contradictions of later statutes, backed by modern practice, have rendered this imputation too just. We read of laws that were publicly exhibited on a column above the reach of the eye-sight; but ours, which are put into every man's hand, and which profess to be intelligible to all, are as much above the level of common comprehension—frequently above that of the best lawyers to reconcile. The Profession may be inimical to more simplicity, but justice certainly is not; “ideoque *illam implicare non oportet*,” as Seneca says of *Truth*.\* “Each law,” observes the late Empress of Russia,† “ought to be written in so clear a style as to be perfectly intelligible to every one.” The knowledge of the Law is so far from being a mysterious craft, that we find it has been frequently made a part of infant education, and is so at this day in the northern parts of America. There would perhaps be no impropriety in a minister reading some portion of it to his congregation every Sunday. The reading of the laws is of high authority, and the usage is not unknown in this country. *Magna Charta* was formerly appointed to be read four times a year in full county assembly, and twice a year in full congregation of the people in their several parish-churches.

The enormous bulk of our statutes, and the daily increase of penal laws, affect not only offenders, but the whole community—it is not in the power of man to live in Great Britain, without incurring the penalty of some law either *civil* or *ecclesiastical*, were all the laws now unrepealed to be put in execution. The sums misapplied in printing the voluminous lumber of former parliaments would have been well bestowed in rewarding men of ability, employed in collecting and revising the ancient laws and statutes, in purging them of their temporary provisions, correcting their obsolete forms, accommodating their spirit and rigour to the circumstances of the present times, regulating their order, and reducing them to system and consistency. \* \*

\* Veritatis simplex oratio est. Epist. 50, lib. vi.

† Instructions for a Digest of the Laws of Russia.



## ON HOAXING.

"Troubled, bamboozled, and bit." GAY.

WITHIN these twenty or thirty years, that species of deceit, which has been practised from time immemorial, on the *first day of April*, and which SWIFT mentions under the name of a *bite*, has obtained the appellation of a *hoax*. They are very much mistaken, who imagine there is either wit, humour, or even fun, in making another believe a dry assertion, which, by the common courtesy of the world, every man is bound to believe, but which the assertor alone knows to be false: if the believer is a fool, which he by no means is *quoad hoc*, the assertor is a liar. The good sense of the present age is pretty well convinced of this; and the "custom" of making *April-fools* is now-a-days "more honoured in the breach than in the observance." To the practice of *April-fool* making, however, has succeeded a more enlarged system of deceit, in the performance of which, where the deceived suffer no real injury, and where their *miseries* are only such as Mr. BESFORD for the most part describes, there is always some fun, and room for a portion of wit and humour; and this has lately been practised to such an extent, that it has been thought worthy of a distinctive appellation, and is now called a *hoax*, very much at the service of any idle man, whose talents and reputation have no higher ambition—who wishes for notoriety, and thinks with the Nabob, "to be known, you must be malicious." The word we believe to have been first authorized by one of the comedies of Mr. REYNOLDS.

The *hoax*, or *compound fool-making*, is no less treasonable against good manners, and destructive of all confidence between man and man, than the simple *April-fool* making; but the former may be palliated by its innocence, and rendered palatable by its drollery. We should laugh very heartily at the *hoax* of that wag, who had been sent to dine with a niggard, that never gave an entertainment in his life, the whole circle of his acquaintance, male and female, each armed with a special invitation, and each coming from too great a distance to be sent back with an empty stomach—*Mem.* no inn in the neighbourhood, but a well-provided butcher's shop close by. That was a pardonable *hoax* too, which was played upon some dozen schoolmasters, a

short time ago, provided it was done, as we believe it was, in one of the vacations, when time is of little consequence to the school-master, and when he is for the most part in town. They each received a letter, directing them to call at the same coffee-house, at the same hour, for the purpose of taking the charge of a new pupil. They all attended punctually at the hour, and after waiting with due jealousy of each other for some time, communicated their letters "*each to other*," and enjoyed the joke as heartily as the *hoaxers* themselves, who were doubtless in the coffee-room. Mirth has often been extracted too from the fictitious congregation of physicians, and others who can afford to lose their time; but the grand *hoax* which was played on Monday the 30th day of October last, although it was not laid in train without humour, and although it went off with the most laughable effect, was by far too expensive to tradesmen and other persons, who could ill afford to contribute their industry to the amusement of the idle, to enable us to speak of it in any other terms than those of decided censure. The *hoax* was played upon *Mr. Griffith*, an apothecary in *Bedford-Street, Covent Garden*, or rather his house was made the *rendez-vous* of the very many persons whom this *hoax*, *hoaxed*. But what was the cause of *Mr. Griffith's* being singled out for the pivot of so much fun? Why, *Mr. GRIFFITH* had once had the ill-fortune to give one of the *hoaxers* a medicine, which did not do him any good! There is nothing like justice, and punishment proportioned to the offence! "God d—n you," said one friend to another, furiously kicking him over head and heels, as he was stooping to tie his shoe; "God d—n you, you are always tying your shoe."

On the occasion of the present *hoax*, there were on the Saturday preceding no less than two hundred letters put into the post, directing tradesmen and others to send or come to *Mr. Griffith's*, all at *two o' clock precisely*, in the afternoon of Monday. On the same Saturday evening, and during the whole of Sunday, many of these letter-receivers called to enquire into the subject of *Mr. Griffith's* correspondence. A short answer was given them; for *Mr. Griffith*, as the poet we reviewed in our last number says, "*in choice Italian*,"

"Was out, not in town, was in the country;" and so he had been for a considerable time before. The servants were therefore prepared for the "flux of company," who as punctually as the clock struck *two* on Monday, did themselves the honour

of calling in consequence of Mr. Griffith's kind order, or polite note. It were impossible to recount the business of every body, who knocked at his door, or crowded his shop "on Monday at two o'clock." Here, was the tallow-chandler's man with eight dozen pound of moulds, and six of kitchen, "for Mr. Griffith," and the bearer was ordered to wait with the bill in compliance with the maxim in that gentleman's letter, "pay as you go." There, came a waggon-load of coals "for Mr. Griffith." "Where will your honour please to have 'em shot?" The waggon could not drive close up to the house, for the stoppage of three carts, one containing a mangle from OXENHAM'S in Oxford-Street, "for Mr. Griffith," and the other two filled with purbeck stones to weigh-ten it. While the servants were assuring the guardians of all this property of the *house*, in comes M. DEGEX of the *Prince of Wales's Coffee-House*, "by desire of Mr. Griffith," to take an order for a large dinner "on Thursday next." The maid-servant seemed in some measure to enjoy the joke, but the shopman undetermined as to sorrow or anger, passed his time in crying and swearing alternately. "Oh, sir, there's no dinner wanted here: it's all a trick." M. Degex was the better reconciled to his disappointment, "since," he said, "if the note had required the dinner on the Monday instead of the Thursday, he should inevitably have made provisions in the morning, of which he could not otherwise have disposed." He had scarcely finished speaking, when Mr. PIDCOCK from Exeter Change produced his credentials, in the shape of a letter "from Mr. Griffith," desiring him to call and treat for the purchase of a young cub tiger, which Mr. Griffith was willing to let him have at an easy rate, as it was very troublesome. Mr. Pidcock affected the utmost carelessness at his disappointment, and shewed, indeed, a blameable indifference about his calling; "he was coming that way," he said, "so that it was no trouble to him." By this time a patent coffin was at the door, to receive "the body of the late Mr. Griffith," and at the same juncture came two men from different fashionable tailors, the one to measure Mr. Griffith, for a dress to go to court to receive the honours of knighthood, and the other to make him a splendid dress to open the ball at the Mansion-House on the Lord Mayor's day. The undertaker mourned to hear of the anti-funereal measures which the tailors were about to take; but he recovered his spirits when he saw a rough shell driven up to the door in a hearse. He now saw a

concatenation between this circumstance and the order for his patent coffin; but alas! the contents of the shell *turned out* to be the body of an unowned drowned man, of whom it had been advertised in the newspapers, that his linen was marked "W. S." "It is my nephew, William Sutherland," wrote Mr. Griffith, "bring his body at *two o'clock precisely*, on Monday, to his disconsolate uncle, T. GRIFFITH." While all this was going forward, the street was completely blocked up by post-chaises, which had been ordered over-night to take "Mr. Griffith to Hounslow." Each of these was attended by the ostler with "plenty of cord, as Mr. Griffith's luggage was considerable." It were endless to describe the various pretences which had now crowded Mr. Griffith's shop with gentlemen, and mobbed his door with tradesmen. An army-agent called to meet a *colonel* at Mr. Griffith's "on particular business;" another came many miles in a chaise to receive a legacy of seven hundred pounds; a third called in consequence of a challenge he had received from the old gentleman; a fourth came seven miles that morning to make his old friend's will; and many called to hear *of something to their advantage*. At the house-door applied milliners' girls "desired to call for parcels," servants of all kinds for all kinds of places, tradesmen with fish, confectionery, butcher's meat, ices and soups from BIRCH'S in Cornhill, wine, beer, grocery, &c. &c. &c.; and Mr. Wigley, of the Spring-Gardens, with a *rocking horse* for Master Griffiths. An expensive looking-glass, which the tradesman had risen at four o'clock that morning, to pack up, was carefully brought from a great distance by hired looking-glass porters, who refused to do any thing with it, but "leave it at Mr. Griffith's, 'greeable to their orders." Many of the *hoaxed* went away vexed, and many stayed to enjoy the pleasure of seeing others *hoaxed* too. The mob kenn'd every "good easy" porter with his load, the moment he turned the corner of the street; they knew which would be the place of his destination, and hailed his approach, always suffering him to pass through their files, and—*rap!* at the door. Then they all shouted with laughter; and the poor maidservant, who was never suffered to quit her *door-post* the whole time, immediately appeared, and told her old story. The two-penny-post man had covered the counter with letters of excuse for not attending at the appointed time, and promising to come as soon as possible next day.

This was the trade till half past four o'clock, when Mr. Griffith came home, and was received by the populace with a laughing welcome. "*Tell me the joke,*" said he, "*and I will laugh too.*" His shopman, who had before declared, that if Mr. Griffith had witnessed that day it would have been the death of him, and that even he himself doubted whether he should ever live to tell him the story, now summoned up all his spirits, and instructed Mr. Griffith in the nature of the *hoax*, and its progress. The old gentleman did not laugh, however, although he had the pleasure of many of the guests we have described, and saw company till dark.—The idle authors of this *hoax* were for once in their lives industrious; they answered every advertisement in the newspaper; did any want to borrow money, Mr. Griffith had it to lend, "*call at two o'clock precisely;*" had any one money to lend, Mr. Griffith wanted to borrow, "*call at two o'clock precisely;*" did this servant want a place, Mr. Griffith wanted a servant, "*be sure you come at two o'clock precisely;*" did this place want a servant, Mr. Griffith's servant wanted a place, and was to be seen "*at two o'clock precisely.*" Fate seemed to patronize the *hoax*; for one tradesman had the ill luck to let a tray of cheesecakes fall on the heads of his brethren, who, hungry with waiting, quickly "*gobbled them up;*" and the *rocking-horse*, just as it was riding away on the man's shoulder, ran restive, and thrust its head or heels through a pane of glass, which the *ridee* having no money to pay for, the chattel was necessarily left in pawn till the next morning.

If such *hoaxes* as this were practised every day, there would be no such thing as common confidence in man; and every house would write up, like every turnpike-gate, "*No trust.*" Written orders upon tradesmen, and indeed all invitations by letter, would never receive the slightest attention; and the world would return to the same state, in which the invention of letters found it. The authors of the Griffith *hoax* have no doubt often reaped the benefit of that confidence, of which they have now taken the advantage, and thankfully profited by that diffusion of literature, which they have now abused. *Macbeth* says of his wife, that "*she should have died hereafter:*" these *hoaxers* should have lived heretofore; and *Babel* seems to have offered the properest place for their reception.

Nov. 3, 1809.

†††.

*Head Quarters, Nov. 9.*—We add this *dose* on the authority of Mr. Griffith himself, whom the writer of this article met in a mixed company this day. If it should be found witty; it must be in consequence of its having been promulgated at dinner; and, when the wine's in, the *wit's out*.—Besides the application of Mr. Pidcock, Mr. Brookes of the Haymarket sent a letter to Mr. Griffith from Tunbridge to apologize for his non-attendance in Bedford-street on Monday, but promising to call and treat about "*that lion of his*," the first moment of his arrival in town. But "*the cream of the joke*," as Mr. Griffith tells it, happened at eight o'clock in the evening, just as he had got rid of all his visitors, and had sitten down to tea after his journey. "My upper servant, BARBARA," says Mr. Griffith, "whom I brought with me from the country, and who has been an old servant in the family—

'My mother had a maid called Barbara,'

had nearly fainted at the mob, which was about my door, when we arrived, and had gone to bed to recover herself; and my servant JANE came up to inform me there was a person at the door about one of *my letters*. I ordered him up, and he entered bowing and apologizing for the non-completion of '*the thirteen blue devils*;' but the '*dresses of harlequin and punch, for the jubilee masquerade*,' he added, '*would not fail me*.' I stared, and the man went on: '*I see you don't chuse to mention these things to your servant, sir, and I commend your discretion*. I called on Sunday, sir, *in consequence* of your letter, to ask your servant, you having given me no idea what sized man you were, whether her master was short or tall, thin or fat. She did not understand me, and I did not press my enquiry. I also sent here at two o'clock to-day, sir, *agreeable* to your message, but my man found such a mob at the door he could not get up, and came back to tell me, sir. '*That's the thing*,' said I, '*there's something theatrical going forward: go on with the blue devils, my men; and go on with the blue devils, they did, sir; but thirteen to the dozen is so hard upon us, that I am afraid we shall not be able to complete them by Wednesday*.' "*My friend*," said Mr. Griffith, "I can do very well without them, for, to tell you the truth, I have had too many to-day already. and wish to be troubled with no more!"

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 REVIEW OF LITERATURE.
 

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*Shall we for ever make NEW BOOKS, as apothecaries make new mixtures, by pouring only out of one vessel into another? Are we to be for ever twisting and untwisting the same rope? for ever in the same track---for ever at the same pace?*

Tristram Shandy.

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*Poems. By Sir John Carr. 8vo. pp. 228. London. Mathews and Leigh. 1809.*

If the author of "*My Pocket Book*" had published this mass of dulness "under the name of [Sir John] Carr," instead of the little book with which the Knight quarrelled, the laws of the republic of literature, would have given him good right of action. From the following paragraph of his preface to the present fifteen sheets of good paper, spoiled by the impression of random types, and prettily boarded with coloured wrappers, the contents bearing as much proportionate value to the continent, as the freedom of the city of London, does to the gold box, in which it is sometimes presented, we learn, that

"These verses lay no pretensions to the *depth* and *solidity* of the *effusions* of the Muse in her *elevated* flights; they are the few *wild notes* of the *simple shepherd*, and do not even affect to imitate the rich cadence of the scientific musician."

"The simple shepherd! Sir John Carr, shepherd! "Wild notes! A mere Shakspeare!

"Mark the humility of shepherd" Carr!

In the very next paragraph, however, we have—

"If the author might, without the imputation of vanity, select for them a place in the Temple of Poetry, he would endeavour to class them in that niche, which is appropriated for the reception of the light and playful *vers de Société*."

"*Vers de société!*" Sir John Carr, knight! But how's this? Knight and shepherd too! gentle and simple! "Wild notes" and *Société!*" No, that will never do, thought we, as we read this passage: the verses cannot be cultivated and uncultivated too; they cannot be both wood-notes and parlour-notes. Be this as it

might, the next paragraph of the preface promising that they had at least "brevity" to recommend them, we knew by experience that we had no reason to be alarmed at Sir John Carr's *brief*, and therefore, without objecting to the Knight-shepherd that the "very head and front" of a *vers de société* "had this extent, no more," that it was to be confined to MS. and the hands of friends, we determined to read our way through his whole volume. "Courage!" said we, as we turned the leaves, "there seems to be a great deal of *fat*, as the trade call it, in the book; but, as another Sir John says, 'if to be fat be to be hated, then Pharaoh's lean kine are to be loved;' and who knows but that this book may be like those meats, whose lean is better flavoured in proportion to the quantity of fat by which they are encased?"

Well! (as those lady-novelists who write in letters resume) we have read Sir John Carr's poems; they are almost all occasioned by some such incidents as "a lady's presenting the author an Irish pebble," (p. 157). "Delia's wearing a muslin veil," (p. 64), or "timidity frequently agitating a lady when pressed to gratify her friends by her musical talents," (p. 39); and we cannot help thinking how much all these parties will have to answer for, at the judgment-day of literature, for giving occasion to such afflicting *jeux-d'esprit* as the pen of Sir John Carr pours forth. The author's deceased "brother, W. T. P. Carr, Esq." will have to do penance for six pages of "elevated effusion:" "an *auricula belonging to* ——" has doubtless long since withered at six stanzas which have been written at it; "Lady Warren's" affliction at "the departure of Sir John Borlase Warren, K. B. to take the command of a squadron," could not have been mitigated by the thoughts that she was guilty of having occasioned the "lines" which Sir John Carr addresses to her; "Miss ——" has reason to curse the day when the Knight-shepherd sent her "a rose and a lily;" "Anacreon Moore" should have looked to see whether Sir John Carr was at his elbow or not, before he said "he disliked singing to men;" if "Miss ——" will give the Knight "watch-strings," she must take the consequences; "Miss C. M." is greatly to be pitied that she could not wear "a diamond cross on her bosom" in peace; "a very amiable and generous friend" of the author "munificently presents Miss E. S. with a donation of 15,000*l.*" the author should not discourage his friend's generosity by "moralizing the spectacle" in rhyme. But the time would fail us to tell how "an idiotic youth" had the misfortune to be



"caressing a broom in a cottage by the sea-side, in which the author had taken shelter during a violent storm," or to pity "*Mis — —*" for "sending the author a laurel-leaf," and "Lieutenant J—— who was killed by a pistol shot, accidentally discharged by his friend, Captain B——;" the lines "occasioned by" this incident, conclude with the following conceit—

"And Pity, who stood trembling near,  
Knew not for which to shed,  
So claim'd by both, her saddest tear—  
The living or the dead!"

Now, we can prevent the hesitation of Pity, in a moment, and bid her tear to flow away, for Capt. B——. He *lived* to read these verses.

Sir John Carr's volume contains about fifty other "*wild notes of the simple shepherd*,"\* upon similar "light and playful occa-

\* We are frequently tempted to exclaim with *Sneer*, "*Haven't I heard that line before?*" but here the Knight shews his *modesty and taste*, ex. gr.

"Say, Delia, why in muslin shade,  
Ah! why dost thou conceal those eyes,  
Such little stars were never made,  
I'm sure, to shine thro' misty skies." P. 64.

"Those little hands were never made  
To tear each other's eyes." Watts.

"Oh time, thy merits who can know,  
Thy real nature who discover,  
The absent lover calls thee slow—  
'Too rapid,' says the happy lover." P. 68.

"What bard, O time, discover,  
With wings first made thee move?  
Ah! sure it was some lover, &c." Sheridan.

"So if Pomona's golden fruit descend,  
Shook by some breeze\* into the lake below,  
Quick will the dimple which it forms extend,  
Till all around the *joyous* circles flow." P. 107.

"Self-love but serves the virtuous mind to wake  
As the smooth pebble stirs the peaceful lake,

\* N. B. What the nightman calls *breeze*, is what a Dutchman plumps into the lakes.

sions. Really it must be a serious misfortune to be one of Sir John Carr's friends; you are never free from having verses made upon you; and to ask him a question is to be as surely guilty of

The centre mov'd, a circle straight proceeds,  
Another still, and still another spreads." Pope.

"As what a Dutchman plumps into the lakes,  
One circle first, and then another makes." Ibid. Dunciad.

"But yet if here my warm fraternal love  
May claim alliance with the realms above;  
If kindred nature with perpetual bloom,  
Transplanted springs, and lives beyond the tomb;  
Thy pitying soul shall smile upon my grief,  
Shall feel a pang that wishes not relief;  
In visions still shall shield me as I go;  
Along this gloomy wilderness of woe,  
Shall still regard me with peculiar pride,  
On earth my brother, and in heaven my guide." P. 9.

"O thou with whom my soul was wont to share,  
From reason's dawn each pleasure and each care;  
With whom, alas! I fondly hop'd to know  
The humble walks of happiness below;  
If thy blest spirit still unites above,  
An angel's pity with a brother's love;  
Still o'er my mind exert thy mild controul,  
Correct my views and elevate my soul." Rogers.

"Then quick from the door let the lion be torn,  
And an angel expand *her*\* white wings in his place." P. 177.

"Madam! you ask what marks for beauty pass,  
Require them rather from your looking-glass." P. 185.

"Would you but see a perfect ass,  
Behold him in this looking-glass." Every Country Inn.

"These bays be there, and tho' not form'd to shine,  
Clear as thy colour, faultless as thy line." P. 220.

"O lasting as those colours may they shine,  
Clear as thy stroke, yet faultless as thy line." Pope.

"And ruthless winds thro' clefted temples roar." P. 222.

"The hollow winds thro' naked temples roar." Pope.

\* There are no female angels, except on earth, and they have no wings.

being the occasion of a poetical answer, as to ask a man for his money on Finchley common, is to be guilty of putting him in "bodily fear." How could that "*lady*" at p. 194, "*ask the author, what childhood resembled?*" "She deserves—no, the crime carries the punishment along with it." Did she mean to quiz the Knight though? as much as to say—"speak ye who best can tell:" he tells us that "many of his verses were written in the gay and happy era of boyhood;" but he does not particularize which, and we cannot discover. After the present volume, Sir John Carr's friends will doubtless, the women send him no more little presents, and ask him no more questions, the men say nothing to him on which he can versify, and all let him know of no deaths, and conspire to lock up pen, ink, and paper, wherever he comes. For our parts, we not a little congratulate ourselves that we are neither "numbered 'mongst his list of friends" at present, nor are ever likely to be so—

"*Lips that I never kiss'd, and never shall.*" PETER PINDAR.

*Il Poeta di Teatro, Romanzo Poetico in sesta rima, del Dr. Filippo Pananti da Mugello. 2 Vol. Dulau. 1809. (Continued from P. 216.)*

THE translation will be free, not for the sake of being loose, but to be brief.

A Venetian, who had never been out of Venice, where they journey by water in *gondolas*, and never see a horse, one day made an excursion, and mounted a nag. Finding him plunge and prance about, he got off, saying, the weather's very *tempestuous to day*, I can't go.

Baron Tott observes that the Turks, before they give themselves up to the pleasures of the table, take a quantity of opium; for, to enjoy oneself, they say, it is necessary first to forget.

The builders of the new bridge in Paris observed, as they were going to dinner one day, a man observing it very attentively. One supposing he knew something about the matter, intreated him to communicate his opinion, but, said the architect, we are just about to dine; if you will do us the honour to partake of our fare, after dinner we shall have more time to converse. The stranger ate as much as four, and drank in proportion. The meal over, they all repaired to the bridge, each anxiously waiting to hear the stranger's sentiments. Being pressed, he said—It strikes me that you have acted with great judgment, in making the bridge across, for if you had made it long-ways, you would never have got to the end of it.

*Ho qualcosa in mano*, i. e. a reason. A handsome widow following her husband to the grave, affected great grief, exclaiming, *How very hard it is!*—She had a piece of marble in her hand. P. 295.

Di Giovanni, whom the learned Censor in the *Examiner* justly styles a miserable pretender as a singer, was in love with a peasant's daughter. While singing to her one day, with the design of softening her heart, she burst into tears. Why these tears? said he. I cannot help it, exclaimed the girl, you do so remind me of my poor ass that died t'other day! P. 296.

BONVUTI is a good Italian master, and has even paid his addresses to the Muses, but it was love without return. P. 296.

The pompous *Pananti* tells us in the same page, that it is necessary to know the Italian language to do justice to Italian airs, and that Italian masters are in music, what geometry is in the school of Pythagoras!

A fresh-coloured robust youth begged charity of a lady, and asked her for a *piastre*. The lady, for his impudence in asking for so much, refused to give him any thing. The youth sighing deeply, withdrew, saying, Ah, madam, you will be the cause of sad disgrace! Reflecting a little, she called him back, gave him the money, and then begged to know what he meant by those words. Madam, he replied, if you had not given me that *piastre*, I should have been compelled to work, than which I know no greater disgrace that could have happened to me. P. 299.

What is gravely observed continually in London, would, he says, kill the good people of Italy with laughter, viz.—Large printed bills, announcing, for instance, to the nobility, the benefit of Catalani, who will sing *Son Regina*, &c. stuck on the back of a dead sheep at a butcher's. P. 300.

We have now a long list of living bards of English growth—a whole galaxy of poetical fires all enlivened and made bright by the puff of praise. By way of climax, he finishes off with FITZGERALD and PYE! "*E infine Piè, il poeta laureato della corte, che ogni anno, ricomparisce con nuove bellezze.*" In fine, *PIÈ*, the poet-laureat of the court, who re-appears every year with new beauties! *SHERIDAN* is called a great poet, and the author of *Pisarro*! and for his great dramatic powers has been compared to—guess—*DRYDEN*! *COLMAN* is mentioned, and enough is thought to be said of him, when he is styled the author of the *Mountaineers*

—in the principal character of which, it is added, the sublime actor, KEMBLE, is perhaps greater, and shines more, than in any other. HOBSON's detestable translation of Juvenal is called *una bella traduzione*. Bloomfield's poems are genteel, and *Il CRABBE* (as it commonly happens) *fruitful*, p. 301.

A certain Bragadoccio fired a gun, and exclaimed, I have killed him! But, says his friend, I don't see any body. *Brag.* replied—Because I have reduced him to dust! This story is told by way of illustrating an attack made by Mr. D' Egville on a copier at the Opera House, p. 305.

*Alla mia moglie cinque mila lire.* Five thousand pounds to my wife, is the never-ending song of Catalani's husband—which reminds us of the story of the Swiss toper, who had but twenty-pence. He began twelve for wine, three for bread, four for soup, and seven for meat. But that was too much—he began again, and again, always starting with *twelve for wine*. Such is *Il Valabrega d' Avignone*, who will never abate a single sous of the shamefully extravagant demand of his wife, or rather his own; p. 306. Here then is the secret of Catalani's absence from the Opera-House.

*Subito almen celo potreste.* One asked a favour of a prince, which was refused. The petitioner throwing himself at the prince's feet, thanked him. You are mistaken, said the latter, I give you nothing. I thank you, he replied, for having said *no*, and not making me lose any time in dancing attendance. P. 312.

A countryman riding on a cart met, in a narrow road, Catalani's husband, and Di Giovanni, who said in a gross manner, Go first, you brute! The countryman replied—No, go you two first—I shan't put the cart before the *beasts*! P. 315.

A schoolmaster called a lazy scholar, who was in bed. The boy exclaimed—"I am a poltroon unworthy of beholding the light!" So saying, he lay down, and went to sleep again. Another was told to get up, for the sun had long risen—he replied, "If the sun chuses to get up before it's day, what's that to me!" P. 316.

Lord Shaftesbury tells us of a deaf man, who used always to attend the courts of justice. Being asked what he could know of their transactions, he replied—"I observe who enters in the greatest rage, and appears most agitated, and I decide that he is in the wrong." P. 327.

(To be concluded next Month.)

## THE BRITISH STAGE.

Τὰ ἀμφὶ τῇ θεατρῷ, καὶ τοῖς τοῖστοις χηρείσι.

Marc. Antonin. lib. vi. § xlv.

*Nil novum, nisi quod non semel spectasse sufficiat.*

De Circensibus Plin. l. x. ep. 6.

## THEATRICALS.

IF the proprietors and managers of Covent-Garden Theatre would condescend to order "*All in the Wrong*," with a prologue and epilogue written for the occasion, it would be doing justice to *all sides*. For I think it is difficult, except on the great scale of politics,—where not unfrequently the principal governments of Europe, and such as those are of Asia, make a similar exhibition,—to find an instance where *all sides* have been more strikingly and more perseveringly in the *wrong*, from beginning to end:—I beg pardon—from beginning hitherto—for the end, where, or what it will be, I do not undertake to answer. On one side, *prices* raised, which I believe the great loss by the *destruction* of the theatre, and nearly *all its property*, had made really necessary: and raised with an evident attention to that part of the house, to which the continuance of the *old prices* seemed to be most important, by exempting the galleries: but raised without those precautions of courtesy and prudence which the occasion so naturally suggested; where if the public mind were not, as *handsomely* as possible, previously put in possession of the full grounds upon which a rise was found necessary, it was very certain there would not be wanting those who would take full advantage of the omission.

And then when a disturbance is raised, how is it met? By a chaotic mixture of all the most incongruous modes of encountering it. By *boxers* and constables: arguments to the courtesy and generosity of the audience, and arguments upon their *backs* and

shoulders and heads. Peace-warrants and *peace-breaking* at the same moment; in the same hands, speeches meant to pacify the hooters and hissers, and holding of them to high bail: the laws of the land, and the law of the *Bear-Garden*.

And all this, on one side, for the *liberty* of a *British audience*, to *approve* or *disapprove actors* and *their performances*; and on the other, for the *rights* and *property* and *legal interests* of the *proprietors* and *managers*. I am at a distance from this disgraceful scene: I am glad that I am so. But take it from what I see in print, and otherwise hear of it, I think that part of a British audience, which wishes for the quiet enjoyment of the high and rational pleasure which a theatre can give, (and I hope it is the better part in numbers as it seems to be in sentiment) is deprived of *their right*; the very right for which any theatre exists; the proprietors and managers are deprived of the right of making *contracts* with performers, or of the profit which should accompany them *when made*; deprived of the right of *adapting prices* of *admission* to circumstances, however extraordinary, and however *distressing*; and the country is deprived of the right of seeing the *laws*, and *decency* and *justice*, respected as they ought to be, both in our serious concerns and our amusements. And though it be a difference, in the *price* of an *amusement* on one side, it is a most *serious concern* indeed on the other.

Such being *one part* of the picture, is there any consolation in the *counterpart*? Those who are at the head of theatrical arrangements, great *actors*, and persons *habituated* to the *drama*, might be presumed to have a *knowledge* of mankind; of their feelings, their prejudices, their passions; of the conduct adapted to the occasion: and to be firm, cool, dignified, consistent, accordingly; above all, to give no occasion for imputing to themselves similar indiscretion and excess, similar breaches of public peace and good order, to that of which they complain. But has this most reasonable expectation in any degree been verified?

Still one should expect that *female performers* of the most distinguished excellence, would at least not be persecuted with low and miserable jokes, after having been deprived of the right and benefit of giving a refined and high gratification to a *British theatre*, in one of the first cities of the world; the metropolis of *England*. Of *Madame CATALANI* the late Mr. HOLCROFT spoke in the highest terms. He was familiar with the best musical per-

performances, and his judgment was severe. I have never had the pleasure of hearing her, and I fear now, that I never shall; but what I hear of her, now that she is at Birmingham, gives me a most interesting and vivid idea of her excellence as a *vocal* performer, as an *actress* and as a *woman*; the sweetness and grace of whose deportment and manners ought to disarm every hostile disposition. Yet she was driven ~~unheard~~ from the *new theatre*, at *Covent-Garden*; and perhaps it was necessary that she should be unheard, or ~~success~~ might have been impossible.

We are, as a people, in a most critical and awful situation. Our whole conduct should now, more than ever, be great, just, honourable, and decorous. ATHENS, at the eve of her fall, preferred the securing of admission of the theatre, (for which there was an appropriate sum) to the safety of the state in its greatest exigencies. We seem to go even beyond this. There is no appropriate sum. There are terms of admission, *variable* as elsewhere; and yet there seem to be those who regard a manifestly unjust conquest in favour of the *old prices*, as that which above all things ought *now* to occupy the attention, and concentrate the efforts of the *metropolis* of the *British empire*.

I am yours, &c.

Troston, near Bury, Suffolk.

C. L.

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### SAMUEL FOOTE VERSUS THEODORE HOOK.

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WE understand the ghost of SAMUEL FOOTE has commenced an action of *trover* against THEODORE HOOK, for converting to his own use, the following dialogue in the first act of the *Commissary*.

*Sir Walter.* (After telling *Bushin*, as *Boots* that he is drunk.) Why don't you buy yourself cloathes—you are in rags.

*Busk.* Ise out at the elbows sare enough, and yet I *pays* as much for cloathes as a great many fine folks do—but I can't buy any, for my honour hinders me.

*Sir W.* Your honour!

*Busk.* Yes, for when a gentleman like your worship, says, *Jemmy*, there's a shilling to drink—it wouldn't be like an honourable man to go and spend it for any thing else.

*Killing no Murder.*



*Mrs. Mecklin.* And are you not ashamed, you sot, to be eternally guzzling! You had better buy you some cloaths.

*Coachman.* No, mistress, my honour won't let me do that.

*Mrs. M.* Your honour! and pray how does that hinder you?

*Coachman.* Why, when a good gentlewoman like you cries— Here, coachman, here's something to drink—

*Mrs. M.* Well.

*Coachman.* Would it be honour in me to lay it out in anything else!  
*Commissary.*

### CALIBAN.

THE character of *Caliban*, in Shakspeare, is exquisitely drawn; for, though it be shocking to nature, yet one conceives it possible such a monster of brutality may exist, considering his supposed descent. *Caliban*, by metathesis, is *Canibal*.

ANON.

### ASTRINGER.

IN *All's well that Ends well*, act 5, sc. 1. we have "Enter a gentle ASTRINGER." "A gentle *Astringer*," says Steevens, "is a gentleman falconer. I learn from Blount's *Ancient Tenures*, that a gosshawk is in our records termed by several names, *Ostercum*, *Asturcum*, &c. and all," he continues, "from the French *Austour*." *Asturco* in T. *Petron. Arbit. Satyr*, p. 318, is a little horse, poney, or palfrey. See Pliny, *Nat. Hist.* 8, 42. • •

## ORIGINAL POETRY.

## HORACE IN LONDON.

## BOOK I. ODE VIII.

## TO ROWLAND HILL.

*Lydia dic per omnes, &c.*

By those locks so lank and sable,  
Which adown thy shoulders hang ;  
By thy phiz right lamentable,  
And thy humming nasal twang :

ROWLAND HILL, thou queer fanatic,  
Tell me why thy love and grace  
Thus invade my servant's attic,  
To unfit him for his place.

For the *new light* ever pining,  
*Thomas* groans and *hums* and *ha's*,  
But, alas ! the light is shining,  
Only through his lanthorn jaws.

May-pole pranks, and fiddle-scrapers,  
In his eye-sight change their hue,  
Sable *Athanasian* vapours  
Cloud his brain with *devils blue*.

From his fellows far asunder,  
*Tom* enjoys his morning stave :  
*Works* are but a Heathen blunder,  
*Faith* alone has power to save.

From young *Hal* the tavern-waiter,  
Oft the boxing prize he'd carry ;  
Now, the pious gladiator  
Only wrestles with *old Harry*.

Potent once at quoits and cricket,  
 Head erect and heart elate;  
 Now, alas ! he heeds no wicket,  
 Save *John Bunyan's* wicket-gate.

As some clown, to shun the battle,  
 Maims himself and courts disease,  
 So by *Watts's* tittle-tattle,  
*Tom* expects to live at ease.

But if such his pious rage is,  
 Let it be its own reward—  
 I'll no longer pay his wages,  
*Me* he serves not, but the Lord!  
 H:

## BOOK I. ODE II.

TO H—— R——, ESQ.

*Equum memento rebus in arduis, &c*

WHEN Fortane, fickle jade's unkind,  
 Preserve the philosophic mind  
 Which dignifies its bearer,  
 And when the goddess opes her hand,  
 Receive her purse, but scorn the hand  
 That blinds its subject wearer.

Whether condemn'd by fate's decrees,  
 To toil in town, and learn like me  
 Economy from Rumford;  
 Or bless'd in all that you desire,  
 Living, as now, a jovial squire  
 In luxury and comfort :

In Windsor's green romantic glades,  
 "The monarch's and the Muses" shades,

By silver Thames reclining ;  
 Unfetter'd now your mind may soar  
 On Aganippe's hallow'd shore,  
 The Muses' wreath entwining.

Quaff, while you may, your choicest wine,  
 Let beauty and the Muse combine,  
 To crown your classic leisure ;  
 Snatch what the fickle fates supply,  
 Enjoy the roses ere they die,  
 And give a loose to pleasure.

Death pays no deference to name,  
 Peasant or prince 'tis all the same,  
 Unsparing king of Terror,  
 His warrant cannot be delay'd,  
 Nor his proceedings quash'd or stay'd  
 By any writ of error.

Your heir perchance, when you're remov'd,  
 Improving on what you improv'd,  
 To give his taste expansion,  
 May fell your groves, implant the lawn,  
 And with a newer grace adorn  
 Your metamorphos'd mansion.

Fell Cerberus his victim snaps—  
 Life is a stage laid out in traps,  
 A pantomimic vision ;  
 Some live to see the curtain drop,  
 And down some prematurely pop  
 Like Banquo's apparition.

H.

## ANACREON IN BOW-STREET.\*

## ODE I.

Οὐλὸν λῆγαν Ἀττιδαίος.

As rapt I sweep my golden lyre,  
 To Love I cry, "My notes inspire,  
 My brain with fancies cram!"  
 But *Thespian wars* fill all my strain,  
 TOM HARRIS junior, hapless swain!  
 JOHN KEMBLE and DUTCH SAM.

Then if I to the Stage belong,  
 O let me sing the charms of song,  
 Of BILLINGTON and BRAHAM!  
 In vain!—again my wishes fail,  
 I sing of nought but *heavy bail*,  
 Of TOWNSEND and of GRAHAM.

The soul of harmony is dead,  
 And vilest discord reigns instead,  
 With rioting and battles—  
 To shrieking owls are turn'd my doves,  
 To O. P.† men the little Loves,  
 My lyre to horns and rattles!

\* I am a rival of "*Horace in London*," but upon such terms as can by no means give offence. I think, and I say of him, what my *Lord Chesterfield* perhaps thought, and certainly said, of *Pope*: "I will venture this piece of *classical blasphemy*, which is, that, however *he* may be supposed to be obliged to *Horace*, *Horace* is more obliged to him." I think, and I say the same of myself! and I have no doubt but *Merr. J.* and *H.* will allow me to be a *tolerable judge*!

† "*OPES strepitumque.*" Hor. Od. lib. iii. 29.

## IMPROMPTU

BY MRS. POWELL, THE ACTRESS,

ON READING IN A SUNDAY PAPER, THAT 'SHE KEPT HER CARRIAGE.'

No doubt you have heard—(folks will ever be talking)  
That I, Mrs. P. am not fond of street-walking;  
And think it a sin, though my legs are not small,  
They e'er should be troubled to foot it at all;  
So have put your wise heads and your purses together,  
To buy me a coach to keep out wind and weather.  
From me, then, the best thanks are surely your due,  
Who ne'er should have kept one, I vow, but for you.  
Still, as coaches are mostly set up for a show,  
Why *invisible* mine is, I pray let me know—  
For though I have sought for't by day-light and taper,  
I ne'er got a sight on't, except in your paper—  
But as all my good friends still swear that they saw it,  
I beg you will send me two *horses* to draw it!

JANE POWELL.

## IMPROMPTU ON A FRIEND.

Our poor friend Jack is now no more,  
You say his fate I must deplore;  
Of such a man what can be said?  
Jack was living, Jack is dead.

H. W. QUIZ.

## ON THE NIGHTLY UPROAR

AT  
COVENT-GARDEN.

Our writers dramatic must welcome of course,  
This downfall of sense and ascendancy of sound;  
Where pantomime gains an accession of force,  
And long-sinking dialogue's finally drown'd.

Let them join the loud dunces in Boxes and Pit,  
Of clamour and nonsense the instruments willing;  
Who care not a shilling for genius or wit,  
And whose own is confin'd to their care of a *shilling*;

And yet these curmudgeons, who willingly waste  
Half a guinea, (the *Opéra*'s worth it no doubt!)  
Must be wanting in thrift, or deficient in taste,  
Must be asses *with* ears, or be spendthrifts without.

*Half a guinea* for singers and shallow-pate scrapers,  
Whose resin, ~~not reason~~, provides them with meals!  
Or a *Pirouette* puppet's *ad libitum* capers,  
Whose toe's in his head, and his head in his heels!!

Ye critics, who jingle your bells at your ease,  
And flourish on foolscap appropriate wit,  
Put *both* round your noddles instead of O. P.'s,  
And seem to the Stage what ye act in the Pit.

So I shall no more in astonishment gaze,  
So ye will no longer the reason dissemble,  
Why guineas are thrown to *Da Ponte*\* and *Des Hayes*,  
And shillings regretted to *Shakspeare* and *Kemble*.

H.

\* The Opera-house poet.

## MEMORANDA DRAMATICA.

## NEW THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN.

Our last concluded abruptly, leaving out what follows, and belongs to the written account of this theatre, on the 16th of October.

Some of the heroes appeared in the boxes with O. P. (Old Prices) cut out of pasteboard, and stuck in their hats. The following hand-bill was distributed:

Last Night of Performance at the New Prices.

NEW THEATRE, COVENT-GARDEN.

This Evening will be presented, for the last time, an Operatic Farce, in One Act, called,

IMPOSITION.

Avarice, Mr. Kemble! Pride, Mr. Kemble!! Affectation, Mr. Kemble!!! Insolence, Mr. Kemble (being his last appearance before the Public)!!!! Fool Hardy, Mr. Harris; Noodle, Doodle, &c. the Proprietors: Oath-taker, Jemmy Box-Office: Informers, Long Gibbons, Count Snip, of Castle-street, the Blind Boy, the Battersea-fields Baron, &c. &c.: New Price, as Old Prices, (with the song of "Many a true word spoken in jest"), Bully Raymond.

*Between the Scenes, Sleight of Hand, and Legadama Tricks, by the Proprietors.*

After which, as an Interlude,

RAISING THE WIND; otherwise, RAISING THE DEVIL, or DIDDLE DIDDLE.

Including the hilking scene between Diddler and Sam.

Diddler, Mr. Kemble.—"You haven't got such a thing as eighteenpence about you, have you?"

Sam, John Bull.—"Yes, and I mean to keep it about me, do you see!"

In the course of the Interlude, Mr. Kemble will recite, as on a former equally suitable occasion, when it was received with unbounded approbation and applause, by a highly gratified Audience, his celebrated Address of

"WHAT DO YOU WANT?"

Immediately following the Interlude, will be presented, for the Benefit of the Proprietors, the last Scene of the Farce of

THE CONFEDERATES.

Being a Capital Deception by the following inimitable Performers, hired for the occasion:—Le Chevalier ap Rice; Le Sieur Thomaso Le



Flame; Gallows Black Jack, of the Old Bailey; M. Witless, from Threadneedle-street; and Mynheer Phariase Ankerstill, the well-known public Subscription actor.

•• The former Scenes of the Confederates are acted, in conjunction with the Proprietors in private, behind the Curtain, for the benefit of the Public.

Afterwards will be performed, for the last time, the first act of a grand unfinished Tragic Ballet of Action, called,

JOHN OX;

Or, the Cruel Attempt to despoil John Bull of his noble Parts.

The whole being arranged under the management of Mr. Jew Kemble.

The representation will take place in the audience part of the house, the following most numerous Corps de Ballet being distributed in the Boxes, Pit, and Galleries, for that purpose:—

*First Drover*—Daniel Mendoza, at the head of one hundred and fifty fighting Jews, and hired Bruisers, as Constables.

*Second Drover*—Bill Soames, with his Gang of House-breakers, and Pickpockets, as Keepers of the Peace.

*Third Drover*—The fighting Waterman, leading a band of Desperadoes and Ruffians, in the dresses of Bow-street officers.

*Grand Mob of Drovers*—By all the Thieves, Bullies, and Blackguards of the Metropolis, that can be prevailed on, by the "Managers' Orders," to perform.

*Slaughtermen*—Parson Ayres, Mr. Ede, Mr. M'Barney, &c.

*Head Slaughterman*—Mr. Grayham, burnt out from the Theatre-Royal, Drury-Lane.

The Proprietors after various unsuccessful attempts, not having it in their power to conclude the above striking representation, agreeable to their wishes, it will be withdrawn, and this night will be presented, the celebrated *One Act Piece*, (revived expressly for the occasion) of

*A Long Pull, a Strong Pull, and a Pull altogether,*

As introductory to an entirely new National Drama, called,

THE SEQUEL;

Or, John Bull Victorious:

In which the Part of John Bull will be performed (after an Absence of several Years) by the Public.

Boxes, 7s. Pit, 4s. Gal. 2s. Upper Gal. 1s.

During a cry of "*manager! manager!*" a person in the uniform of a midshipman, addressed the house with a vast deal of nautical-technical jargon, which the audience had the extraordinary goodness to applaud—"the less his desert, the more merit in their bounty," and on this principle their merit was excessive.

Oct. 17. Road to Ruin.—Peeping Tom.\*

18. Wild Oats.—Lock and Key.†

Oct.

\* The title of the play seems very significant of the fate of this unfortunate theatre. It has now been *one month* in the road to ruin. Mr. Harris, senr. is virtually defunct, and it is a blessing for him that he is bed-ridden, and void of sensibility; for the contemplation of this revelation would most assuredly have broken his heart. His son, who has now the property, says, as we hear, that he much repents of the rise in the prices, and wishes it had never taken place. For all this mischief he may, as we believe, thank Mr. Sheridan, who likes to try dangers in the persons of his friends. Mr. Kemble, who has been the mouth-piece, and through that more hardly dealt with, and thought of, than he deserves, has professed his readiness to sell his share in the concern, for the amount of the purchase. This proves something in favour of the necessity of the rise; but if this were admitted, we could wish that they would find their advantage from the *private boxes*, in economy throughout the establishment.

At half-price, the amusement of all the former nights was renewed. Though the spirit was comparatively dormant in the theatre till this period, it was not dead, for every passage in the play that could be construed to bear on the subject of complaint, was received with shouts, viz.—*Old Dornton* chides his son for being the dupe of "*Jews and swindlers*," and *Silky* says, "*one third of the principal is a very fair profit*." If it be true, as they say, that the riotous opposition is a party, and does not appear till half-price, the public voice was here heard very plainly. The placards were abundant, but without wit and in the usual strain: "*Turn out the Jews*."—"Do not let the police intimidate you, for your cause is good." "*This house to let—Old Prices, no hirelings, &c.*" One represented the head of a man looking through a pair of spectacles, the eye-holes of which were the letters O. P.—great applause attended their exhibition.

The young *midshipman* who spoke last night, made a second attempt on this occasion, which led to Bow-street, and the discovery that he was *James Duffield*, assistant to *Kirk and Co. druggists*, in *Bishopsgate-street*—that was wormwood!

† The *eighteenth of October*, being dedicated to *St. Luke*, was characteristically commemorated by his devotees in the *New Theatre Royal, Covent-Garden*! At the usual hour the fit returned, and continued, with very few lucid intervals, to the end. *Bills*:

"The drama's laws are now abus'd,

And Kemble's desperate band

Of hired ruffians, ragged Jews,

With him go hand in hand."

"The

Oct. 19. Merchant of Venice.—Who wins ?\*

20. Duenna.—All the World's a Stage.†

Oct.

"*The third floor of this house to be let, with other conveniences.*" "*Of old, the laws committed vagrants; now, vagrants commit the laws.*" A lofty gentleman in the pit, addressed the house, "*Gentlemen, I shall be short,*" and though like a tall bully he lifted his head, he did not lie, for he sat down immediately. The populace in the street constantly assemble about the private or intriguing boxes, as they call them, and with that sort of discourse peculiar to the place where they sell the best fish, and speak the plainest English, sorely annoy the gentry during their ingress and egress: This outcry against immorality, from fellows who would profane a church, is in the highest spirit of burlesque—"Pis impudence that teacheth modesty." Dryden.

\* The rebellion is still rife. We can guess no reason for the toleration of such riotous proceedings in a metropolis so civilized as ours, but that the Government rejoice in any doings, however dangerous, that tend to divert the public mind from the disastrous issue of their ill-advised expeditions to the West and the North.

Placards.

"Cooke deserves our pity,  
Kemble our contempt."

A gibbet, with a figure in black hanging on it, and under it the inscription, "For extortion."

"Rooms to let, with every convenience; inquire at the Key, in Chandos-street."

"The Kembles may bless,  
We damn—The British Press."

"This theatre and furniture to let, as Harris, Kemble and Co. intend to resign."

The system of lodging informations, and holding poor devils to bail, still continues. We say *poor devils*, for one who was well-informed, and instead of fearing their prosecution, threatened to prosecute the managers, was discharged, and returned to the theatre to take up his him where he had left it off—we allude to the case of *Mr. Thomas*, an attorney, as stated in the papers.

† *Ditto repeated* at the usual hour. We shall of course be excused now, and on former occasions, for not giving obscene placards or reporting addresses of that description to the *private boxes*. The rest is faithful. A caricature head of *Mr. Kemble* as large as life, with a melancholy phiz, was exhibited with this inscription—"Pity my aitches," and another, with this couplet—

"No

"No wonder John Kemble should cease to be civil,  
Set a beggar on horseback, he'll ride to the devil."

A play-bill.

"Messrs. Harris, Kemble, and Brandon, muffled in sables, will chaunt, as a solemn dirge,

'To think on one's follies is sometimes but right,  
And reflection is good, though there's nothing got by't.'

Mr. Harris, having come to town expressly for the occasion, will afterwards step forward, and sing, to mournful music,

'There's nothing but money can cure me,  
And rid me of all my pain.'

Mr. Kemble will then sing, accompanied by a general crash of instruments,

'The' hurricanes rise, and rise every wind,  
They'll ne'er make a tempest like that in my mind.'

Mr. Brandon will rush forward, and, dropping on his knees, will sing or say, accompanied by rough music,

'Guardian angels now protect me.'

Mr. Townsend, running passionately on, in character, will sing a bravura,

'Pho! Pox on this nonsense, I prithee give o'er.'

And afterwards whisper aloud to 'the office,'

'D—n my eyes, ready, by G-d, it's all up.'

To conclude with the new National Drama,

JOHN BULL VICTORIOUS.

The Part of John Bull will be repeated, (after an absence of several years)

BY THE PUBLIC.

Boxes, 7s. Pit, 4s. Gal. 2s. Upper Gal. 1s.

To-morrow Evening, (by general desire)

EMPTY BENCHES, with A HOUSE TO BE SOLD.

Placards—

'When John Bull is impos'd on,  
Threats can't make him dissemble,  
He has conquered even Dons,  
And so he will John Kemble.'

'If Captain Bull continues his nightly cruise, he will regain his old prices, and capture that *private tier*.'

'O. P. and P. S.—Old Prices and Public Support.'

'Beware of mock charity on the 25th instant.'

We

Q Q—VOL. VI.\*

Oct. 21. Othello.—Is he a Prince?\*

23. Woodman.—Oscar and Malvina.†

Oct.

\* We shall now keep a *log-book*.—Wind in the same quarter, and very foul. Mutiny aboard, viz.

“Nought, my lads, shall make us tremble,

No—not the hired host, and Kemble.”

“The ensuing Grand Jubilee will be celebrated by a Grand Victory over the New Prices.—Boxes, 6s. Pit, 3s. 6d.

A parody on Shakspeare.—

“Farewell to all John Kemble’s greatness;

Had he been as zealous to please the public as to fill his purse,

The public would never have served him thus.”

And a piece of pasteboard, on one side written—“*What do you want?*” on the other—“*Old Prices.*”

*Observations.*—We have hinted at Mr. Kemble’s willingness to sell his commission for what it cost him, and we are now very sorry to add, that if he succeeds in that, it is his declared intention to quit the service for ever.

† The mutiny still prevails. Signals hoisted.

“Lads in the pit,

Will it be fit

To let our King’s

Be King John’s Jubilee?

Be Britons on the 25th,

And rally on the 26th!

Huzza! huzza!”

\* Mendoza to fight—

Brandon to swear—

John Bull in the right,

Therefore don’t fear.”

“What do you want?

Old Prices:

You must pay the new;

I’m d——d if I do.”

“No *Crim. Con.* boxes.”

“Only six per Cent.—A lie! a gross lie!”

“Old prices or no play.”

“Beware of hired prize-fighters.”

Several

## Oct. 24. Iron Chest.—Oscar and Malvina.\*

Several skirmishes aboard. *God save the King, and Rule Britannia*, were at last sung by the mutineers. After which they gave three cheers for *John Bull*, and three groans for the captain, John Kemble.

\* At the foot of the advertisement, this day; the following address was given:

"The proprietors of the new Theatre Royal, CoventG-arden, beg leave, again, most respectfully to address themselves to the public, by whose judgment, they are sensible, they ought in every thing within their power to be guided. They presume to think, that the present regulation of the prices of admission, will, on due consideration, be found to be supported by every argument of reason and justice; and are happy to see that it meets with the approval of a very large majority of the community. The proprietors are not aiming at wealth and exorbitant gain, they are merely labouring for a fair subsistence. It has been authoritatively and satisfactorily proved, after the fullest, and most impartial investigation, that the adoption of the former prices would subject them to a certain loss of three quarters per cent. per annum, on their capital. But, some persons have said, that this evil might be obviated by a system of stricter economy: If the proprietors, in the erection of the new theatre, have erred on the side of expence, it has been, first—from an honest desire to consult the accommodation, and insure the safety, of all who resort to it; and secondly (as the public had a right to expect they should), to collect such performers, and display such scenery, dresses, decorations, &c. as might best contribute to render the exhibitions of the Drama worthy of a critical and enlightened people. Under what heads can a severer economy be introduced? The actors and actresses cannot be expected to give their labours for a smaller compensation than they received in the old theatre, or than they can receive in theatres out of London, and the proprietors have not hitherto been able to undertake to afford them a greater; nor does the prospect of such an advance form an item of their calculated future expenditure. In the scenery, dresses, decorations, lighting, &c., of which every article is daily increasing in price, all reduction of expence is evidently impracticable. The undisguised truth is, that, even at the present prices, the necessity the proprietors are under of providing every thing new, for almost every representation, will, with the closest economy, for some years materially reduce, if not totally absorb their profits.

"The proprietors hope, they shall not be thought intrusive for again appealing to the reason and justice of the frequenters of the theatre, to

Q Q 2

save

save all who are concerned in it from utter ruin. They trust, that they shall not be disappointed in their confident reliance on this occasion, on the liberality, wisdom, and justice of a great and generous nation; and they are persuaded, that, as unfortunately it is not at their choice to alter the present terms of admission, which are as moderate as they could make them, they shall be allowed, by their uninterrupted exertions, to endeavour at the only return they can offer for the patronage and favour they request, while they have the honour of evincing, by increasing efforts; their unabated zeal for the improvement of the amusements of the public."

All these *well deserved* compliments—"A critical and enlightened public"—"the liberality, wisdom, and justice, of a great and generous nation," had no effect on John Bull—being merely due to his merit, as he has been so frequently told, he thought nothing of it, and began his row again precisely at half-price. Only two interruptions of a moment's duration took place previously—an apple thrown at Mrs. Liston, and "no, no," exclaimed with a laugh, when Mr. C. Kemble, in *Wilford*, said, "This is no house for me!" Placards—"King John shall yield to John Bull." A large caricature face of Mr. Kemble, the muscles contracted with rage, and underneath written—"May I beg leave to ask what it is you want?"

On the *new address* we shall make a single remark. In *scenery, dresses, decorations, &c.* and in the *salaries of actors*, it is stated, that "all reduction of expence is evidently impracticable." The evidence does not reach us. Those dramas, that merit any expenditure to do them justice, require little or none—it is only nonsense and mummery that need this splendid pageantry, which, with the dulness it recommends, is a disgrace to a regular theatre—especially the only one in which our *Shakspeare* can now be said to live and breathe again. As to the performers, we would have them convened, and thus addressed by the manager. He may call them, "*Ladies and Gentlemen*," or distinguish them "after what flourish his nature will," but this is what he should add:—"You have heard the riot of the people, you have read the report of the *committee*, and you see the distress of the concern. [*Aquiescent nods.*] In future we shall waste no more good claret on worthless carp, that is, dress no more fools in birth-day suits, by which I mean to say, get up no more pageants. [*Smiles of approbation.*] Further it is our fixed resolve to lower *gradatim* all your salaries. [*Murmurs, loud and general—manager stares.*] Indeed, you surprise me—I could not, under all the melancholy circumstances of the case, the three R's before you, the riot, the report, and our ruin, have expected this from the *liberality, wisdom, and justice, of a great, generous, and enlightened green-room!* [*Heavy murmurs.*]

murs.] Well, as you do not choose to listen to the reason of the thing, and make a merit of a necessity, you must be content to feel the compulsion of it. We shall soon find means to make each of you say with *Walford*, "*This is no house for me!*" Whither then will you go? There is no abiding for you in London, for we have the monopoly of theatres, and the managers are agreed upon the point of lowering the scale of salaries, and not more from a prudential motive, as it respects our interest, than from a just one, as it relates to your merits. [*They purse up their mouths, and look with an unwillingly consenting countenance at each other.*] You may say that the "*theatres out of London*" are ready to receive you at your present salaries—Try them. By your looks I see you have, and know how long it will last. Why, no longer. *Mr. or Mrs. Daggerwood, from the Theatres Royal, Covent-Garden, or Drury-Lane*, you, who have received from six to twenty pounds a week here, would not in the country get from twenty shillings to six pounds. [*A long and gloomy pause.*] Come, come! this is well—I take your silence for consent, and it is what I looked for from your known "*liberality, wisdom, and justice!*"

Our native *Muses* should next be summoned to appear, and being arranged alphabetically, in compliment to them as men of letters, spoken to as follows:—

Messrs. *Arno'd, Brandon, Cherry, Dibdin, Dimond, Eyre, &c.* you, gentlemen, have hitherto formed what we have styled, "*the native genius*" of the theatre. [*Snirking, bowing, pulling up neckcloths, and putting refractory locks to make them lay close to the head—all symptoms of approbation.*] Your assistance may still be wanting, [*looks significant of "no doubt,"*] but it will only be in preparing a *Christmas pantomime* for the children, or little pieces to commemorate naval victories, &c. One of you may, perhaps, in a case of necessity be trusted with a *farce*, but he will only be paid according to his merit—a trim reckoning, probably a sixth of what he has been used to receive. [*Each thinking himself the one, exclaims—"O 'pon honour can't take less than before."*] Then, gentlemen, *dramatic tradesmen*, you will not be employed at all; and if you, like the actors, think of taking your manufacture into the country, I can tell you that you will not only find no market for them there, unless they have been played here, but that very often when they have, and miraculously proved *intelligible*, they have been found much below the better taste of a sensible country audience. I really grieve to put "*the native Muses*" to flight, but we are said to be *enlightened* people, and must shew ourselves not wholly unworthy of the distinction."

\* \* Next month we shall bring up our register, of this Theatre to its usual date. The riots still prevail with merely some variation of circumstances.



## THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY-LANE.

In the present volume, p. 256, we gave an advertisement proposing the erection of a new theatre to be called, "THE NATIONAL SUBSCRIPTION THEATRE." This notice appeared with the following signature—"By order of a select committee of subscribers, HENRY FRY, Solicitor." Another advertisement, too long and stupid to deserve a place here, has since appeared. It was signed *Gull*, and had for its object the ridicule of the former speculation. The corner from which it sprang, no light is necessary to shew. Mr. Sheridan, whose vital breath is the *cure popularis*, and who has up to this day so played his cards, as to make his cause the cause of every newspaper, whatever its politics, has made the "*fat words stir in this*." Innumerable paragraphs have punned on Mr. Fry's name, and endeavoured to rabe a laugh at his project. At length, however, the matter assumed a shape too serious for a joke, calculated to move Mr. Sheridan's muscles, and he drew up the following article:

## THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY-LANE.

Nov. 4, 1809.

A proposition appearing to be seriously held forth to the public, for "a subscription for petitioning parliament for leave to erect a theatre in the metropolis," it is deemed a duty on the part of those principally interested in the rebuilding of Drury-lane theatre, to put an end to the hasty misconception or intentional delusion under which that proposition has been submitted to the public. However the idea may have been disclaimed, or rather deprecated, in a former advertisement of Mr. Fry's, the plan, unquestionably, originated, and proceeds on a supposition, that there exist insurmountable impediments to the rebuilding of Drury-lane theatre—for, unless the scheme was grounded on this idea, a proposition to take advantage of the calamity which has, for the present, destroyed a property of more than 250,000*l.* value, spread and divided amongst so many respectable individuals, could not but be considered by the public at large, as a most unfeeling and dishonest attempt to violate that security and protection, which all property, in a state of misfortune, is entitled to, and has ever experienced from the justice and humanity of a liberal people, and an equitable government. It is only necessary therefore, to add, that the proper measures for rebuilding Old Drury, on a permanent plan, have been perseveringly pursued, ever since its unfortunate destruction by fire; that those measures are now nearly completed, and the speedy rebuilding of the theatre certain. It may be proper, also, to announce, that, should a third theatre be really desirable, and called for by the public, the dormant patent annexed to this theatre, under the royal sanction, will be immediately put in action, for the attainment of that object.

The public and the supposed subscribers to the new plan referred to being thus undeceived, it is not to be presumed that so gross an insult to the justice of parliament can be persevered in, as is threatened by the advertisements of Mr. Fry.

By order of the Proprietors,

R. PEAKE, Treasurer.

The answer of Mr. Fry, by order of his committee:

#### SUBSCRIPTION THEATRE.

An advertisement, officially signed by Mr. Peake, as treasurer of Drury-lane theatre, having appeared in the public papers of Monday last, in which the motives and intentions of the promoters of the Subscription Theatre, are most illiberally arraigned, the committee feel themselves called upon to reply. The proposition was submitted to the public neither in "hasty misconception nor intentional delusion," still less is it "an unfeeling and dishonest attempt" to violate any property which, whether in a state of prosperity or distress, they consider equally sacred. The plan for building a third theatre in this metropolis, did not originate in the unfortunate catastrophe that has befallen Drury-lane. The promoters of this plan, in common with others, deplore the calamity of the late fire, (certainly not the only calamity which has oppressed its proprietary) and if the measures are now completed, which will insure the rebuilding of that theatre, they can have no other sensation than of satisfaction, feeling, as they do, no sentiment of hostility, or wish of injurious rivalry against that *unfortunate* concern. But when they see an official advertisement issued to the world, insinuating that their project is supported by a list of "Supposed Subscribers;" in justice to themselves, they thus publicly state, that the prospectus of the proposed plan, and the books for subscription having been opened on Monday, the whole sum required, was filled by the subsequent Wednesday. It may also here not be improper to advert to the concluding part of that advertisement, which announces a power and design in the proprietors of Drury-lane, to erect a third theatre, on a dormant patent, if a third theatre should be wanted. This assertion, if not a "hasty misconception," must certainly be "an intentional delusion," as will be manifested from the following short statement. We understand that when it was in contemplation to pull down old Drury, and rebuild the late theatre, as the company was then playing on a patent that had not many years to run, in order to induce the public to subscribe for the erection of the new theatre, it became necessary to obtain a more permanent tenure, than a temporary patent. And as Mr. Harris then had lying dormant what was considered to be a patent *in fee*, that pa-

tent was purchased with some of the fund raised for building new Drury. When that temporary patent shall expire, the company must then play on what they call the "dormant patent annexed to that theatre," and therefore cannot be "put in action" for the erection of a third theatre. But admitting that the executive power has granted three co-existent patents, surely they were meant to give the public the benefit of three theatres, and it was therefore defeating that object, to suffer one theatre, by a monopoly of two patents, to extinguish the third. The public being thus guarded against "intentional delusion," on this point may be assured, that an appeal will be made to the "justice of parliament," and the committee feel the most sanguine hope of success, because they are warmly supported by a "liberal people," and are to have the merits of that appeal discussed by an "equitable government."

By order of the Committee,

H. FRY, Solicitor.

Cruchley and Fry, 14, John-street, Bedford-row.

November 8, 1809.

Mr. Sheridan's advertisement talks very freely of "*a liberal people*," but seems to have nothing in common with them. If a third theatre is called for, he forsooth has a *dormant patent*, which will wake and rise up into one.—Surely this is not to be a monopolizer, but monopolization itself!

## LYCEUM.

1809.

- Oct. 19. Wonder.—No Song, no Supper.  
 20. Grieving's a Folly.—Prize.  
 21. Will.—Three Weeks after Marriage.  
 23. Beaux Stratagem.—Three and the Deuce.  
 24. Cabinet.—Honest Thieves.  
 25. Sylvester Daggerwood.—Britain's Jubilee.\*—Three and the Deuce.

Oct.

\* If this piece in two acts, entitled, *Britain's Jubilee*, had not been given out for a second representation, we should have merely noticed that such a thing had been, according to the custom of these occasions, and suffered it to sink without further comment, into the certain oblivion prepared for such trash. Finding, however, that this precious trumpery is to be repeated, and, being from the pen of Mr. ARNOLD, the manager, vanity can alone tell how often, it is fit that we should speak our high sense of its demerits. The characters and fable is prudently sent by Mr. Arnold to the papers, are as follows:

2

Wick,

<i>Wick, (a tallow-chandler)</i>	Mr. Mathews.
<i>Downright, (a churchwarden)</i>	Dowton.
<i>Frederick; (a midshipman)</i>	Philipps.
<i>Henry, (an ensign)</i>	Horn.
<i>Walford, (an imprisoned debtor)</i>	Powell.
<i>Fuzz, (Wick's man)</i>	Knight.
<i>Jailor</i>	Penson.
<i>Squills, (an apothecary)</i>	De Camp.
<i>Squabble, (an attorney)</i>	Palmer.
<i>Ben, (a sailor)</i>	Smith.
<i>Porter</i>	Maddocks.
<i>Debtors, Messrs. Fisher, Sparks, and Chatterley.</i>	
<i>Errand Boy</i>	Master West.
<i>Children</i>	Master Wells and Miss Tokeley.
<i>Susan, (Blunt's daughter)</i>	Miss Kelly.
<i>Fanny, (Walford's daughter)</i>	Ray.
<i>Kitty, (Wick's daughter)</i>	Mrs. Bland.
<i>Debtor's Wife</i>	Barret.
Chorus of Soldiers, Sailors, &c. &c.—Scene, Barnstable.	

## FABLE.

*Downright*, the churchwarden of the parish, is anxious to shew his loyalty in what he thinks the best mode, and being frustrated, at the parish meeting, in gaining his point for a subscription for the liberation of the poor debtors, sets about collecting private donations for the purpose.—He calls on *Wick* for his name to the list, having heard that he had arrested *Walford*, an honest and industrious tradesman, to whom he is a friend. *Wick's* (the tallow-chandler) head is bent on illumination; he has combined with others of his trade, and the glaziers, to force his object, and he has prepared immense quantities of lights on the occasion.—He mistakes the meaning of *Downright's* errand, and subscribes his name as one in the list of donations, (for the very same *Walford* is his debtor) instead, as he supposes, of a list of debts which are to be paid on his liberation. The mystery being explained, he tries to have his name erased; but, being signed by his own hand, *Downright* determines he shall abide by it; and *Walford* and his daughter are liberated, with a number of distressed objects, his partners in confinement. *Frederick, Henry, and Ben*, return, after serving their country bravely, and are united to *Susan, Fanny, and Kitty*, their former lovers.

A scene is introduced, where *Squills* and *Squabble* each repeats the speech of his favourite orator at the parish meeting—the one asserting the propriety of a dinner, the other a donation for debtors; while *Wick* interrupts their dispute by calling for an illumination. The point is carried in favour of the subscription—the prison is opened, the debtors are released, and the piece concludes with a Jubilee on the event."

Such is the plot (if it may be so called), which, when furnished with Mr. Arnold's wit, and put into action, must be heard and seen to be held in just contempt. *Walford* and his daughter being in prison, groups of unfortunate and unhappy, but not unprincipled or wicked debtors, pass in review before them, while the father describes the injustice of their sufferings.—Any thing more judicious, as a compliment to *George the Third*, who on his *Jubilee* threw open no prison-doors, could not be well imagined! *Walford* and his daughter, however, are, in spite of no proclamation to that effect, released from confinement. But how? Marry, in a manner most ingenious, novel, and dramatic! *Walford* owes *Wick* 127*l.* 16*s.* 3*d.* *Downright* (see the fable) gets the candleman, in the dark, to sign his name to a subscription to that amount, and behold *Mr. Wick* and his claim extinguished! There is but one other scene in which Mr. Arnold's wit is equally resplendent, and that is *Squills* and *Squabble's* repetition before *Downright* and *Wick*, in the chair, of the speeches in the Vestry, on the momentous question of dinner or no dinner. It will be recollected, that previous to the *Jubilee* this point was mooted in the Common Council of London, and it may perhaps have seemed to others, as it has to us, that if the said matter had been debated by so many hogs endowed with speech, they would have used precisely the same words and arguments. Here then Mr. Arnold had a good field for ridicule, but, in the execution, he has shewn himself to have wit better suited to qualify him for a worthy member of the *Common Council* than to furnish him with the means of happily burlesquing the office. The speeches are insufferably vapid and pointless—the whole turns on Mr. *Murryatt's* expression, “a cursed cold church,” and the *Lord Mayor's* inviting the court to eat cold beef, and afterwards changing it to hot, and *that and nothing but that*. Mr. A. therefore makes *Downright* say, during the discussion, “this is a cursed cold place to stay in with an empty stomach;” and the Mayor in the Vestry, *Squills* tells us, invited the corporation to a crust of bread and cold cheese, which he afterwards changed to toasted cheese.—Upon which *Wick* exclaims, I move that it be toasted in the candle—and here ends every bit of wit that we could discover in Mr. Arnold's *Jubilee* in honour of his Majesty's accession to the throne of Great Britain!

The actors did their best, but nothing effectual could be done with such materials. Mrs. Bland sang deliciously a very pleasing air, in the first act; and *Love and War*, a borrowed dnet,† would have been very well executed by Messrs. Philipps and Horn, if the latter understood harmony a little better. Mr. Downton and Miss Kelly degrade them-

\*—This, to his own satisfaction, Mr. M. explained away, as a *manière de parler*, as we say, “cursed good fellow.”

† The Jew of Mogadore.

Oct. 26. *Busy Body*.—Britain's Jubilee.

27. *Poor Gentleman*.—Id.

28. *Jew*.—Id.

29. *Wheel of Fortune*.—Id.

31. *Cabinet*.—Id.

Nov. 1. *Rivals* \*.—Id.

Nov.

selves by accepting of such mean parts. Mr. Mathews' humorous song encored, though very *seriously* sung by him, was, it is said, but not believed, written for *Wick*, by Mr. T. Sheridan. It turns on *tallow technicals*, and terminates with his discovery of *Mrs. Wick* in bed with *Mr. Gauge*, "close as a pair of *snuffers*." The song would not have been amiss for Mr. Arnold, but is a very poor composition for a wit. The living gong, Mr. Smith, had an air, or rather hurricane, with a chorus—*il chanta bien fort, non pas fort bien*. He looks the rough sailor to the life. Whether selected or not, the music does great credit to the taste of Mr. Kelly.

The house was very thinly attended.

\* Easy as it is to pronounce a moral philippic against Mr. SHERIDAN, and utterly impossible as it is to feel any respect for his character as a gentleman, we are compelled to admire the brilliant coruscations of wit that pervade almost all his writings up to his dramatic defunctio, as it appears clearly legible on that miserable monument, *PIZARRO*. *The Rivals*, *Duenna*, *School for Scandal*, and the first act of *The Critic*, have amongst the works of his contemporaries, no parallel in dramatic wit and genius.

He that can sit and hear out the *Rivals*, when well performed, without becoming the representative of "*Laughter holding both his sides*," is not of that description of animal, distinguished by the possession of risible faculties. The humour may be sometimes overcharged, and so is the serious part, in the excessive fastidiousness of *Falkland's* love, but *ubi plura nitent, &c.*

Of the cast of late times, but one leaves us without regret. We mean Mr. Downton in *Old Absolute*—here we see what this great comic actor can do when he has ground to stand on. Nothing could be more rapturously effective. It is merely enough to say, that *Sir Lucius* was played by Mr. Johnstone. *Acres* could not be better performed by any actor in this company than it was by Mr. Russell. Mr. Penley's *Davy* has merit, and Mrs. Sparks's *Malaprop* †, coarseness more than sufficient.

The *Falkland* and *Julia* of the night were both worse than we have been used to. The former was too much for Mr. Holland, and the lat-

† A female *Dugberry*.

Nov. 2. Dramatist.—No Song no Supper.

3. Love in a Village.—Britain's Jubilee.

4. Suspicious Husband \*.—Id.

Nov.

ter still more so for Mrs. Forbes, who made her debut here this evening. Mrs. Forbes came out last year, for the first time, in London, in *Albina*, in the *Will*, Drury-lane. Her success is equal to her merit, which is very moderate. She is a little thin woman, *un peu passée* and partly made up. Her eyes are dark and penetrating—her countenance sharp—she looks like an old maid, but the look is deceitful. We understand that she has 1200*l.* per ann.—if that be true, we advise her private enjoyment of it; if not, she may cut some figure on country boards, though she is no acquisition to the London. The only scene, in which she exhibited any good acting, was in that where she takes leave of *Faithland*.

Mr. Wrench, in *Jack Absolute*, was very indifferent, he has a vile trick of drawing his upper lip into his mouth, and sucking it at his leisure, with much more satisfaction to his own taste, than to that of any of his observers.

\* An old friend of ours tells us, that when Dr. Hoadly had finished this comedy, he put it into the hands of his father, the Bishop, who read it, and returned it with this single comment; "*Benjamin*, in the third scene of the second act you have written is, where you should have used the plural *ere*." His general approbation of it may, perhaps, be gathered from this, and it certainly is a lively and ingenious comedy, though not of the first rate in powerful interest, wit, humour, or contrivance. The language too is by no means perfect, even after the correction of the Bishop's important discovery.

Mr. Melvin, from the York Theatre, is returned to the capital, and appeared here for the first time, on the 2d, in *Vapid* and *Robtn*. On this night we saw him in *Ranger*. GARRICK, (Heaven be praised!) we never saw, but of his *Ranger* folks talk till they go into fits, and we believe all its wonders, when they swear that it was superior to Mr. Lewis's. To hear of the former, and to have known the latter, is enough to make a critic fastidious, but we should be more wise than wise, if we did not prefer half a loaf to none.—Mr. Melvin to Mr. Wrench, and so Mr. Jones to Mr. Farley, in Lewis's parts. With Mr. Melvin, this company can now play comedy tolerably. He is active and bustling, but his ease is laboured, and rarely sets well upon him. He looks best when he stands still—the moment he puts himself in motion, he throws his members about in a manner frequently destructive of all grace, and much resembling the action of a wire figure badly put together. In the lower tones of his voice, we should, (supposing as

we

- Nov. 6. Much ado about Nothing \*—Britain's Jubilee.  
 7. Duenna.—Honest Thieves.  
 8. School for Scandal, (*Lady Teazle*, Mrs. Edwin—*Charles*, Mr. Melvin)—Britain's Jubilee "compressed in one act.)—Irishman in London.  
 9. George Barnwell (Mr. Melvin, and *Maria*, first time, Miss Ray).—Britain's Jubilee.—Prize (*Leopold*, Mr. Melvin.)

Nov.

we do, that a frog speaks through his nose) say that he croaks. He is an old stager, however, and if he keeps sober, will be serviceable. In many respects he is better than Mr. Jones, and in several worse; while Mr. Dwyer, neglected in the country, is a far more desirable actor than both, could the "two single gentlemen be rolled into one."

*Jack Meggot* was played by old Bob Palmer, and he acts and looks just as well as ever, if he thinks that any compliment. When *Ranger* said to him, "*We young fellows, Jack, &c.*" "he smiled in such sort, as if he mocked himself." It is astonishing to see that Mr. Decamp, with all his proportions good, so like every thing but a gentleman, when he is dressed to represent one. He has a voice, but no ear to modulate it—a form, and no grace to govern it. He must leave the *Frankleys* of Comedy, and stick to the clod-hoppers of farce. Miss Duncan appeared in *Clarinda*. She is a very clever actress, but her face was made for Drury-lane stage—we love her best at a distance. She promises soon to be what is elegantly called, a *horse god-mother*.

\* Mrs. Edwin, after playing with great success, *Violante*, *Albina*, and *Lady Racket*, fell sick, but was sufficiently recovered this evening, to resume her professional duties, in the character of *Beatrice*, in which the witchery of her face and manner, animated and enriched by her genius, made the performance a treat to the visitors of this theatre. We shall not travel to make comparisons—here at home there is none to be made. She is, however, too observant of the twenty-first rule of the *Directions to Players*:—"After you have said your say, drop your character directly—you are only paid to play your *OWN* part; and not to assist another to play his." Her mastery over her frequently wants filling-up. If talents be duly respected, the ladies are the lords of this theatre. Mrs. Edwin, with Miss Duncan for a double, in the lighter parts of comedy; Mrs. Powell, whose elegant and graceful deportment, in the more dignified and serious walks of the drama; Mrs. Bland and Mrs. Mountain in opera; and Miss Kelly in farce, musical or otherwise, come to the throne, with a title not to be questioned by the house. Mr. Wrench, in *Benjamins*, shewed to more than usual advantage, but his forte is farce. Deveton was an excellent *Dogberry*.



Nov. 10. *Beggar's Opera*.—*Weathercock*.

11. *Will*.—*Britain's Jubilee*.—*Midnight Hour* (*Flora*, Mrs. Edwin.)

13. *Man and Wife*.—*Britain's Jubilee*.—*Three Weeks after Marriage*.

14. *Suspicious Husband*.—*Id.*—*Matrimony*.

15. *Belles Stratagem*, (*Doricourt*, Mr. Melvin.)—*Id.*—*My Grandmother*.

16. *Dueenna*.—*Midnight Hour*.

17. *Much ado about Nothing*.—*Honest Thieves*,

18. *School for Scandal*.—*Matrimony*.

20. *Man and Wife*.—*Not at Home* \*.

\* In novels, Mr. Dallas, the author of this farce, has been tolerably successful, but, in dramatic compositions, he is certainly *not at home*. His farce wants most of the principal ingredients in a good drama of this sort, and the second act, with difficulty endured, led to loud marks of disapprobation, accompanied by such cries of *Off, Off*, as to prevent the bearing of the attempt made to give it out for repetition. Notwithstanding this, Mr. Arnold had the effrontery to state in his bills of the following night, that it "*was received with marks of approbation, and reiterated bursts of applause, from all parts of the Theatre.*" This is the *Dramatis Personæ* :—

<i>Lovell</i> ,	- - - - -	Mr. Melvin.
<i>Spectre</i> ,	- - - - -	Mr. Mathews.
<i>Fitzalban</i> ,	- - - - -	Mr. Decamp.
<i>Lord Sedley</i> ,	- - - - -	Mr. Hollaud.
<i>Charlton</i> ,	- - - - -	Mr. Palmer.
<i>Mrs. Lovell</i> ,	- - - - -	Mrs. Orger.
<i>Amily Melvill</i> ,	- - - - -	Mrs. Mathews.
<i>Martha</i> ,	- - - - -	Miss Tidawell.

*Lovell*, a reformed rake, is jealous of his wife to such a degree, that he will not suffer any of his friends or acquaintance, at all better favoured than a hobgoblin, (*Mr. Spectre*, therefore, exclusively) to visit at his house. His servant is, for this reason, constantly at the door during the first act, with "*Not at home*," to all comers, and the idea, in better hands, would have assisted to make a very good farce. *Spectre*, a man of hideous aspect, yet a beau, and so unconcerned of his deformity, as to believe his countenance irresistibly winning, is the only visitor tolerated; but, finding that *Lovell* trusts him merely because he underates the force of his charms, he resolves to make him repent of this contempt of his beauty—" *spectaque injuria formæ*." Though more ugly

ugly when adorned, he contrives, cunningly as he imagines, to disguise the loveliness of his face before *Lovell*, by concealing in his pocket his boater neck-kerchief and wig, which he restores when he attempts to seduce *Mrs. Lovell*. Mr. Mathews, by wearing a false tooth in front, and tying a string round his head, so as to draw his nose flat, succeeded in making himself laughably ugly; but the pains which he took to produce this effect, may, perhaps, subject him to the joke, that it was not altogether necessary! This part had some drollery in it, which enlivened the first act, but it was too trifling to run through both, and the want of interest in the plot, as well as wit or humour in the dialogue, entitles the piece to what we have already said of it, and no more. We may further observe of the design, that *Mrs. Lovell* makes her husband a witness to the addresses paid to her by *Spectre*, which restores her to his confidence. The under-plot, contrived in the very spirit of trite insipidity, exhibits *Lord Sedley* planning the ruin of *Miss Melvil*, in which he is frustrated by *Fitzalban*, who fell in love with her at an accidental meeting, as a man falls into a pit. Mrs. Mathews, performing the part of *Miss Melvil*, made this circumstance less shocking to probability:

*Some other nymphs, with colours faint,  
And pencil slow, may Cupid paint,  
And a weak heart in time destroy,  
SHE has a stamp, and prints the boy!*

WALLER.

#### THEATRICAL CHIT-CHAT.

The *Bank of England* by no means acted with the becoming dignity exhibited by the *Treasury*, on the application of the Managers to stay the visits of their respective clerks to *Covent-garden Theatre*. The *Governors of the Bank* complied, and signified their wish that they should not go, which, being a sort of command, was, with a little hesitancy, yielded to. But the reply of the *Lords of the Treasury* was—"While our Clerks are here, they are amenable to us; when they leave our offices, they are alone amenable to the laws."

The *Theatre Royal, Dublin*, has undergone great alterations, and experienced many improvements. It opened on the 25th of October, under the excellent management of Mr. H. Johnstone, with a Concert, for the Debtors' Jubilee fund.

The *New Theatre Royal, Edinburgh*, is finished. It is in the gothic style. Mr. H. Siddons being the manager, with such a helpmate as Mrs. Siddons, the happiest auspices attend the concern.

A pious writer, *Latus*, in *The Times* of the 2d of November, assures us, that all those who reprobate the immorality and indecency of

Mr. Reynolds's song, called Mr. Lobaki, will hereafter be "graciously rewarded in the sight of an assembled world."

Mr. ELLISTON and HIS PEN are again before the public. The Proprietors of Drury have commenced an action against him for desertion, and his Pen says, that Mr. Elliston no longer holds himself artied to them—he seems to think, that the burning of the house has burnt the writings. At any rate, for the sake of his fellow sock and buskin, (if he has any fellow buskin) whose sunshine he has shared, he should have had more feeling, and a better sense of gentlemanly conduct, than to desert the corps, when "clouds and darkness set upon them."

Statement of what the London Theatres would hold, in money and people, in July, 1805:

*Covent-Garden*.—Persons, 3,041;—Money, 630*l*.—Nightly expences, 160*l*.—Average receipts nightly during the season, 300*l*.

*Drury-lane*.—Persons, 3,611;—Money, 770*l*. 16*s*.—The expences, including performers, lights, ground-rent, and every contingent, were upwards of 200*l*. per night.—Salaries, 740*l*. per week, or about 124*l*. per night. The season consists of 200 nights.

*Statesman*, Oct. 9.

Mrs. Jordan was present at Mrs. Edwin's personation of *Beatrice*, and paid her some high compliments on her powers.

In *The British Press*, of the 23d of November, we have an acrostic to Miss Mellon, signed C. R. Sheridan. Who is this Mr. Sheridan? He begins "*Mine be the Maid*."—Where did he get his intelligence? He ends—

"Who, rear'd in Nature's school,  
Nature has taught to feel without a rule."

Where did he get his grammar?

Mr. Smith, the rough, of the *Lyceum*, one night elegantly excused himself for not singing in the *Jubilee*, by stating, that he had just had "a Burgundy (Burgundy) pitch plaister, put on his breast."

#### OLYMPIC PAVILION.

WE announced the opening of this elegant, convenient, and entertaining little theatre—we might, amongst the commendatory epithets, have added *peaceable*. The wit and invention of Mr. Astley, junior, appear in their best robes, in a new serio-comic spectacle, called *Almira*, and in the new pantomime of *The Frozen Mountain*. On the stage we find Crossman, Norman, Hartland, and Mrs. Parker; on the horse, Smith; and on the rope, Saunders. Of its kind there is nothing better.





*Noel Desenfans, Esq.<sup>r</sup>*

*Published by Farnor, Hood & Sharps, Poultry, Jan. 1. 1800.*

# THE MONTHLY MIRROR,

FOR

DECEMBER, 1809.

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## BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF THE LIFE

OF THE LATE

NOEL DESENFANS, ESQ.

(With a Portrait.)

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THE observation in GRAY's beautiful Elegy, a work familiar to every poetic mind, respecting the obscurity of persons, who, if born under happier auspices, might have distinguished themselves in the world, is in some degree applicable to the subject of our present notice, for though he did not pass through life in so humble a condition as the supposed "Village-Hammond," and "mute inglorious Milton," but, on the contrary, was much known and respected, yet his circle of action was by no means calculated to display the extent of those powers with which nature had gifted him, and which his own assiduity had improved, by all the aids that learning and reflection could afford.

NOEL DESENFANS, Esq. was born in the year 1745, at Douay, in Flanders. After he had obtained all the advantages of education which could be derived from the college of his native place, and received those prizes which are awarded to students of pre-eminent talents and acquisitions; he was removed to the University at Paris, where he also distinguished himself so much as to acquire similar honours, and where the general propriety of his conduct and character excited a confident expectation that he would become an ornament of society, in morals as well as genius. This expectation was realized by the whole of his subsequent career, through every situation in which his talents and his influence found room for exertion.

At the age of eighteen, Mr. Desenfans wrote a work intitled, *L'Elève de la Nature*, in two volumes, which was translated into

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English, and was favourably received in this country; but the original was so much admired on the Continent that it received high praise from scholars, philosophers, and all who were eminent for literary taste. Among other gratifying marks of distinction, it procured for him an introduction to the celebrated JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU, who then resided with the PRINCE DE CONTI, in the Temple at Paris. Being introduced to this extraordinary character as the author of *L'Elève de la Nature*, at a supper given by the prince to the Spanish ambassador, ROUSSEAU addressed Mr. Desenfans in the following manner: "You are a young man who may expect to be of service to the world in the career upon which you are entering; but I know mankind so well, that if I had TRUTH in my hand, I would not present it to them."

Mr. Desenfans soon distinguished himself by other literary productions on various subjects, and particularly in a dramatic piece, intitled, "*La Fête de Coulange*, founded upon MARMONTEL's tale of *Laurette*. This piece was performed with great success, and represented before the late STADTHOLDER at the Hague, with great applause.

In a few years after, Mr. Desenfans came to this country, and soon made himself known to men of letters by a tract on education, intitled, *Salmiste et Sergit*, and another work in two volumes, under the name of *Les deux Hermites*. Both of these works evince considerable knowledge of human nature, and abound with admirable rules for the cultivation of the mind, and improvement of the heart. The work, however, which principally contributed to introduce Mr. Desenfans to the learned and elegant circles of this country, was a letter to the celebrated M<sup>r</sup>. MONTAGUE, vindicating the great and good FLETCHER, in answer to some reflections on his character, in one of Lord CHAMBERFIELD's letters to his son. This vindication of the amiable and enlightened author of *TELERIACHUS*, was so much admired in France, that M<sup>r</sup>. Thomas, one of the members of the Academy of BELLES LETTRES, at Paris, addressed a letter to Mr. Desenfans, by order of the general body, testifying their gratitude to him for his able defence of their immortal countryman; a gratitude which he assured Mr. Desenfans was felt by every friend of learning, virtue, and patriotism, in the French nation, if not in all Europe.

Another work from Mr. Desenfans ought to be mentioned,

because it shews that when he became a denizen of the British dominions, he was anxious to shew a patriotic zeal for his adopted country. The work we allude to, was a plan for promoting the arts of this country, by the establishment of a NATIONAL GALLERY, intended at once to give scope to rising talents, and to record the merits of all, who, by naval and military achievements had increased the glory, and supported the honour of the British empire. In this tract Mr. Desenfans displayed a comprehensive mind, and the plan was so well devised and digested, that its accomplishment would have been a national honour, and could have supported itself by its own probable resources. The proposal of this plan is a satisfactory answer to the only charge which has ever been brought against Mr. Desenfans, implying that he promoted a taste for the works of the old masters, to the discouragement of living artists. But a still more satisfactory answer can be urged in his favour, for there are indisputable documents to prove that he expended not less than nine thousand five hundred pounds in purchasing the works of contemporary merit.\* Besides, it is well known that his fine collection of pictures was not open only to rank and affluence, but to every student who wished to improve by meditating on the best productions of former times. The death of a rich uncle, who bequeathed a considerable part of his property to Mr. Desenfans, enabled him to add considerably to this collection, which will always remain a monument of his taste.

When the PRINCE PRIMATE OF POLAND, brother of the late amiable monarch of that country, came to England, Mr. Desenfans had the honour to be introduced to him, and the impression which he made upon the mind of that prince, produced an intimacy between them of the most friendly nature. The prince found in Mr. Desenfans, a man of profound judgment, well acquainted with the true interests of states, and therefore calculated to assist his royal brother. At his desire Mr. Desenfans was induced to accept the office of CONSUL GENERAL of Poland, by a letter tendering the appointment from the king himself. The Earl of SHELburne, then Lord LANSDOWN, who was well acquainted with the talents and character of Mr. Desenfans, some

\* Upon one occasion Mr. Desenfans having heard that an artist had painted two pictures of merit on historical subjects, but that nobody offered to purchase them, ordered his carriage, went to the artist, and immediately bought the works in question at the price proposed.



time after observed that if he had been appointed Prime Minister of Poland, instead of Consul General, the unfortunate monarch would probably have closed his days in happiness upon his throne. Such an observation from so shrewd a politician, and one so well acquainted with mankind, deserves to be remembered for the honour of Mr. Desenfans.

Mr. Desenfans was honoured by the correspondence of the illustrious STANISLAV, and two letters from that amiable monarch, while they show his benignant, generous, and pious character, are too flattering to the memory of Mr. Desenfans to be omitted in this place. The original of one of these letters, with several others, which were intrusted to the care of Lord Whitworth, upon an occasion which shall be noticed hereafter, was destroyed by fire at St. Petersburg. The original of the second is in the possession of Sir FRANCIS BOURKE, who received the honour of knighthood from the unfortunate monarch before the cruel policy of neighbouring states deprived him of his throne.

#### LETTER I.

*Varsovie.*

Au milieu de tant d'afflictions qui m'entourent, surtout depuis la mort de mon frère le Primat, j'ai pourtant senti la douceur de quelque consolation en voyant la que vous prenez à ma perte cruelle d'une manière si affectueux, elle m'a extrêmement touchée. Je vais vous en remercier du meilleur de mon cœur, et vous prie de me conserver les sentimens favorables que vous avez si bien manifestés pour moi à mon frère, pendant et depuis son séjour en Angleterre. Il m'a si bien appris combien vous et votre digne ami Sir Francis êtes des hommes vraiment estimables, que je désire beaucoup de vous sçavoir toujours tous deux bien disposés pour moi.

Puissiez vous être toujours plus heureux que . . .

A Monsieur Noel Desenfans,  
 &c. &c. &c.

Votre très-affectionné,  
 STANISLAS AUGUSTE ROI.

#### LETTER II. [Translation.]

As the official connection which subsisted between you and me seems to be at end, and as I have no hopes of ever seeing you, I think it my interest to wish you a farewell; and this truly from the bottom of my heart, in which you will retain your place until my death; and I hope we shall meet where righteous souls and good hearts, according to my belief, will be united together.

All etiquette and ceremonious custom is now totally interrupted between us, at least as to myself; I shall never have the trouble of observing again diplomatic rules and customs, but I shall always confess, that I love and honour your king and your nation! This is what I desire you to tell them. I wish also that you may always preserve a remembrance and affection towards your friend.

Since I cannot converse with you in person, my portrait may now and then make you think of

STANISLAUS AUGUSTUS REX.

Before this benevolent and patriotic monarch was divested of his crown, he had commissioned Mr. Desenfans, whose taste and knowledge in painting were universally admitted, to form a collection for him of the works of the best masters. The king possessed some valuable pictures, and was an excellent judge of painting, to which he was much attached; but his chief view in giving this commission, was to promote the progress of the fine arts in Poland. After, however, the dismemberment and partition of his kingdom, by the courts of Prussia and St. Petersburg, there seemed to be little chance that he would be able to possess the collection which he wished to acquire with such enlightened and patriotic motives. Mr. Desenfans, however, had proceeded so far in assembling rare works of the best artists, that, notwithstanding this unexpected and inauspicious state of affairs in Poland, he resolved to render his collection as complete as possible. Unfortunately the dreadful revolution in France afforded him a favourable opportunity, as many emigrant noblemen, who came to this country in the year 1790, contrived to bring with them many highly valuable pictures, and were reduced to the necessity of converting those treasures of art into a source of subsistence which had long been dear to them as the objects of laudable pride, and the memorials of family taste and former magnificence. Mr. Desenfans, however, was of too liberal a nature to profit by misfortunes, and therefore purchased according to the value of the works, not according to the situation of the possessor. And here it is but just to observe, that though Mr. Desenfans was distinguished for his pure taste, and extensive knowledge of pictures, he thought proper to avail himself of the judgment of Sir FRANCIS BOURGEOIS, whose genius he had patronized in its dawn, whose excellence as an artist has amply justified all his presaging hopes, and whose

persevering and cordial friendship he has rewarded by a legacy equally appropriate and munificent.

When by the death of the King of Poland, and the situation of the remaining part of the family of that monarch, Mr. Desenfans found that the collection of pictures which he had assembled with great expence, was left upon his hands, he made application to the court of Russia, through the medium of Lord WHITWORTH, the British ambassador at that court; naturally conceiving that the prince, who possessed so great a part of Poland, would feel himself bound to discharge the obligations of the deceased monarch. For this purpose all the necessary documents were sent to his lordship, but on account of the extraordinary change which took place in the sentiments of the Emperor PAUL towards this country, it was thought expedient to commit to the flames the official papers of the British ambassador, lest they might fall into the hands of the Russian government; and the documents sent by Mr. Desenfans, among which was the King of Poland's letter before mentioned, are supposed to have been destroyed on that occasion.

Mr. Desenfans married Miss MORRIS, sister of Sir JOHN MORRIS, of Claremont, of whom it is enough to say that her mind and heart fully entitled her to such a husband, and who too well proves her sense of his worth, by inconsolable regret for the loss of so excellent a man.

Mr. Desenfans may be said to have been born a poet, and nothing but his enthusiastic attachment to the art of Painting could have prevented him from being one of the most ardent and persevering votaries of the sister Muse. He sometimes, however, paid homage to her shrine, and his poetical effusions were always marked by an easy playful spirit, a pure and elegant gallantry, or a sacred regard to the awful duties of religion and virtue.

He has not only left a splendid memorial of his taste for the arts in the exquisite collection of pictures which he bequeathed to Sir Francis Bourgeois; but in a descriptive catalogue of those which he purchased for the King of Poland; a work that abounds with proofs of his extensive and accurate knowledge of the best masters, and which is diversified and enlivened by anecdotes that develope and exemplify their respective talents and character.

As a private individual, no praise can be too high for Mr. Desenfans. No man was more alive to the interests of friendship and humanity. At any period when indisposition would have

rendered him not only indifferent to all considerations merely relative to himself, but averse to all exertion on such an account, if he saw any opportunity of serving a friend, of patronizing talents, or of assisting distress, it may be truly said of him, in the words of our great dramatic bard, that on these occasions the cares of infirmity fell from him, "like dew-drops from a lion's mane," and he hastened to the scene of action with a glow of benevolence that operated with all the vigour of health, and all the spirit of youth, till he had fully accomplished his object.

Mr. Desenfans was of the middle size, with a well proportioned form. His features were regular, and strongly expressive of benevolence and penetration. There was a spirit and vivacity in his eyes that strikingly resembled those of Mr. Garrick. His manners were courteous, affable, and attractive, the natural effect of the urbanity of his disposition. It is hardly necessary to add that his table was marked by liberal and elegant hospitality, and that his house was the resort of genius, taste, and knowledge. He proved his attachment to this country by remaining in it when Monsieur DE CALONNE, who had been his fellow student at Douay, and with whom he maintained a friendship through life, was at the head of affairs in France, and consequently could have given Mr. Desenfans, whose abilities he well knew, a situation calculated to draw them forth for his own advantage, and the interests of the French nation.

The numerous friends of this meritorious individual, and we may add, society, were deprived of him on the 8th of July, 1807. His remains are deposited in a private chapel, erected for that purpose, according to an appropriate and elegant design by Mr. SOANE, in the garden of the house where he resided in Portland Road, and where a place is reserved for his amiable relict, and also for Sir FRANCIS BOYCE, who cherishes the memory of so valuable a friend with filial veneration.

It may not be improper to conclude with the following lines:

#### EPITAPH

ON THE LATE NOEL DESENFANS, ESQ.

When wealth and grandeur meet the common doom,  
The pliant Arts adorn the stately tomb,

Plant round the place the cypress and the bay,  
 And Fancy adds the tributary lay,  
 Design'd to bid the votive stone declare,  
 The knowledge, wisdom, virtue, buried there.  
 Hence, generous Descentans, thy friends can pay,  
 A ready homage to thy honour'd clay :  
 'Tis only by transferring fiction's strains,  
 To mark the sepulchre of thy remains ;  
 And all who know thy merits will agree,  
 The flattery's chang'd to truth, applied to thee.

T.

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## MEMORANDA LUSITANICA.

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### THE HOUSE OF BRAGANZA.

No. V.

[Concluded from P. 272.]

*A realm, which held its head among the nations,  
 Droops in despondence, and expects its fall.  
 The hour when nature, in convulsion, hurled  
 Our lofty domes and temples to the dust,  
 Was fraught with less calamity....*

*I see and hail a glorious beam of light,  
 Which pierces through the darkness of the cloud,  
 And gives a promise of a brighter day  
 To great Braganza's House.*

ALTHOUGH Margarita di Mantua was a princess of extraordinary judgment and abilities, yet the government of Portugal was entirely managed by Vasconcellos, the secretary of state, whose oppressions and cruelty were insufferable. Excited by the example of the Catalonians, the Portuguese determined to throw off the yoke, and disclaim obedience to the usurper. On Saturday the 1st of February, 1640, all the nobility of the kingdom, led on by the Marquis of Ferreira, and the Count of Vimiosa, took arms, and, accompanied by a great multitude of the inhabitants of Lisbon, and soldiery, came to the castle; which, being in a commanding situation, in the centre of the city, served, at the same

time, as a palace; and was then the residence of the vice-queen. On the appearance of this alarming force, the guards abandoned their posts, and they entered without opposition. At the time of their entering the castle, Vasconcellos, suspicious of some design, was employed in his chamber, writing to Madrid, and pressing that some vigorous steps might be taken, to prevent the alienation of Portugal from Spain. The confused noise of the soldiers alarmed him, and running to enquire the cause, attended by two guards, was arrested in his progress by the Portuguese, exclaiming, "Kill the traitor, kill the enemy of Portugal;" upon which he fled, and determined to sell his life as dearly as possible; his attendants, however, being slain, and seeing no possibility of escape, he leaped from the window of his apartment, and met with that death, his conduct had so amply merited.

The Marquis of Ferreira, in the mean time, secured the vice-queen, and placed her under a guard of 300 musqueteers; he then called a council, and shortly set forth the miseries endured by Portugal under the Spanish dominion, and exciting his countrymen, by relating the valorous deeds of their ancestors, exhorted them to elect a king, nominating Don Joam de Braganza, as most worthy of the crown; a shout of public joy interrupted his address, proclaiming him king. The Duke was at his country-residence of Villa Viciosa; they therefore, in his absence, nominated the Archbishops of Lisbon and Braganza regents, who immediately entered upon their duty, and were obeyed with implicit confidence. The house of Vasconcellos alone suffered; his body also underwent all those disgraces which an infuriated populace, wronged and oppressed, could inflict, until wearied with this inhuman sport, it was, on the following day, carried by the fraternity Della Misericordia, and thrown into the burying-place of the Moors. The Marquis of Alemquer having secured the strong posts of the city, sent the soldiers to proclaim Joam in the streets; a proclamation which was greeted by the populace with universal joy.

The first messenger that was dispatched to the Duke, arrived breathless at Villa Viciosa, on the Sunday morning, before day; the Duke seemed disinclined to believe his assertions, or accept the proffered crown. But, on the arrival of the Count de Monte Santo, who came to accompany him to Lisbon, he, after a conference of two hours, made the necessary arrangements with

respect to his wife and son; and immediately set out with the Count and five hundred attendants.

The Marquis of Ferreira was, in the interim, employed in reducing those forts and castles which held out for his Catholic Majesty; the Tower of Belem, and that de la Cabera, were surprised; the strong fortress of St. Julian, which protected the entrance of the Tagus, surrendered, and in a short time all the strongholds were reduced. After the surrender of St. Julian, the Marquis administered the sacrament and an oath of allegiance to the clergy, nobility, and commons; and on Thursday the 6th of February, his Majesty Don Joam de Braganza made his entry into Lisbon, hailed with those applauses which a beloved king expects from his loving subjects. The rich liveries given by the nobles, the splendour of the triumphal arches, the streets hung with tapestry, the multitudes that flocked to behold their deliverer, the magnificence of the fire-works, all proclaimed the universal joy which that day blessed the people. The multitude of spectators was so great, that although his Majesty entered into the city by moon, he did not arrive at the palace until two hours after sunset. On his arrival, his first care was to consult for the safety of the kingdom, and the reduction of those places garrisoned by the troops of his Catholic Majesty. He was crowned on the 25th of March, amid the applauses and acclamations of the people. In the square before the palace, a stage was erected, on which stood a chair of state, under a canopy of cloth of gold; about noon his Majesty came forth from the palace, in a suit of chesnut velvet, encased with gold, ornamented by buttons richly set with diamonds, and about his neck was a collar of immense value, whereunto hung the badge of the chief order of knighthood, the order of Christ; he wore a sword, his robe of golden cloth lined with white, wrought with gold and flowers; the sword was borne before him by the heroic Marquis of Ferreira, high constable of the kingdom, and the banner was displayed by Fernando Telles de Meneses, earl marshal; before him went D. Manrique de Silva, Marquis of Góvea, steward of the household, followed by the nobles and grandees of Portugal. Having ascended the stage, and placed himself in the chair, his Majesty was crowned, and the sceptre delivered to him by the Archbishop of Lisbon, who addressed him in an eloquent speech; his majesty then proceeded to the cathedral and took the oaths.

: I have now traced the family of Braganza from their origin, up to the period of their ascending the Portuguese throne. The peace of Joam's reign was alone disturbed by some conspiracies, which threatened his person, and by the inroads of the Spaniards, the expected results of the revolution. Before his death, which happened on the 6th of November, 1656, he had the satisfaction to see Portugal in a flourishing state. He was buried at St. Vincente de Fosa, with all becoming ceremonies, and universally lamented, not only by his subjects, but by those sovereigns, who had been his allies.

## ENDYMION THE EXILE.

### LETTER XXIII.

WHEN a man writes a book here, there is generally as much clamour excited against him, as if he had roasted a child. He is looked upon as such a Julius Cæsar in the republic of letters, that every brute, who can wield a quill, thinks it meritorious to have a thrust at him. That this should be the case on the appearance of a work of imagination, the experience of our own behaviour in France would prevent us from being surprised: we are extremely loth to allow others to be wittier than ourselves; it is a mark of prodigious wisdom to be dissatisfied, and the cut and dry jokes upon these occasions, are in such ready preservation, that it requires no ordinary good-nature to abstain from the use of them. For instance, the blank-verse lines of a sacred poem, are mere segments cut out of the Bible, and placed in parallel order, like the steps of a ladder, by means whereof the bard hopes to work miracles, like Peter, in the *Tale of a Tub*, and to endow himself with poetical inspiration. Pastorals are mere narcotics. *Ameryllis* reclines her head in slumber under a beech tree, and her reader reposes his on a mahogany table. If the writer, according to the old custom, presumes to invoke the Muse, he is reminded by the *Reviewer* that he has done nothing more than leaving his card at her door, and that the intimacy is not likely to extend further: and if, like the Poet GRAY, he rushes,



and ceremony, into the thick of the battle, he is informed that Aganippe is not always a cold bath, to invigorate by a single plunge, but that it occasionally emasculates the swimmer, like the steamlet recorded in Ovid. All this, my dear Ambrose, is indubitably funny, and generally gives pleasure to the reader, in proportion as it gives pain to the poet, resembling (to borrow a simile from FIELDING) *one of those punches in the stomach exchanged at a boxing match, which, though they give such exquisite delight to the spectator, are the source of little or no pleasure to the receiver.* But when a man publishes a mathematical truth, telling the world that the three angles of a triangle, taken together, are equal to two right angles; or when he broaches an arithmetical truism, such, for instance, as that four multiplied by four, produces a greater quantity than when merely added to the same number; it might be supposed that calumny and declamation would be silent, and that ridicule, if awakened at all, would be employed, not in denying the truth of those assertions, but in laughing at the credulity of a writer, who should think it necessary to compose two octavo volumes, in proving such self-evident propositions. A late Fellow of Jesus College, Cambridge, has found out, that a newly married couple, possessed of a small farm, may, in the course of five or six years, be blest with five or six children; and that, if the farm be only adequate to the support of the wedded pair, their offspring must either starve, or wander forth in quest of subsistence elsewhere. He then supposes the golden age, so confidently predicted by certain English philosophers, to have arrived, and the hitherto trackless wilderness to be parcelled out in farms of the above description, in which case the command of seeking a subsistence elsewhere, will be liable to this inconvenience, that there will be no subsistence elsewhere to be found. Thus circumstanced, the five or six little unfortunates will share the fate of *Ugolino's* bantlings. It cannot be denied, that it had been better not to have been born, than to die from want of food. The inference of the philosopher is this:—the source of all the evil is the folly, not to say criminality, of marrying, without a fair chance of supporting a family.

I have thus compressed into a few lines, the contents of two octavo volumes; and one would suppose that the position they aim at establishing, namely, the certain increase of expence incurred by an increasing family, and the certain limitation of means to meet that expence, are positions too palpable to be con-

tradicted. — “*My Muse,*” says a lively dramatic writer, of the reign of Queen Anne, “*produces me a play every year, and my wife & child; but I find the latter much more disposed to live than the former.*” To every man of a precarious income, I should deem this a secret well worth knowing; and yet (O the ingratitude of man!) were I to detail half the outcry that has been raised against this unfortunate *late Fellow of Jesus College*, I should pester you with letters, rivalling in length those of the voluminous RICHARDSON. He has been attacked in weekly publications, by apostates bearded and beardless; he is assailed by the cloudy anarchist, whose novels are dull philosophy, and whose philosophy is dull novelty; he is pounced upon by ravens, and condemned by revelations: grave divines who have theories, and grave matrons who have daughters to establish, join in anathemas against the profane intruder, who has thus dared to lift the sacred veil that covers the altar of Hymen! “What!” cry they, speaking all at once, “shall an ugly fellow, of one of the ugliest colleges in Cambridge, with feelings as sluggish as his own Cam, presume to controul the impulses of nature? Shall our daughters, whose complexions, natural or acquired, vie with the lily and the rose, be checked in their endeavours to engraft upon the marigold, and thrown back to wither, an incumbrance on their native stalk? Shall our dear boys, whom we are training up to wed an adjoining freehold, and for whom the pious founder of our new *National Theatre* has provided a tier of private boxes, to snatch them from the public contagion above and below, be taught presumptuously to look before they leap? Shall domestic happiness, which our own dear Mr. COWPER has called *the only bliss that has survived the fall*, be cut up by the roots, and the garden of Eden converted into a wilderness, by a sceptic, who presumes to judge and decide, where orthodox piety believes and trembles?” — “Alas! ladies and gentlemen,” replies the alarmed and modest author, “I pretend not to judge and decide. To decide and judge are doughty attributes, and I leave them to my opponents. I am not the manufacturer of the system, I aim only at being its expounder. When they who so loudly talk of the duty of entering into the marriage-state, prove to me that their own marriages were contracted from that motive, and that a new beauty or an old heiress was not the *primum mobile* that introduced them to Hymen, I will bow my head in silence. At present, I have merely to repeat in my appendix, what I have as-

serted in the body of my work—*Eating and drinking are necessities, but marriage is a luxury*; a refined and a laudable one, I allow, but still a luxury, and as such, not to be encountered without a reasonable chance of ability to support it." The mildness of the reply is vain—the outcry is renewed, and by a consequence as old as the days of Socrates, his motives are arraigned, because his arguments are unanswerable.

Such, Ambrose, is the philosopher, and such are his antagonists. Every bob-wigg'd citizen who, as president at a public meeting, strings a bead-roll of silly and disaffected propositions, is thanked for his able and impartial conduct in the chair; but when a grave mathematician expends his nightly oil in enlightening the public, and shews that abstinence from marriage is a more desirable check to population than vice or misery, he is called a prodigal, a misanthrope, a deist, and fifty hard names beside. The British public is like a sick child. It is not enough that the medicine you proffer be conducive to its health, it must also be agreeable to its palate, otherwise you stand a very excellent chance of having the contents of the chalice thrown back into your own face. For my part, had I twenty times the talents of the late Fellow of Jesus, I feel too little regard for my species to employ them unsolicited in their behalf. No, my motto is "*Qui vult decipi, decipiatur.*" Before I would turn oculist to such a race of moles, I would let them grope their own way through mud and mire, like the merchant *Abudak*, in the *Mountains of Tsugi*.

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### A MIRACLE EXPLAINED.

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Nothing is more sought after than novelty, and I am happy to have it in my power to oblige many great readers in this particular, by a quotation from the *Bible*!

*Joshua*, in chap. x. ver. 13, "said, in the sight of Israel, *Sun, stand thou still upon Gibeon*; and thou moon, in the valley of *Ajalon*." This passage is cited for the purpose of subjoining a late ingenious comment on it from the pen of the Rev. Stephen Weston: The above is, says he, in the Hebrew, *Sun, be thou silent on Gibeon, and*

thou, moon, &c. Dum sile, *Silv.* Aquila. *Hæc*, cease to shine, in the heavenly bodies, is non-appearance, or absence. *Luna silentis dies est interlunium.* Plin. lib. xvi. c. 74. *Per amica silentis lune*, is in the dark, *Virgil*; when the Greeks sailed unobserved to Troy, "*silentem lunam*," *minimè* tum lucentem, *Pollux* in locum. See also Deborah's song, where the stars fought against Sisera, by not lending their light, and his army was driven into the brook Kishon in the dark. Dante says—

*Mi ripingeva là, dove 'l sol tace.*

Dante Inferno, c. 1.

These authorities shew that the original word might have been rendered literally, and not so as to make a miracle necessary.

It is evident, moreover, that the prolongation of light was not the object of Joshua's injunction to the sun, because he adds *the moon*, which could have been of no use, whilst the sun was above the horizon. The prayer was made to the Lord, and the command given probably to enable the army of Joshua to fight a whole day in a hot country, at the summer solstice, which would have been perhaps impracticable under a meridian sun. Standing, and not hastening to go down, are expressions intelligible enough, of objects whose motion is not perceivable, when obscured by a cloudy atmosphere.

## MEMOIRS OF HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

[Concluded from P. 231, Vol. III.]

### TO THE EDITOR OF THE MONTHLY MIRROR.

I HAVE too long delayed the conclusion of this memoir. Many avocations, and many cares, are an inadequate apology.

The simple fact is, I could not frame it to my mind; and whatever time I might take, I feel that I cannot.

A critique on the poems of a youth of such original genius, would be nothing in any degree adequate to the object, unless minutely detailed. It might then, indeed, be importantly subservient not only to *poetical criticism*, but the history of the human mind.

As it is, I must content myself with some few remarks. At the same time I am far from thinking it is dictating unbecomingly to the judgment of the reader, to accompany such compositions, and especially those of a deceased poet, with a regular critique on their merits. I think an editor has as good a right to do this with his name, as reviewers without their name. And many will wish with me, that Mr. Southey, who has so well executed the other offices of an editor, had done this also.

One thing will strike, that although he had read much, very much, and of the best and most striking authors, he appears rather to have imbibed the general spirit than to imitate any particular manner, except in a very few instances.

Without affectation or restraint, he is original in manner.

In several of his poems he is also original in design and conception. The *drama* of the *Consumptive* is a most remarkable instance of this. There is a playful facility, a glow and vivacity of fancy, an originality of thought, sentiment, and expression, which adds to the pathos, and the awful effect of this very singular production. This happy union of the most widely different talents, struck me as having more similitude to the genius of Shakspeare, as unfettered as his was by imitation, than to that of any other writer. I have observed that an able *critic*, in one of the periodical publications, has expressed a sentiment similar to that which occurred to me on the reading of it.

I had wished some more particular information of his studies, while at St. John's. I was also of the *University of Cambridge*, I was of *Peter-House*. I wrote to his tutor. I wrote to another gentleman, a friend of Mr. KIRKE WHITE, and this latter had written to me on his death; requesting some points of information, easy to have been given, and expressing how much I should be obliged for any farther communications, which might enable me to do some degree of justice to his memory. In similar circumstances, I would have done, at the request of any stranger, all, and more than all that I asked. And I presume, although I have so long left it, I am not quite a stranger to that University; and that neither as a scholar, or as a man, I have so conducted myself as to disentitle such a request to some success. However, it had none.

What materials I had that seemed applicable to the *Monthly Mirror*, I have used, both by quotation and remarks, as best I

could. All the intelligence which I did receive, came from his brother, Mr. Neville White: for whom at his desire I this day have made up a packet, containing the two volumes of MSS. with which I have long been favoured. They are a proof with what zeal and diligence he improved his short academical opportunities of proficiency in literature and science. The honours he obtained in that one long-to-be-remembered year, the character he left, are an affecting proof of the sense entertained of his signal and exemplary merits, in his great college, distinguished as it is in literature and science, and in the University.

The sacrifice that he made while there, of his earliest and most captivating pursuit, by writing comparatively so little of poetry, is a proof that he possessed and exercised that Miltonian fortitude, which preferred what he conceived to be duty, to pleasure, in its most attractive form: and the certainty of immediate fame, and the cultivation of an art, the habit of which once successfully indulged in, is one of the most difficult to overcome, especially in the morning of life. I cannot say that I am glad he did overcome it. But who can be insensible to the purity and magnanimity of the effort? Others of your readers and correspondents may find much to add. And on such a theme, they would assuredly have been right, had I written volumes.

I am yours, &c.

CAPEL LOFFT.

Troston, near Bury, Suffolk, Nov. 9, 1809.

## ABUSES.

Ουδεις αμαρτης δυναται δυοι κυριους δουλευσεν.

WHEN the administration of the *judicial* code, is united with the *executive* power, it is scarcely possible that justice should not sometimes be sacrificed to politics. Persons, connected with the great interests of the state, may, even without corrupt views, occasionally imagine it necessary to sacrifice the rights of private individuals to those interests. This is particularly the case with

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our *Chancellors*, and Barons of the Exchequer. It is, indeed, a great error, to make the *highest law-officers political ministers* ; for, independent of the consideration of human passions, weaknesses, partialities, and the long train of human frailties, of which every man has his share, not one of those alloys should be permitted to discolour the purity of our courts. How often does it happen, that, after the suitors in Chancery (to speak now only of a *Court of Equity*) have, at a vast expence, brought their cause to a final hearing, the Chancellor is obliged to attend the privy council, or his place in the house of lords, as well as to take time to consider the matter before he makes his decree, and that sometimes while causes are in this manner laying before him, a change of ministry takes place, including the Chancellor, as in a recent instance—or he alone may be removed, as in the case of Lord Camden in other days? All such causes must then be reheard, the counsel must again be feed, fresh stamps are wanted, much money is shamefully expended, and time uselessly as irretrievably lost—this ought to be remedied. The delays of courts of equity are very great, from the very nature of their constitution, and do not need the procrastination of individuals to be added to them ; and the necessary anxiety of those, whose property is to depend on the voice of one man, seems to entitle their interests to his *sole* attention.

A still greater evil attends on the execution of our laws, in the existence of useless offices, and oppressive fees—the evil of pocketing principals, and working deputies.

In the *Exchequer*, Lord HALB recommended the abolition of the offices of—“*Lord Treasurer’s Remembrancer—the Receiver and Remembrancer of the First Fruits—a Chief Clerk of the Pipe—King’s Remembrancer—Usher of the Exchequer—Chief Marshal—Chamberlain—and some of the Auditors.*” His lordship’s remark is this—If these offices are not necessary, why are they continued? If they are, why should they not be executed at the single charge of the *deputy*, and the benefit of the *nominal* officer, who does nothing, be retrenched as needless?

The same observation applies with double force to the offices executed by deputy in the *Court of Admiralty*.      • •

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 REVIEW OF LITERATURE.
 

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*Shall we for ever make NEW BOOKS, as apothecaries make new mixtures, by pouring only out of one vessel into another? Are we to be for ever twisting and untwisting the same rope? for ever in the same track--for ever at the same pace?*

Tristram Shandy.

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*Anonymiana; or, ten Centuries of Observations on various Authors, and Subjects. (Concluded from P. 159.)*

WE shall continue our exemplification of the entertainment and instruction of this work.

The *isles* of a church, says he, is wrong—it should be *ails*, French, *wings*. In the will of R. Smith, vicar of Wirksworth, 1504, he translates *isle*, as it is called, *insula*, which shews the blunder very clearly.

“ XLIV.

“ *A man of a great heart* means, in common speech, one that is ambitious, spirited, obstinate, unwilling to yield or submit. But otherwise, the largeness of that *viscus*, according to Sir Simonds D'Ewes, does not betoken any uncommon degree of spirit or courage; but rather the contrary. So he judged from the dissection of the body of our King James I. See Mr. Nichols, Bibl. Top. Brit. No. XV. p. 31.” P. 251.

“ XLV.

“ It is a whimsical observation, but nevertheless true, that the word *devil*, shorten it as you please, will still retain a bad signification,—*devil*, *evil*, *vil*, *il*; and it but too often happens that, give Satan an inch, and he will take an *l*.” P. 251.

“ LXIX.

“ Women are often complained of for not suckling their own children, and with reason, as a multitude of evils are known to arise from putting them out to nurse. This practice arose, I presume, at first from wantonness, it not being thought lawful formerly for husband and wife to sleep together, while the woman gave suck. Beda, Eccl. Hist. I. 27. So the 17th canon of the 3d Council of Toledo, held in 589, is against fathers or mothers who put their children to death, through a desire of copulation. Du Pin, V. p. 156.” P. 261.

U U 2



## " LXXI.

" *To quid*, i. e. to chew tobacco. In Kent, a cow is said to *chew her quid*; so that *quid* and *quid* are the same: and to *quid* is a metaphor taken from that action of the cow." P. 261.

## " LXXIII.

" When a person sneezes, it is usual to say, *God bless you*: as much as to say, May God so bless you as that portends; for as sneezing is beneficial to the head, and an effort of nature to remove an obstruction, or to throw off any thing that either clogs or stimulates, so it was anciently reckoned a good omen. Xenophon, *Kug. Græc.* III. c. 2. § 5." P. 262.

## " LXXV.

" At Barkway in Herts there was formerly a sort of old strong malt liquor, which was called *Old Pharaoh*, because it often detained, and would not *let the children of Israel go*, for that was the reason given for the name: and the house, or the man of the house, was customarily called *Old Pharaoh*." P. 263.

## " XCIV.

" One cannot approve of that drawing way in which some people read the church service: 'erred and are deceived, accused, absolved, oppressed,' &c. These words should be curtailed a syllable; for, no doubt, we ought to read as we speak." P. 269.

## " XCIX.

" People affect to eat venison with a *haut-gout* in the country; but this is mis-judging the matter extremely. It seldom gets to London perfectly sweet, so the citizens are forced to dispense with it, and to make the best of it, and at last to commend it for a quality unnatural to it. And the people I speak of are so absurd as to follow the town mode, though they live in the country, and might, if they pleased, eat it while good." P. 271.

This assertion is untrue.

## " XII.

" To *hum*, I take to be a mere technical word, as representing the sound which we call a humm. Baxter indeed, in his Glossary, p. 4, speaking of the river Humber, makes *hummen* to be a Saxon word: '*Unde et Saxonibus eodem planè intellectu Humber dicebatur, sive bombitor; nam verbum hummen, bombitare sonat.*' But you will find no

such word in Lye. Camden, however, agrees with him in the etymon." P. 282.

Torbay is, we have been told, a corruption of Turbot, the place being formerly very famous for that fish.

#### " XVIII.

" The prince whom we commonly call Henry the Third, was properly Henry the Fourth, and all the later Henrys will be consequently removed one step higher as to number, and Henry VIII. will be, in strictness, Henry IX. It is the observation of Henry de Knyghton, who writes, speaking of Henry the Third, '*Iste Henricus filius Johannis vocatus est Henricus III. in crania et cartis, et omnibus aliis scriptis, non causâ nominis, quia nomine quartus rex Henricus fuit, sed causâ dignitatis regalis et regnabilis, et dominatione regnandi; nam si primus Henricus, filius autem Imperatricis, et rex Henricus filius ejusdem regis Henrici qui vocatus est Henricus rex junior qui coronatus est vivente patre [reputatur; this, or some such word, is missing] tunc iste Henricus filius Johannis esset quartus in numero: sed quia ille Henricus rex junior moriebatur ante patrem suum, et non regnavit, ea de causa respectu eorum qui regnarent ita dictus est Henricus tertius.*' H. Knyghton." P. 285, 6.

Earl of Hardwicke, so many years Lord Chancellor.

" The chancellor is furnished every year with a new purse for the great seal; but as one is not wanted so often, his lordship reserved a new one every now and then, till at last, having got a competent number, he had them wrought into a bed, as so many ornaments; and the bed, which may exhibit a dozen or more of these purses, is now in being at Wimpole." P. 289.

#### " XXXIV.

" Harlot has the appearance of a French word: and some have imagined it came from *Arlotta*, the mother of William the Conqueror, he being a bastard. Dr. Johnson thinks it the Welch *Herlodes*, a wench or girl: perhaps it may be the Saxon *hor*, a whore, with the diminutive French termination, *quasi*, a little whore." P. 295.

Because *Skelton*, the *Mirroure of Magistrates*, used a peculiar spelling, our author proposes the following absurdity to enrich our poetical diction.

" 'No plague on earth like love to hatred turn'd;  
Hell has no fury like a woman scorn'd.'

It might very well put *turn'd* for *turn'd*. So in cases where there are but few rhyming words, I see no harm in writing *given* for *given*, where it is to correspond with *heaven*; and *hor'd* for *har'd*, where it is to answer to *world*." P. 310.

This reminds us of the Italian couplet—

E per poter trovar la rima a Panfi,  
In vece di dir *raffi*, io dirò *ranfi*.

It was doubted, he says, whether an example could be produced of *which* used for *who*, as in the Lord's prayer—"Our Father which art in Heaven," and he instances from Dr. Percy's work:

"You meaner beauties of the night,  
*Which* poorly satisfy our eyes; &c."

but there *which* may be made as grammatically to relate to *beauties* as *who*. With respect to the Common-prayer, it has always struck us that the *translators* meant to distinguish between our earthly and heavenly father, and *which* of two persons is perfectly grammatical.

"XCV.

"It has been remarked, more than once, that the names of our cattle, ox, calf, sheep, swine, &c. are *Dutch*; but the meat or flesh of them is borrowed from the French, as beef, veal, mutton, pork, Sir Luke Schaub, whom his friends used to call Sir Luke Scab, but a very worthy gentleman, made the observation first to me; and his inference was, that our Saxon ancestors ate but little flesh meat: but I rather think it was owing to the peasants, or graziers, living in the country; and the butchers, who were Normans, abiding in towns. Certainly our terms of cookery are mostly French." P. 338.

"XXIII.

"Ray, p. 226, has the expression, *as sound as a trout*; but sometimes people will express it, *as sound as a roach*, which is by no means a firm fish, but rather otherwise: and on that account Mrs. Thomas surmises it should rather be *sound as a roche*, or *rock*: and it is certain, that the abbey of De Rupe, in Yorkshire, was called *Roche-abbey*, implying that Roche was formerly the pronunciation of rock here, in some places at least." P. 349.

"XXVIII.

"In drinking, they will put the edge of the glass to the thumb-nail,

to shew there is not a drop left in. This we had from the French, with whom *boire la goutte sur l'ongle* means to drink all up. Cotgrave, v. "Goutte." P. 351.

The secular capellans, or chantry priests, suppressed in the reign of Edward VI. had great bequests to say masses for the souls of the dead. Hence, says our author, the proverb—*Happy the son whose father is gone to the devil*—then he had not left his money to these priests.

#### " XXXVII.

"It seems at Overton Longueville, co. Huntingdon, there is an ancient monument in stone, of a knight lying prostrate in armour, with what they call his puddings, or guts, twisted round his left arm, and hanging down to his belly; Peck's Desid. Curios. p. 222; who, by negligence, has repeated this article from p. 50 of the same book. However, the comment there is, 'A tradition is still kept up among the people there, that this was the body of the Lord Longueville who went out to meet the Danes coming to destroy that place (forsan in 870, F. P.), and in his first conflict with them had such a wound in his belly, that his guts fell out; but he took them up in his hand, and wrapped them round the wrist of his left arm, and so fought on with his right hand, till he killed the Danish king; and soon after fell himself.' W. K. (i. e. White Kennett.)" P. 356, 7.

#### " LXVIII.

"I admire that expression which I heard in Keut, 'when my husband comes,' said the woman, 'he will be two men;' meaning, he will be so enraged, as to be quite another person from what he is wont to be. In the old play of Taming the Shrew, the shrew's father says to her husband, who had subdued her great spirit:

'A hundred pounds I freely give thee more,  
Another dowry for another daughter;  
For she is *not the same* she was before.' P. 374, 5.

#### " LXIX.

"The Latins were fond of the *euphemismus*, as *fuit, abiit ad plures, obiit*, that is, *diem obiit extremum*; all in the sense of *he is dead*. So again, *effertur*, the funeral proceeds, &c. All which, however, are not more delicate and tender on such a moving subject, than that expression which I heard in the country, in the same sense, *He has turn'd the corner*, i. e. gone away, so as no more to be seen." P. 375.

This expression does not at all strike us as *delicate*, but very much on a par with *he has kicked the bucket*. In the delicate and tender annunciation of death, Homer is unrivalled—*καίλας Πάργου-κλος*. In art. lxx. p. 372, the author does not appear to have known that on the Continent the measurement of miles by the hour, that is to say, a distance in so many hours instead of miles, is common.

“XCII.

“*Window*, from admitting the wind, as was the case when lattices only were applied, before the general use of glass. *Ventana* of the Spaniards stands on the same footing.” P. 388.

“C.

“From the Latin *plaga* we had *plage*, as it is written frequently in Roger Ascham's English works. But we write it now universally *plague*, absurdly enough. This, however, has afforded a pretty conundrum: What word is that, which being a monosyllable, if you take away the two first letters, becomes a dissyllable?” P. 391.

*League, teague, &c.* are equally liable to be so constructed.

“X.

“The only way for those who are troubled with frequent and frightful dreams is, to leave off meat suppers. I knew a gentleman who used often to dream of thieves breaking into the house, and so strongly that he was ready to get out of bed from the lively impression, entirely cured of the malady by that means. I am not apt to dream; but pigeon's flesh seldom fails to disturb me.” P. 396.

“XL.

“In respect of cloaths, as the world judges much by appearance, it is evident that where you are not known, as when in London for example, you should dress up to the top of your station; but in the country, and at home, where you are known to all, you may go as plain as you please, as people make not there, your exterior their rule of judgment, but your substantial fortune.”

The rich miser thought differently. When I am in my own quarter, every body knows me, and what signifies how I dress?—When I am from home, nobody knows me, and what signifies how I dress?

## " L.

" It has been usually observed, and I apprehend, is a just observation, that if you have drunk freely over-night, and find yourself disordered with it, feverish, crop-sick, listless, &c. next day, a moderate resumption of the glass will relieve you. This is a remark of some antiquity; for we meet with it in the 'Schola Salernitana,' c. xv.

" *Si nocturna tibi noceat potatio vini,  
Hoc tu mane bibas iterum, fuerit medicina.*"

And yet it is difficult, I presume, to account for it." P. 416, 417.

Nothing more simple. By the powerful stimulation of ebriety, the excitability is so debilitated that nature would, left to herself, be long bringing about the former tone of stomach, and steadiness of nerves, but a " moderate resumption of the glass" acts as a stimulus and expedites her healthful operations. In prescribing emetics, the same principle is observed. After giving a patient twenty grains of ipecacuanha, it is common to restore the former action of the stomach by three or four grains more, mixed with *confectio aromatica*, or some other of the *stimulantia tonica*.

## " LI.

" The mulberry-tree, in our climate, is one of the latest in putting out leaf; and it is an observation, that we ought not to change our winter-cloaths for summer ones, till this tree is green; and it is certainly a very safe and prudential one, as a precaution that cannot be too much recommended. The heralds say this tree is an emblem of wisdom, in not shooting till the severity of the North-East is over. Guillim III. c. 7." P. 417.

The heralds have the authority of Pliny,

*Arborum sapientissima morus.*

The vicar of — used to refuse his pulpit to a stranger, saying, " If the gentleman preaches better than I, my parishioners may not relish me so well afterwards; and if worse, he is not fit to preach at all." P. 426.

## " LII.

" It is a custom to bind a thread round one's finger for the sake of remembering any thing. A very antient practice; for we read, Dent. vi. 8. ' And thou shalt bind them as a sign upon thine hand, and they shall be as frontlets before thine eyes.' " P. 459.

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## " LVII.

" As the case is with us now, one may almost question whether we of this nation are any gainers by the Reformation ; we had then too much religion, but now we have none :

*Incidit in Scyllam qui vult vitare Charybdin.*

" The worst effect of the Reformation was rescuing wicked men from a darkness which kept them in awe. This, as it hath proved, was holding out light to robbers and murderers.' Minute Philosopher, vol. i. p. 92 ; and we see him, p. 146, 7." P. 461.

## " LXX.

" Butterflies partake of the colour of what they feed upon mostly." P. 466.

## " LXXIX.

" Goosberry is supposed to be so called from the use of this fruit for sauce to the green-goose ; but quære, the Latin is *grossulus*, and it is certainly *big*, or *great*, in comparison with the currant, or currant-berry, as they call it in Kent ; wherefore it may be a corruption of *grossberry*, which would be more easily received on account of its use abovementioned." P. 380.

So much for the green, now for the stubble goose. The reason why a goose is eaten on *Michaelmas-day*, is, as we have heard, because Queen Elizabeth was dining on a goose on the 29th of September, when the news was brought to her of the defeat of the *Spanish Armada*.

## " XCII.

" When the province of Silesia was surrendered by the emperor's troops to the arms of the King of Prussia, in the war of 1741, his majesty came to Breslaw, to receive the oaths of allegiance from the principal Silesians ; and the great hall of the state-house was to be furnished in haste for the ceremony. There was a throne already in the hall, adorned with the Imperial Black Eagle with two heads. Now the Eagle of Prussia is black, with one head only ; so that, to save time, they cut off one of the heads of the Imperial Eagle, and clapped the king's cypher on his breast, whereby he became as complete a Prussian Eagle as if he had been a native, and not thus naturalized. (Letters of Baron Binfield.)" P. 472, 473.

That our selections have been choice with respect to entertainment, will easily be perceived. Dry but useful notes correct-

ing dry but useful authors abound, and have been left to be consulted by those, who may have an opportunity of turning them to account. We have derived considerable pleasure, and some information from the perusal of these *ten centuries*, whose trifles and absurdities, not sparingly spread, we have treated with the lenity, which the worthy author, at p. 428, prescribes to a *post-humous work*.

*Il Poeta di Teatro, Romanzo Poetico in sesta rima, del Dr. Fillippo Pananti da Mugello. 2 Vol. Dulau. 1809. (Concluded from P. 216.)*

At p. 329, we learn that Tasso's distress was so great, that he wrote *by the light of his cat's eyes!* Gay and Voltaire also, it seems, had cats, and their gambols contributed to assist the liveliness of their ideas! Now we must translate the Doctor *verbatim*: If after such great characters, I am permitted to speak of myself, I shall say that I too have a *famous cat*, brought up with the greatest care, and full of a thousand *amiable qualities!* P. 329.

*Viver di lacertole.*—Cats that live on lizards, shew all their ribs.

I knew a lady all skin and bone, who was much loved by a pious Christian, and he contended that the passion was perfectly platonic, as it certainly had nothing *carnal* in it. Henry IV. saw a very skinny lady dressed in a green robe. "That's curious," said he, "she's *green* and yet *dry!*" Voltaire had an eaglet which he was much attached to. The poor bird being sick, Voltaire enquired constantly after it.—One morning, the maid told him that it had died in the night, adding it was so dried up and meagre that it's a good thing it's dead. The philosopher of Fernelly replied in a rage—"So then because I am thin, and as dry as a chip, it would be a good thing if I was dead?" And thus he continued for a whole week constantly saying—"So then because I am thin, and as dry as a chip, it would be a good thing if I was dead!" The maid was dismissed his service, and with great difficulty, after three months, restored to favour. P. 334.

*Giusto voleva scendere.* One having fallen from his horse, said—*That's just the thing, I wanted to get off!* A saying amongst those who wish to appear indifferent about a disgrace, which they can't avoid.



*Vedo curvo come' Pope Sixto.*—It is reported of Pope Sixto V. that when he was Cardinal di Montalto, he went about almost bent double, as if oppressed with age and disease. The moment he became Pope, however, he walked perfectly upright, and spoke with the voice of Scutor. To those who marvelled at it, he said that he went bent towards the ground, because he was in search of the keys of St. Peter, but that having found them, he became erect. P. 317.

*Il miracol di San Gennaro.* Every one knows what is called the miracle of the blood of *San Gennaro*, which boils and bubbles. It has existed above a thousand years. *San Gennaro* is the saint and protector of the Neapolitans, and the *Lazzaroni* give him the first place in Heaven. If his blood does not boil once, they expect the greatest calamities. When the French under General Championnet entered Naples, *San Gennaro*, nevertheless, repeated his miracle punctually, on which the people lost their esteem for him, and accusing him of jacobinism, they put St. Antonio in his place. He has since been restored to favour. P. 321.

*Estempore Poets.*—Gianni is the most extraordinary of the extempore poets, and also a great writer, (which is as extraordinary). His extemporaneous verses are beautiful when read, (extraordinary again). A pale visage, long white dishevelled hair, piercing eyes, a deep voice, an universal tremor in his limbs, a certain, I know not what, of prophetic and divine in all his person, give us an idea of what is reported of the Sibyls and their oracles. He now lives in Paris, and enjoys a pension from government, obtained by the excellence of his verses relating to the battle of Marengo. Here are two. Speaking of Bonaparte, the victor in that battle, he thus concludes:

E la fortuna al suo valor devota,  
Gli offerse il crine, e abbandonò la ruota. P. 327.

By the way of puzzling these poets, it is common to give them very unexpected themes.

I once heard this argument given to an *improvisatore*—*Why has an ass longer ears than other animals?* He began by describing Jove, who filled the earth with beasts and birds, and gave them all names. One day, he assembled them together, and asked them their names. They all replied correctly, except the *ass*, who said it had slipt his memory. On which, Jove took him by the ears, as a schoolmaster takes a little boy, and pulled them

still they became very long, and so they have remained to this day. P. 339.

*La Muse d'Avon.*—At p. 331 we are told that *Avon*, in the Celtic, signifies *inspiration, enthusiasm*. Sir John Carr, in his way to Ireland, says he went into Shakspeare's house, at Stratford, and that it was "*incapable of rousing one poetical idea*:"—he should have gone up to his neck into the river, and waited patiently!

*Sensu methetoi su nē sal nē odio.*—A common proverb to signify quickness, or a thing done without labour. Its origin: A gentleman who ate a salad every evening, scolded his servant once for not being more on the alert in the preparation of it. Asking the man shortly after, whether he had his salad ready? Yes, sir, he replied, and that I might lose no time, I have neither put salt nor oil in it, or left out the oil and vinegar. P. 335.

*Ma lagnato mi son di gamba sana.*—Said of the discontented, or those who are always complaining. Origin: A man fell down, and groaned most dolorously—Passengers enquiring the cause, he said he had broken his leg. The surgeon came; and asking him, which leg? This, said he, pointing to the right. The surgeon felt the leg, during which he uttered the most horrible cries—Sir, said the surgeon, there is nothing the matter with this leg.—No? exclaimed the patient; then perhaps it's the other!

Catalan's husband distributes every night one hundred and sixty tickets amongst his friends to clap his wife. For this they have free admission to his house. Knock (*clap*) and it shall be opened to you. The *wit* here is in the verb *battere* applied to the hands and the door. P. 342.

A lady asked a dentist, how it happened that her teeth, without being decayed, were all loose?—He replied—through the perpetual motion of your tongue. A poet thus describes his wife—

*Ma femme est un animal*

*Original,*

*Qui bien ou mal*

*S'habille,*

*Se deshabile,*

*Bubille!*

Another reading in the Bible, that a man was possessed by a demon that was dumb, exclaimed, O, if that demon should ever enter into my wife, drive him not out, I beseech thee, O Lord! P. 344.

*Lord Eldon and Catalani.*—It may be recollected that his lordship declared from the bench, that he would not give five shillings to hear Catalani. This is Pananti's opinion on the occasion. I don't know whether this impeaches the goodness of his ear, but it proves that he has a good nose (*vue, nous*), and the great magistrate has shewn much more sense than they, who give a foreign singer two hundred *ginees* a night, and five thousand a season. What judgment will they form on the Continent, when they know that a singer, herself alone, gains more than three Admirals, twelve Oxford Professors, and one hundred and twenty Curates! P. 345.

*Farinelli*, the eunuch, returning from England, boasted to Lambertini, of the wealth he had obtained there. The Pope wittily replied—"Avete fatta tanta fortuna cold, perchè vi avete trovate le gioie, che avete perdute in quid." This will be best understood by an Italian. P. 346.

Sadi, being at prayers with the family, observed to his father, that his brothers, instead of praying, were asleep. It is better to sleep, said the father to him sternly, than to watch to find fault with your brothers.

Pananti promises always to speak with kindness of Mr. Gould, the treasurer, for the obligations he owes him, and illustrates his feelings and peculiar situations by the following anecdote. The Caliph, Aaron Raschid, after a fatal catastrophe, forbade the name of *Giafar* to be mentioned, on pain of death. A poet nevertheless placed himself before the palace, and sung his praises. Ordered into the Caliph's presence, and asked how he durst violate his ordinance? the poet frankly replied—*Giafar was just and magnanimous—he has done me service, and I sing his praise!*—As you are so grateful, said the Caliph, take this cup, and hereafter you will celebrate the name of *Aaron*. The poet raised his hands to heaven, and exclaimed—*O Giafar, to thee I owe this golden cup—how can I do otherwise than praise thee!* P. 351.

A gentleman on whom they tried to impose, said—"I am in a rage with my face, for, were it not such a good-natured foolish one, you would not dare to tell me, or do to me, what you do." P. 353.

"The Legend tells of some young men, who flying from punishment, hid themselves in a cavern, where they slept for

seven years. And why not? Some people sleep all their lives!  
P. 354.

"*Lamme, lemme, ienne onne.* Words or sounds expressive of indolence or ennui." P. 359.

"A certain cavalier, Farinola, going to the audience of the Grand Duke, had a fit of apoplexy, and fell dead on the great stairs of the prince's palace. His son attending the levee the following year, the Grand Duke asked him who he was? The servile courtier replied—I am the cavalier Farinola, son to him who had the honour of falling down dead on the stairs of your royal highness's palace!" P. 366.

*Esquire.* A title of honour in England! Ib.

A countryman asked a neighbour to lend him his jackass—Willingly, he replied, but I have sent him to the mill. At this moment, the peasant heard him bray in the stable.—Why, there, I hear him, said he—Ah! replied the other, I see that you are no friend of mine, for you had rather believe an ass than your friend! P. 367.

Sta in letto il debtor, sta al suo bel fuoco,  
E licito anco in *King's Bench*\* e mangia, e beve;  
Il creditor convien che dorma poco, &c.

C. 93. st. 38.

*i. e.* The debtor stays in bed, or stands before a good fire, and lives merrily in the King's Bench, eating and drinking, while the creditor sleeps little, &c.

\* *King's Bench.* The prison where great debtors live very comfortably. It is of vast extent—a sort of town and country, where they have all the comfort and all the pleasure of life, and often laugh at their creditors. P. 368.

*Farò risposta al suo silenzio.*

A Gascon had written against La Motte, who made no reply. The Gascon wrote another bitter epistle, with this title—*Answer to La Motte's silence.* P. 370.

*What.*—Cosa? P. 368.

*Pissi, pissi.*—Not Tuscan, but words imitative of whispering something in another's ear, of which he hears nothing but a confused sound. P. 311.

A father had two sons—dying, he left all to the elder, who was very learned, and (of course) nothing to the younger, who was

profoundly ignorant. To his first he said, I leave you all—Your brother is an ass,—and in this world asses are the first to make their fortunes ! P. 372.

A king asked a priest how he managed to be so fat, fresh, and resy? By living, he replied, without thought, without being in love, without quarrels, and without anxiety. P. 372.

*Domani si fa credito, ma oggi si paga.* Pay to-day and trust to-morrow. Ib.

A lady, ninety years of age, lost a daughter, who was more than eighty (an early marriage). Alas ! unhappy woman that I am, she exclaimed, I lost all my sons just as they began to call me *mamma*—this poor *little angel* alone remained, and the Lord has taken her to Paradise. P. 373.

In the last Canto and notes, we have Doctor Filippo Pananti da Mugello, otherwise the Don Quixote of the Theatre's Travels in Wales, and comments on the "*Velchi*," the Welch, their Bards, &c.

The road to "*Penmaen*" was very rough and dangerous when he was there, but it has since been thoroughly repaired by a great Welch lord, he believes, *The Duke of Usbridge* ! P. 375.

We can travel no further with the learned Doctor. His notes, affording occasionally some sort of entertainment, the cream of which we have given, finish with a recurrence to the old wound—the Opera-house. At p. 399, he seems to confess, (and he does well,) that as to his poetry, nature deserted him, and *rage and disappointment* were her substitute ; but he contends that he has not dealt in bitter satire, no ;

*Contre ce peuple furieux,  
Je jeterois mes souliers vieux,*

says he, and finally dismisses the operatic corps, with the benediction given by a French King to an Italian city remarkable for its turbulence : "*Trovate il diavolo che vi prenda, io non più non vi voglio.*" Find a devil that will take you, for I'll have no more to do with you !

It has been said, that the mountain in labour brought forth a mouse—here the *mouse* in labour has brought forth a mountain—two volumes of nothings—*una sterile abbondanza*.

## THE BRITISH STAGE.

Τὰ ἀμφὶ τῇ θεατρῷ, καὶ τοῖς τοῖς τοῖς χερσὶν.

Marc. Antonin. lib. vi. § xlvii.

*Nū novum, nihil quod non semel spectare augeat.*

De Circensibus Plin. l. x. sp. 6.

## COMEDIANS.

(Concluded from P. 107.)

I confess, sir, that it would be difficult with more effrontery to tell men to their face that they are scoundrels, or at best that they labour under a strong suspicion of being so—especially when you subjoin to this apostrophe—“*Every where the temptation to do ill is augmented by the facility.*”

It is beneath me to answer language so base and scurrilous.

I cannot, I am ready to allow, defend that licentiousness which is but too common amongst theatrical people. All I wish to prove is, that it is possible to stop its course, and that it is not so general as you affirm. The licentiousness, which you ascribe to actresses, would not take place at Geneva, were they permitted to pass for modest women. In France, it does appear that the name of mistress is synonymous with that of prostitute; and although it is certain that there are many whose conduct is irreproachable, so little is their virtue believed to be possible, that the supposition is always laughed at. Their reserve is considered as making the best of the market, their modesty hypocrisy, and their decorum intrigue. All the advantage they derive from their honesty, is the testimony of a good conscience. I know that the abandoned conduct of some authorizes, in a measure, the reproachful judgment which the public pass on all, but I am also not ignorant that this judgment is the principal and first cause of libertinism. It

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is very well to say that we ought to do good for its own sake, but we know that self-love always likes to be of the party.

I will not contradict what you assert to raise our esteem for that modesty, which nature has bestowed on the fair sex. I think with you on the subject, and consider it as the brightest ornament of all the charms of woman. I am persuaded that it is natural to all females to a certain degree, although it is certain that it is greatly improved by education. I doubt not that even savages, who are naked and not ashamed, because they are not corrupt enough to think it shameful, possess decency equivalent to all that to which our corruption subjects us. Whatever you say on that point is said in a manner worthy of a man, but I could have wished that you had not rendered modesty so rare and austere as you seem to hold it. I love to think that it may be found beneath the roof fretted with gold, as well as in the cottage thatched with straw.

For instance, is it not extravagant to maintain—" *That there are no good morals in women, beyond a retired and domestic life—That every woman who exhibits herself is dishonoured?*" This is to deny purity of manners to all who do not live in solitude, and in the exercise of domestic occupations. What numbers are there, however, who, moving by duty, and in conformity to their character, in the great world, make themselves respected and admired for their virtue? If it be good to bring before men's observation those ties of duty, which oblige them, it is assuredly very dangerous to endeavour to render them contemptible in their own eyes. "*Modesty,*" you say, "*is base and ignoble in great towns; that it is the only thing of which a well-bred woman would be ashamed, and that the honour of having made an honest man blush, belongs exclusively to women of the ton.*" I don't know what you understand by *women of the ton*: I cannot but believe that you mean *women of the town*, for it is their privilege alone to consider it an honour to make an honest man blush. Neither do I agree that *modesty is the only thing of which a well-bred woman would be ashamed*. Are these the fruits of the best education! Really, sir, it would seem as if you were possessed with the very demon of satire.

I admire the goodness of your heart, when you are obliged to speak ill of your neighbour: You are ready to suppose that it is possible to find three modest women who are actresses. Though

writing seriously you cite Boileau *the satirist* to confirm your judgment, and to sharpen the point of the epigram, you add that though you admit of the supposition, *you never heard or saw any thing of the kind*; which must have arisen from the little acquaintance you have in such society. A great number might be mentioned to you without exhausting all the modesty contained in the various companies in the kingdom, if naming some did not lead to an invidious exclusion of others. They would derive but little good from their attempts at exculpation, since you profess it to be your object to decry them. He, however, who is so hardy as to assert that *women of quality have the manners of prostitutes or procuresses*, may be suffered to speak ill of actresses with impunity.

P. S. Mr. Editor. P. A. Laval adds much on this subject, but I can translate no more. You have here the best of his arguments, which, if they shew nothing else, shew that he is very angry. I own I think that the *player-folks* might be better defended; but I must leave that honourable office to some one of your correspondents, who has more leisure than your friend, C. H.

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## PLAUTUS AND TERENCE.

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PLAUTUS is frequently much superior to Terence, as a dramatist. For instance, the latter offends against all propriety, when in that charming scene (sc. i.) in his *Adelphi*, he introduces a servant talking like Cato, the philosopher, and fills his mouth full of moral apophthegms.

### TRAGEDY AND COMEDY.

More tragedies are produced than comedies. Young men make their first overture to tragedy; not being able, for want of knowledge and experience, to woo her sister. Phœbus and the Muses are invoked to fit out the tragic hero, but the comic walks our streets, and the likeness is, as it were, judged of by himself. The style of comedy is less arduous than that of tragedy, as there is less art in running fast, and skipping up and down, than in a regular march or a graceful dance. Yet it is not so difficult to soar in heroic verse as to represent common life, which requires a steady and vigorous pencil.



## ORIGINAL POETRY.

## HORACE IN LONDON.

ODE XXII. BOOK I.

*Integer vita, scelerisque purus.*

THE pauper poet, pure in zeal,  
 Who aims the Muse's crown to steal,  
 Need steal no crown of baser sort,  
 To buy a goose, or pay for Port.  
 He needs not Fortune's poison'd source,  
 Nor guard the House of Commons yields,  
 Whether by Newgate lie his course,  
 The Fleet, King's-Bench, or Cold Bath Fields.  
 For I, whom late, *impransus*, walking,  
 The Muse beyond the Rules had led;  
 Beheld a huge bum-bailiff stalking,  
 Who star'd, but touch'd me not, and fled!  
 A bailiff black and big like him,  
 So scowling, desperate, and grim,  
 No lock-up house, the gloomy den  
 Of all his tribe shall spawn again.  
 Place me beyond the Rules afar,  
 While alleys blind the flight debar;  
 Or bid me fascinated lie,  
 Beneath the catchpole's flashing eye:  
 Place me where spunging-houses round,  
 Attest that bail is never found;  
 Where poets starve who write for bread,  
 And writs are more than poems read,  
 O Muse, I'll still thy charms indite,  
 Till Pegasus, exhausted, tumbles,  
 Still will I rhyme in Reason's spite,  
 And sing, altho' my belly grumbles.

H.

## BOOK I. ODE XXX.

## PRIVATE BOXES!

*O Venus, regina Cnidi Paphique, &c.*

O VENUS, Queen of Drury-Lane!  
Soft partisan of amorous doxies,  
O'er tall Soho no longer reign,  
But patronize our Private Boxes.

Let Cupid, ardent chaperon,  
To Hart-Street lead the London graces,  
As loose of manners as of zone,  
With bosoms bare, and brazen faces.

Bring with thee, dame, a tempting show  
Of girls fantastic, gay, and jolly;  
Age without thee is sapient woe,  
And with thee, youth is joyous folly.

Bring too the footpad demigod,  
Who once outwitted wise Apollo,  
O'er paths by truant Venus trod,  
Light Mercury is sure to follow.

J.

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“WHERE THERE’S A WILL THERE’S A WAY.”

I HAVE heard many say,  
“Where there’s *Will* there’s a *way*,”  
But that’s a vain saying no doubt;  
For cried *Will* in a rage,  
I’ve got into the cage,  
And ’faith I can’t find a *way* out.

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## THE JE N' SAIS QUOI.

Among the gods a contest rose,  
 (Sharp, as Olympus ever saw ;)   
 Touching what qualities compose,  
 In man, the famous "*Je n' sais quoi.*"

First, *Merc'ry eloquence* propos'd,  
*Mars* said, 'twas *bravery* in war ;  
*Pallas* observ'd, that she suppos'd,  
 In *wisdom* lay the "*Je n' sais quoi.*"

*Momus* said, he *good-humour* sought ;  
*Venus* declar'd, that when she saw  
 A *handsome man*, she always thought  
 That he possess'd the "*Je n' sais quoi.*"

*Apollo* said, "*poetic fire*  
 Will sometimes gain a man *éclat* ;  
 But touching tenderly the *lyre*,  
 Awakes ideas of '*Je n' sais quoi.*'"

"The man," said *Bacchus*, "I profess,  
 Who coolly *takes* his *bottles trois*,  
 Must, most undoubtedly, possess  
 A *head* compos'd of '*Je n' sais quoi.*'"

With these ideas, the gods all hied  
 To *Jove*, dispenser of their law ;  
 Requesting, that *he* would decide,  
 What was this famous "*Je n' sais quoi.*"

"Ye gods," said *Jove*, "your eyes incline  
 On earth, and there behold —\* :  
*Good-nature, sense, and wit*, combine,  
 In *him*, to form the "*Je n' sais quoi.*"

JULIA.

\* As the gentleman, mentioned in the MS. may possibly have some modesty, (though I cannot presume to say that I have any knowledge of the fact) I have taken the liberty of suppressing his name. EDIT.

## MEMORANDA DRAMATICA.

## COVENT-GARDEN.

- Oct. 25. Man of the World.—Jubilee.\*  
 26. Laugh when you can.—Jubilee.—Oscar and Malvina.†  
 27. Jubilee.—Beaux Stratagem.—Oscar and Malvina.‡  
 28. Id.—School of Reform.—Raising the Wind.||

Oct.

\* No regard for the charitable purpose of this night's entertainments, or respect for the *Jubilee* in honour of the 50th year of the accession of GEORGE III. could obtain a hearing for the new piece so named, and performed on this occasion. The fighting was more than usual, and the *halloo* much the same. The last scene represented a large vessel at sea, and a distant view of a sea-port town illuminated. Soldiers and sailors then came on, displaying banners, which were inscribed, with the different victories of the reign, a triumphal car, Commerce, &c. The whole concluding with *God save the King*, the chorus by the entire house—actors and no actors, singers, and no singers.

† The wind sprung up in the old quarter, O. P. about the fifth act. The breeze was comparatively faint; still nothing could afterwards be distinctly heard; and numbers of decent persons in the pit and boxes were driven out by the mutinous conduct which prevailed.

‡ The mutiny is by no means so alarming as it was, but the crew is still very far from orderly. Mr. Mainwaring's charge to the *Grand Jury*, in the Sessions-house, Westminster, and their having found bills of indictment against seven of the mutineers, are thought to have had a tendency to quell their rebellious spirit. We saw the two couple of lovers, and heard the same quantity of songs, which form what is called the *Jubilee*. It is a production reflecting infinite honour on the genius of Mr. Tom Dibdin, and its repetition is equally insulting to the taste and good sense of the town. However it has not the demerit of affecting to be like Mr. Arnold's *Jubilee*, a drama in two acts,¶ and as a little piece, "of *Jubilee* cajollery" for that night only, might have escaped censure, but could have merited no praise. The music is furnished by Mr. Reeve, "with (as the *Courier* says) his usual success."

|| From the 18th of September, till the 28th of October, this bark has been with its dead lights up, rolling about in a heavy sea, and at the merciless mercy of a tremendous gale—but the storm has suddenly subsided,

§ The benefit of the fund for the relief of small debtors.

¶ Our witty friend *Jum* observed, that Mr. Arnold's *Jubilee* was just as bad again as Dibdin's, the former being in two acts, and the latter only in one.

Oct. 30. Jubilee.—Grecian Daughter.—Fitch of Bacon.\*

Oct.

sided, and from the mast-head, the owners seem to descry the land, and anticipate safety. The fear of a *Court-martial* on-board the *Sessions'-house*, or *King's Bench*, has wonderfully pacified the mutineers.

*The School of Reform*, a play (for we cannot call it *comedy*) of far more painful than agreeable interest, introduced Mr. Egerton a second time, on the London boards. He performed the part of *Lord Arundale*, and appears to be engaged to play Mr. Pope's middle-aged gentlemen in comedy. Sorry as Mr. Egerton was in his single performance† at the Haymarket, he seems likely to effect this well enough; for all that Mr. Pope, a better actor, could do with these miserable parts, was to play them without offence. Mr. Emery shewed very extraordinary powers of acting in the horrible *Tyke*; and we have heard, with no less surprise than regret, that his salary is two pounds a week less than Mr. Blanchard's, for whose merit, comparatively, two pounds a week would be exorbitant pay.

\* The quiet of the latter part of last week was deceitful. Of the forty-one bills presented to the Grand Jury, only twelve, notwithstanding Mr. Mainwaring's laboured charge, were found †—those for kissing, hooting, barking, whistling, and *speechifying*, were all thrown out. The rebellious consequently knew the safe ground, and used it accordingly. The house was full at the first price; but the riot did not begin till the third act of the tragedy, when the riot, as it respected hearing, was to the end as bad as ever.

The *Grecian Daughter* was first acted at Drury in 1772. Murphy, the author, observes in his PS. that the subject “has been touched in some foreign pieces”—The *Zelmire* of M. Belloy, for instance, from which, however, he thinks “it is not unlucky that no more than three lines could be adopted.” If M. Belloy's *Zelmire* was any thing but declamation and dulness, we cannot see the *luck*. The acting of Mr. and Mrs. Barry in the principal characters, might have done something; but nothing, except the story of the daughter's suckling the father being as it were one of the *novelty*, could with the other materials have kept it in being. Mrs. Clarke, from Manchester,|| chose *Euphrosia*, the heroine of this tragedy, for her *debut*; and we think that she did not do herself justice, for she seems capable of better things than mouthing declamation

† *Duke Aransa*, in the *Honey Moon*.

‡ A subscription has been freely entered into to defray the expenses of the needy; each item, as advertised, stigmatising the managers, &c.

|| Daughter of Mr. Goweroy, printer of a Manchester paper.

Oct. 31. Exile.—Portrait of Cervantes.\*

Nov.

climation and unassuming rant. She appears to be about twenty; her face is of a handsome tragic cast, and her figure of the middling size, and well-proportioned. She has a musical voice, and, considering the experience of her youth, manages both that and her action with considerable skill and adroitness; the occasional injudicious exertion of the former, and the redundancy of the latter, time and study will correct. She is of course, as they say at Manchester, "*an impeccable article*;" and, as it respects this character, her person is in the same situation, for few women could be found more ill-provided to acquit themselves *satisfactorily*, in the singular scene which passes where "*the father finds a parent in his child*." Her reception was very gracious, and deservedly so, until the fourth act, when she ceased to be heard. Mr. Young dressed the head of old *Evander* exquisitely well, and played the part better than we ever saw it performed. The *Dionysius* of Mr. C. Kemble was acted with energy, and in his armour, helmet,† and sword, he was every inch the picture of a hero.

A prologue of some dozen lines was spoken by Mr. Cooke previously to the tragedy—it was to bespeak the favour of the audience towards Mrs. Clarke, and began with alluding to the riots in the theatre:

*"Tho' hostile rage so long within these walls,  
Has rous'd a tempest that each heart appals," &c.*

and seemed to imply triumphantly that they were over. If the twelve against whom the bills were found had clubbed their line each, nothing more stupidly injudicious, could have been furnished the managers at this crisis. The wounds were all torn open afresh on the occasion.

*New pronunciations.*—In the *Grecian Daughter*, the following novelties struck us—the names of the speakers we shall, for this time suppress: 1. "*Arm*" was called *harm*—We are sure that Mr. Kemble, the great patron of *atches*, does not patronize this. 2. The *y* in *Syracuse*, was wrongly pronounced soft, as in *Syringe*. 3. "*See, Melancthon comes*," was improved by this luminous reading, "*See, my lantern comes*."

\* All at sea again. Nothing heard but hurlyburly from the end of the third act to the final dropping of the curtain. Many persons in the pit exhibited a large O. P. in their hats; and, as no bill was found against *Mary Austen*, who was taken up for springing a penny rattle, several rattles of that description were used, with whistles, &c.

\* Mr. Hope's work has been turned to some use in the new dresses.

Nov. 1. Every Man in his Humour.—Oscar and Malvina.\*

2. Grecian Daughter.—Turnpike Gate.†

3. A Cure for the Heart-Ache.—Oscar and Malvina.‡

Nov.

\* Worse and worse. Mr. Clifford, the barrister, was taken before the magistrates last night for wearing O. P. in his hat, but he persisted in the right to do so, and defying the magistrates power, was acquitted, telling them that if he had been a poor tailor, they would have held him to bail. The O. P. in pit and boxes were consequently multiplied this evening, and the placards abundant: the following were the most prominent:—

“ Britons be true and brave,  
Never be to Jew or Kemble slave.”

“ The devil is black, so is Jack—Old Prices.”—“ Never Relax.”—  
“ Rally and conquer.”—“ Britons shall never be subdued by vagrants.”  
—“ O. P. and Clifford for ever.”—“ No hypocrisy in the garb of charity.”—“ Profits on the 25th, 0l. 0s. 0d.”

And another of a personal nature, too infamous to be particularised.

At the end of the play the groans and shouts were methodised, and called for in the following order:

Three shouts for the King. Three groans for Kemble. Three groans for Mainwaring. Three groans for Brandon. Three shouts for Clifford. Three shouts for Scott. Three shouts again for the King.

† The riot of the same description, with some improvements. O. P.'s very numerous, and uproar continued from the half price to the end. Placards:—

“ A new edition of placards, with many improvements, is now in preparation.”

“ Shall John Bull fear and tremble,  
At the voice of John Kemble?  
Ha, ha, ha!”

“ O. P. and Clifford for ever!

One man in the boxes being desired to hold his tongue, said, “ *I am John Bull—I have taken out a licence for my tongue, and I will use it—No new prices! no Kembles!*”

‡ The fit was stronger last night than ever since the relapse. Races

on

† Mr. C. means to bring his action against the managers, which he will not conduct himself. “ If there was one independent man in the *Court of King's Bench*,” he has said, “ he should be my leader, but there is not one; therefore I shall bring it in the *Common Pleas*, and Serjeant Best shall be my counsel.”

Nov. 4. Nov. Grecian Daughter.—Review.\*

Nov.

on the benches in the pit, sham fights, and loyal songs, with some fifty O. P. hats, and several rattles of age, as well as minor ones. Mr. Kemble was exhibited on a gibbet, and a large portrait of him, as we were informed, below, though it looked far more like *Grimaldi*.

Many of the placards were too obscene and filthy for repetition.

*" Since potent hisses prove the public mind,  
Which has of late been of the hissing kind ;  
Let those hiss now, who never hiss'd before,  
And those who've always hiss'd, now hiss the more."*

—This parody on a passage in *Ausonius*, was from the pen of Mr. Clifford. There were others not worthy of notice. The whole terminated with three evolutions, 1. *A huzza for John Bull*. 2. *A groan for John Kemble*. And, 3. *A clap for the ladies in the private boxes*. After the *sortie*, the mob waited on the different newspaper offices inimical to the cause, and with loud execrations testified their contempt.

The O. P.'s were displayed in the front row of the pit, and the hissing began so early, that we could form but little judgment of the acting; we could, however, see enough to convince us, that if Messrs. Reynolds and Morton had had Mr. Jones, instead of Mr. Lewis, to support their *Young Rapids* at the outset, they would never have "*pushed on and kept moving*" to this time. Mr. Jones is active without being lively and merry without being entertaining. Mrs. Gibbs is far too pretty, and still looks too young for *Miss Vortex*.

\* The hissing burst out very early, and was in its fullest blossom at half-price. The house was very thin, and so it would have been under any circumstances with such a play. Rattles and trumpets aided the noise, and placards were unfolded once more, in proud defiance. Among many stale ones, the following bore the character of novelty:

"A new edition of placards is in preparation, and will be out next Monday."

"A statement of the subscriptions for persons supposed to be unjustly prosecuted." Here followed a long list of names of persons who have subscribed to defend the actions brought by the managers.

"Kemble, who can bow to a strumpet,  
Starts at a penny trumpet."

Another exhibited upon one side the figures of two men hanging, the one representing Mr. Harris, the other Mr. Kemble; over which was inscribed,

z z z



Nov. 6. Othello.—Blind Boy.\*

Nov.

scribed, "*The reward of monopoly*;" and on the other side of the placard was the figure of a *key*, with the words, "Removed from Chandos-street."

O. P.'s abounded; some in silver, with blue ribbons. After the farce, the malecontents drove the ladies out of the private boxes by indecent expressions, and marched out of the pit in close order. They now proceeded to the *Statesman*, (a paper that has been violent in their support, and raised its sale from nothing, by those means,) where their cheers were returned by the pressmen, devils and all, from the printing-office above. Their numbers had increased to some hundreds, when one man cried, "*Let's go and give old Kemble a groan.*" "*Does any body know where he lives?*" was the universal cry. Leaders started forth in plenty. One leading O. P. stopped them a moment to say, "*Gentlemen, now you will do any thing you please, except one, and that I request as a particular favour. 'What is it? what is it?'*" "I beg that you will not burn down the theatre to-night!" The march then commenced to Mr. Kemble's, where he was summoned to appear, and on default, his door was stormed ineffectually, but not so his windows, which suffered in a great many panes. This was done with halfpence and penny-pieces, no stones being at hand. The mud, however, served them to disfigure the front of the house. They then turned their force towards *Chancery-lane*. Here they gave Mr. Sylvester, the Recorder, three *groans*; and it was a very fit salutation, one which he, who at the Old Bailey is used to pass sentence on so many of them, might reasonably expect. Mr. John Kemble being cognomened *Black Jack*, Mr. John Sylvester is by way of distinction styled, *Gallows Black Jack*. As they paraded the streets, cheering Mr. Clifford, the patrol joined the chorus of their rattles. Before Mr. Kemble's, the watchmen interfered—they were seized by the mob, and would have had very summary execution, if one had not cried out—"Oh, fie! fie! where's your gallantry? Leave the old gentlewomen alone!"

This must be stopped, for the transition from the gallery of the Theatre to the gallery of the House of Commons, is more easy than perhaps every body would imagine.\*

\* Although they have been so cruel as to rob the Bull of his horn, he can still, and it is no wonder he does, roar most lustily. This night he was more tumultuous than common. Running, jumping, fighting, wrestling, and all imaginable games, took place in the pit, where some new

† Rivett, and the more respectable Bow-street Officers, have refused to attend to Mr. Brandon; and those who have, are all afraid of factions.

Nov. 7. Exile.—Jew and Doctor \*.

Nov.

new placards were displayed. The principal were—One painted like a coat of arms, with O. P., rattles, trumpets, horns, &c. *quartered*. In the centre, “Bill of the Play,” and the rest P. B. The initials (as we suppose) of private boxes. The others, which boasted novelty, were—“Where is John Kemble gone? To the country.—What road? The Road to Ruin.”—“Lord Dartmouth will make John Kemble silent.”—Motto for the private boxes, “Love and opportunity.” After the play came this reinforcement—“Terms of peace, Old Prices, No Private Boxes, Brandon discharged.”

“Fie on’t! oh, fie,

’Tis an unweeded garden.”

*Hamlet.*

“Old Prices.”—“Clifford for-ever.”—“The victory is ours—Be moderate—Mercy seasons justice.”—“Shall John Bull fear and tremble at the voice of John Kemble?”—“Question, Is John Kemble a greater knave than fool?”—“Never submit, for your triumph is near at hand.” Others represented men hanging; and one contained the figure of a key, with this inscription—“For what base purposes were we created?” There were many besides these, but they were less stationary, and drawn in smaller characters; we were consequently unable to collect them.

After the entertainments on the stage were over, much ribaldry, concluding with *God Save the King*, left them free to take the street, where they formed into a double column. Proceeding in a very riotous way, huzzaing their friends, and groaning at their enemies, they arrived at Mr. Kemble’s, Great Russel-street, Bloomsbury. Here they were attacked by the patrol, and coming to bark and not to bite, they suffered several of their party to be carried to the watch-house, and then dispersed.

\* “What, will the line stretch out to the crack of doom? Another yet?” Yes, and unless John is satisfied, this seems to “bear a glass which shews us many more.”

A repetition of the same disturbances is almost all the record necessary. Mr. Fawcett had a halfpenny thrown at him, and a patten was cast on the stage. Placards as usual, and, as usual, not worth quoting, only as they shew the *witless spirit* of the people. The accustomed roaring exultation always followed their exhibition.

A placard, “*insequiturque clamor virum.*”

Several speeches were made at the close, which, according to their mottos, recommended *perseverance*, and “*quiet without, and noise within, and hang Kemble and Brandon;*” which advice was taken in every particular,

Nov. 8. Inle and Yarico.—Miser \*.

Nov.

particular, except the *hauging*, a fault, or neglect, by no means to be imputed to them!

\* Sixty new constables were sworn in yesterday at Clerkenwell, but we fear that this concern is like the egg, by the children christened *humbti dumbti*.

“ Humbti dumbti sat upon a wall,  
Humbti dumbti had a great fall;  
And three-score men, and three-score more,  
Couldn't set humbti dumbti as he was before.”

Since the commencement of Michaelmas Term, opinions have been taken, and they all run to discountenance the idea, that hissing, groaning, blowing a whistle, or wearing O. P. in a hat, subject the party so acting, to an indictment for a riot. Were it otherwise, the Managers would become a sort of *Mayor of Coventry*. “ For a *wink*, ha'n't there the ducking-stool? for a *nod*, the stocks?” &c. In the former days of the drama, the public opinion was differently respected. See, amongst other *prologues*, the one to *Irene*.

“ Be this at least his praise, be this his pride,  
To force applause, no modern arts are tried.  
Should partial *cat-calls* all his hopes confound,  
He bids no trumpet quell the *fatal* sound.”

In those times the custom of drawing swords, tearing up benches, and demolishing the house, (in comparison with which the present war is peace) followed, on the mere attempt to force a bad play on the people. Now-a-days, Heaven knows! we are a very different-guise sort of people, and take worse physic with more ease!

Mr. Kemble talked of waiting on the Secretary of State, but the reply to his proposition dissuaded him: “ The Secretary of State will order you to shut your house; he will not interfere between you and the public; when you can meet the wishes of the people, he will say you may open it again.”

The row began very early, but it was in the beginning interrupted by some silence and certain cheerings. Mrs. Dickens, in a song, was justly and loudly applauded ‡. So was the sentiment, when Sir C. Curry said, “ Every man, especially an *Englishman*, should speak the dictates of his heart.”—“ I can scarcely believe my senses,” observes the lover. “ S'blood,” cries the governor, “ you ought to be out of your senses.” This also was kindly received, probably as a *personal compliment*!

‡ The *Press* says—“ We were allowed to hear so much of the *melody* of Dickens and *Liston*! as to fill us with delight.”

O. P.'s

Nov. 9. *Romeo and Juliet*.—Poor Soldier\*.

Nov.

O. P.'s in silver, glittered in the boxes, and one large O. P. appeared on the breast of a buff waistcoat. N. P. B. (*No private boxes*), was occasionally added.

PLACARDS.

"*We will conquer or die!*"—The figure of a large key, and above it, "*Virtuous ladies will not be hurt.*"—"Sofas and furniture for the private boxes," on one side, and on the other, drawings of beds, sofas, &c.

After the curtain finally dropped, an orator appeared in the boxes. He said, "I am an Irishman by birth, and by every thing else, and also an Englishman in my heart. I wish to say something that would go to put an end to all the noise, which cannot be pleasing to any one who cannot hear (*loud laughter*), I mean, who cannot hear the play, or any thing else! I would be glad to propose something to which we would all be inimical; but I never was here before till to-night. I say, it is my opinion it is a shame at the crisis of a war, to lay contributions on the admission to the theatre. No Englishman ought to deceive a Briton, except a Frenchman, and we won't let him deceive us, nor any body else, and, therefore, there ought to be no advance of prices!" (*Loud applauses*). Several rattles were sprung, and Mr. Bull recovered his horn.

\* Horn, bell, whistle, and rattle, were all brought into play on this night, which was perfectly consistent with the former. The instruments of sound above named, were individually in the singular number. The RATTLE-SNAKE here, therefore, differs much from the one imported from Carolina, which is said to have an additional rattle in its tail every year it lives. The English one began with many, and has lost them nearly all by the prolongation of its existence. The Managers, however, must not think it dead, because they have in a measure deprived it of its rattles, for they have "scotch'd the snake, not killed it," as its hissing testified to-night.

PLACARDS.

"Sons of Britain, ne'er give o'er, here's the prices as before; your opinion shews, every night, that they are wrong and you are right."—"Not a sofa or a private box."—"O. P. expects every man to do his duty."—"Death or O. P. and no P. B."—"The private boxes are for w—es."—"100l. bounty to serve under the Prince of Darkness."

But the principal placard, and that which was ever hoisted amid tumults of applause, was one upon a very long stick, which might justly be denominated the Old-Price Standard, or rather Arms. At the top was inscribed, "God save the King;" and at the bottom, "Our Rights  
and

Nov. 10. Man of the World.—Oscar and Malvina \*.

11. Love in a Village.—Animal Magnetism †.

Nov.

and independence." The arms consisted of four quarters: 1st, on a field *azure*, the letters O. P. in gold: 2d, on a field *or*, a bell *passant*: 3d, on a field *argent*, a bull's head *rampant*; around the neck, a *blanche* collar, inscribed O. P.; and, 4th, on a field *azure*, a *rattle quiescent*. The stick upon which this was raised, reached almost as high as the second tier of boxes; and when it appeared, the shoutings and bellowsings of its supporters, who, as it is customary, were *beasts*, passed all description.

The O. P.'s have a sort of jumping dance on the seat, crying out O. P. which had a very whimsical effect. Skirmishes were also exhibited, as if a Bow-street Officer had come in, and was taking out a rioter. One verse of *God save the King* was well pitched, and sung in a manner by no means unimpressive. The *private boxes* were empty, ladies not wishing to expose themselves to the obscene ribaldry of the pit. Few orders are now, *we believe*, issued, and the malecontents, if they dance, certainly pay the piper.

Mrs. Clarke performed the love-sick *Juliet*, her second personation in London. The features of her face, and the whole effect of her action and manner, fitted her well for the scenes in which dignified expression was necessary; but in the softer and more winning graces of the character she was far less successful.

\* The *rattle-snake* crowded the house as usual. The *hissing*, that is, his head, was in use early, and all the night, but the motion of his tail did not commence till half-price. The ordinary-extraordinary riot is still kept up. During the play, when *Sir Pertinax* said to Mr. C. Kemble, in *Egerton*, "*the whole tenor of your conduct is bad*," the remark was instantly applied with a roar, and this addition, "*and so is that of the Kembles!*" The placards, rather more spirituous than common, ran thus—

"NEW PRICES, down to hell, and say, OLD PRICES sent ye thither!"  
"Old Kemble in his utmost need, depends upon a fragile REED."

† Mr. Clifford, the barrister, headed the O. P.'s in the pit, and the confusion and uproar observed the common course. If there was any difference, it was in the greater indecency of the language held to the ladies in the *private boxes*, who being between two fires, the pit and gallery, were soon driven out after the play.

#### EXHIBITIONS.

"Full forty nights has Johnny Kemble trembled, and griev'd to see such (*mad*) Bulls here assembled."—"Abolish the Private Boxes!"—"Relinquish the prosecutions, and trust to public liberality—*Sine qua non*—John Bull."—"What do you want?"—"Old Prices. No Italian and

Nov. 13. Richard III.—Quaker\*.

Nov.

and French Bagnios ; Apology for the insults offered the public by the hired ruffians and fighting Jews.”—“ Statement of victories gained by the advocates of the public cause over King Kemble ; the hired Jews defeated ; Kemble driven from the stage ; private boxes held up to the odium they deserve.—FINALE—JOHN BULL triumphant.” A caricature was also exhibited, in which a Bull was seen tossing the Manager.

Mr. Clifford, who told the Magistrates when he was before them, that he was born in a riot†, and meant to die in one, was, with many and mighty cheers, hailed as their natural king.

\* On this night *bonnet rouge* made its appearance in the pit, from which place it soon adjourned to Bow-street, where it proved to belong to a poulterer, who had received 4s. from Turner, Davis, and Morris, salesmen, in Leadenhall, to attend the theatre in this his ordinary costume. A white cap was also conspicuous, and the rebellion more noisy, wild, and licentious, than it has been ever since the first week. The private boxes came in for their usual share of abuse, groaning, and even execration. There were very few ladies in them, and in the pit not more than five or six females. The placard, which excited most exultation, was one representing Mr. Kemble in the pillory. At top was written—“ To guilty minds a terrible example.” (*Vide SHAKESPEARE.*) At the bottom—“ For keeping a house of ill-fame,” was inscribed, and on the reverse the following couplet :—

“ A wretched tumbril was the actor’s stage ;  
We make improvements in the present age.”

“ See the other side.”

The other placards were exhibited not only in the pit, but pinned by half dozens, to the second tier of boxes. Those we made out were as follow :—“ One hundred pounds reward for the rascals who, by destroying my panes increase my aitches. Oh ! oh !”—“ Defy that Brandon and hired crew, to take, or even lay hands on you ; for, d—n them, pay them if they do.”—“ Kemble to cheat, Bennet to spy, White to ill-treat, Brandon to lie.”—“ Kemble, thy talents no more give delight, thy swelling pride is sickening to the sight ; and since it is your will to fall you must, ashes to ashes, puff’d up dust to dust.”—“ Terms of peace—That the old prices shall be adopted ; that all the prosecutions shall be dropped ; and that Kemble shall make a public apology.”—“ OPpose OPpressive OPulence !”

† Thus explained by him : There was a row in the street when his mother was delivered of him, and the window of her apartment broken with a stone. Some people think, that the proverb, “ kill two birds with one stone,” too often fails.

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Several

Nov. 14. Exile.—Portrait of Cervantes \*.

15. Speed the Plough.—Blind Boy†.

Nov.

Several sparrows with labels were let loose, to convey the sentiments of the rioters from one quarter to another.

During the farce, Messrs. Incledon and Liston were frequently struck with apples. It having been stated in the papers that Mr. Liston had said, "*the proprietors would have conquered long since, had it not been for the opposition of the blackguard citizens,*" the fruits of their displeasure were particularly addressed to him. He consequently came forward, and with much interruption declared, that he never made use of any such expressions. Although we know these rogues, and are well convinced that they do not care one pin what they say about Mr. Ball, when they are not cringing and bowing to him in the theatre, we are inclined to believe that the above imputation was an invention of the enemy.

\* The house was thin, and the boxes took an unusual part in the riotous proceedings of the night, which improved in strength.

Several placards were stuck up, of which the only ones boasting novelty, were a caricature of a person in the position of a pugilist, marked D. M. and below, O. P.

"Be staunch to your cause, for Bow-street not caring,  
And you'll carry your point in spite of Mainwaring."

"King Kemble, and Harris, and Brandon,  
We boldly defy you all three;  
Our cause we will never abandon,  
Until you come down with O. P."—

"Death or O. P. and N. P. B."

\* We have already spoken of an action brought by Mr. Clifford against Mr. Brandon, the box-keeper. The action was for assault and false imprisonment; and this day, in the *Court of Common Pleas*, Mr. SERJEANT SHEPHERD moved to plead several matters in justification of the defendant, viz. acting riotously, instigating others to do the same, &c. The rule was granted, but MANSFIELD, *Chief Justice*, said, that he had heard it was the opinion of some great lawyers, that it was lawful to enter the theatre, pull it to pieces, and knock the actors on the head. This was clearly said by his lordship with a perfect dissent from the law so laid down, and by a query put to Serjeant Shepherd, he seemed to recommend that actions should be brought against parties able to pay for any injury, through them sustained by the theatre.

The question having been thus agitated in the course of this morning, and Mr. JUSTICE GROSE's charge to the Grand Jury of Middlesex, on the

Nov. 16. *Romeo and Juliet*.---Hertford-bridge \*.

17. Woodman.—We fly by Night †.

the 13th; being in a similar strain, appeared to make some impression on the malecontents in respect to numbers, but the noise was still sufficient to destroy all the effect of the performances. What is called a "*grand theatrical medal*," has been struck, and is worn by the O. P. men round their necks, suspended from a ribbon.

#### DESCRIPTION.

*Obverse*, An allegorical Head, illustrative of Folly and Avarice, encircled with a motto, "This is the Jew which Shakspeare drew." Below, "*V. P.*" (*Vox populi*)—"No private boxes." *Circular Motto*, "Avarice and titled lust alone we blame ;

Yet blush we must, for 'tis a Nation's shame."

*Reverse*, "What d'ye want?"—"O. P. O. B. D. P. O." (Old Prices, Open Boxes, and Deference to Public Opinion); these wreathed in a Garland of Oak: at foot the rattle and trumpet. *Circular Motto*:

"The Drama's laws the Drama's patrons give,

And he who lives to please, should please to live."

\* At half-price the disturbance burst out with all the vigour of former days, and every appearance of falling-off or abating zeal in the cause was deceitful. We may venture to give these placards:

"Thou shalt do no murder †!"—"An attempt at murder! Oh! Oh! Oh!"—"Private boxes, for young cats and old foxes."—*A new Toast by an O. P.*

"May those whom we see,

Perch'd up in the (a key)

Our fine modest women to shock,

Be serv'd, for their pains,

With such kinds of stains,

As will furnish new *wards* for the (a lock)."

The two last were received by the O. P.'s with unlimited applause.

Others improving in obscene allusion, with a lack of wit in proportion, it would, we presume, be no gratification to the taste of our readers to peruse. The bailing system has every night occupied, and still continues to occupy, the Bow-street Magistrates till a late hour.

\* We have now reached the 17th of November, which, inclusively with the period elapsed from the opening on the 18th of September,

† This alludes to a man nearly killed the night before in a scuffle to secure him. It is strange that so little personal injury has been received during these rude and boisterous evolutions in the pit,—running along the seats, falling between them, and one upon another, with fists and sticks in undistinguished confusion.



makes two months of varied but uninterrupted riot; and were this *Journal* continued, it would only be a repetition of scenes so similar, as scarcely to be worth particularizing. The duration of the rebellion, and its issue are, therefore, all that is required to the perfection of this account.

What the event will be, men may conjecture according to their wishes, but it is scarcely possible to foresee. This is certain, that the bloom of the fruit is gone, and the *New Theatre*, from the association of ideas as it relates to its transformation into a *bear garden*, looked upon generally with far more disgust than delight. The town are, or believe they are, insulted and oppressed, and, whatever the course now taken, they will have "*measure of revenge*;" and the adjudication of the pending cases, be it what it may, will not be able entirely to deprive them of the power. If they are gagged at other times, at the first representation of a new play their mouths will be open. Let "*our native muses*" look to it! These *private boxes* are let *de anno in annum*, and being secured to certain parties for the present season, we should have recommended a promise, that next year they should be restored; and, seeing the obstinacy of the people, one could not, in prudence, have advised any thing but a reduction of the prices. Early in this business, we observed, that we did not think 7s. would ultimately produce the Proprietors so much as 6s., and we have out-lived our prophecy. As to the *private boxes*, the opprobrium of a public theatre, the hopes built on them seem to us to be of doubtful foundation; for, though the novelty has obtained tenants for them now, it by no means follows that such will be the case next year, since it may become a consideration, in which experience will not advocate the Managers' cause, whether it be worth 3 or 400*l.* to attend some *Mother Goose* represented 100 times during the season. Whether it be thought of, however, or not, it is, carried to its present extent, a trespass on their right of common, which the people ought not tamely to submit to. If this were a plate to quote law, we should say, from great authority, that "a release of *common* in one acre is an extinguishment of the whole common," 4 *Co.* 37; and we do not know that the same mischief is not to be apprehended from the admission of one circle of *private boxes* in a *public theatre*.

At present our counsel comes too late; they stand between Scylla and Charybdis---concede or not, we see no chance of perfect peace during the present season. Perhaps

"*Returning were as bad as to go o'er.*"

But we have not so strong a conviction of that fact as Mr. HARRIS, *sen.* who has, we hear, declared that he will never yield, although it rob him of every luxury, and cost him all he is worth. On the merit of this persevering

Nov. 18. Cabinet.—*Child of Nature*\*.

20. *Romeo and Juliet*.—Don Juan †.

Nov.

severing spirit we shall make no remark, and on the concern generally, only one more.

The Theatre has been burnt and rebuilt. If the Managers do away with the objections raised against the economy of the new house, they will *at present* be losers; and, as a trading concern, liable, like others, to losses, and especially when suffering from fire, the case will exhibit nothing so remarkable as to make them objects of extraordinary compassion. But if, on the other hand, they carry all their points, we are thoroughly convinced that they will soon be placed in a *better* condition than that in which they were before the conflagration: and that would be matter of especial wonder in the history of all the tradesmen we ever heard of, whose houses were burnt down *by accident*.

\* During this night's riot, a large picture was exhibited of a naked woman on a sofa, and *Private Boxes* written underneath. This drove all the ladies from the private boxes, as well as many from other parts of the house. Such actions merit the interference of the *custos morum* of the country.

† GIBBS, *Attorney-general*, moved the Court of King's Bench this morning, for a rule to shew cause why criminal informations should not issue against *Clifford, Weinhold, Savage, Scott, and Ridley*, for conspiring in a riotous manner, for the purpose of obliging the Proprietors of Covent-garden Theatre to reduce their prices of admission. He read several affidavits, on which he grounded his motion; and after commenting severely on Mr. Henry Clifford, the barrister, for lending himself to the encouragement of what he called illegal proceedings, to which his sanction, as a professional man, might give tenfold strength, he took his rule without any comment from the Bench. The affidavits stated, that Mr. C. was there on the 31st of October, 4th and 7th of November, with O. P. in his hat; and that, on the 4th, he was recognized by the people as their leader: that they called out, "*Clifford for ever!*" and gave him three cheers; and that he recognized them by the following address—"Go on, that's right—persevere; but when you leave the Theatre, disperse."

This event had no perceptible effect on the malecontents in the evening. *Placards*:

"The *Farce of Killing no Murder* having been received with much approbation, on Wednesday last—this evening the *Tragedy of the Revenge* will be performed."

"We will exhibit placards,  
In spite of Bow-street blackguards."

As

- Nov. 21. Suspicious Husband.—Don Juan \*.  
 22. Exile.—Don Juan †.  
 23. Every Man in his Humour.—Don Juan ‡.  
 24. Way to get married.—Don Juan §.  
 25. English Fleet.—Raising the Wind §.

Nov.

An ensign, with this inscription :—

“ Sons of John Bull assemble,  
 And quell the spirit of King Kiemble.”

A caricature of a ruffian, with N. P. in his hat.—Another caricature of a full face with spectacles on ; the eyes marked O. P.

It is difficult with noise to overcome the effect of dumb show, therefore *Don Juan* obtained a tolerable *fair seeing* ; and the vagaries of Grimaldi's *Scaramouch* seemed to have, in attention, a preference over those of the *Scaramouches* in the pit.

\* To the end of the fourth act, the interruption was very trifling—O. P.'s scarce, and only one placard made its momentary appearance during the whole of the night. In consequence of this the *Press* says of the opposition, that “ its expiring groans are now to be heard ;” but we think from the strength of them, that it will die very hard. They finished with three hisses for *excessive dull*, and three cheers for the *King*.

† BULLETIN.—The patient has had a very restless night, and is, by comparison, considerably worse.

‡ *Don Juan*, mocking every attempt at interruption from noise, considerably defeated the good wishes of many present. The late motion of the Attorney-general in the Court of King's Bench, may, however, have had some effect on these *spirits*, which are certainly lowered ; but they will probably be proof again, as soon as Michaelmas term is over, and they are for a time relieved from the cold water thrown on them by criminal informations.

§ The whole of the entertainments were heard and seen, with scarcely any very boisterous disturbance ; and, for the first time, the play for the following night was given out to ears that could hear.

§ This was the JUBILEE, or fiftieth day of the *Rebellion* ; and the O. P.'s are not dead (a,) or, if they are, it happened here to-night as it chanced before, “ in the Roman street, the dead did squeak and gibber,” so as most effectually to prevent the hearing of the latter part of the opera and the farce. Two-thirds of the pit were standing during this

(a) The *British Press* has pronounced them *dead* every day this month ; and on the 26th it gave their *epitaph*.

Nov. 27. Roman Father.—Don Juan\*.

Nov.

period, occasionally mounting their O. P.'s (a) and repeatedly singing a verse of "God Save the King," but by comparison, *piano*, *pianissimo*, as if with their "mind's eye" they still saw Mr. Attorney-general, and with their mind's ear still heard him uttering, "I humbly move your Lordship for a rule to shew cause, why a criminal information should not be filed against Henry Clifford, &c."

On the 28th (b) of this month, the last day of term, the rule taken by the Attorney-general on the 20th, was made absolute. It was deemed imprudent to shew cause, since, if it failed to induce the Court to discharge the rule, it must necessarily give the other side "the 'vantage ground'" of possessing the sort of defence they propose to set up at the trial, which may not, if the Defendants imparl, come on till the sittings after Easter term, in May, 1810.

The Managers now stand in this happy dilemma (c)—should the verdict be against them, it is, to use the language of Mrs. Siddons, in one of her letters to GALINDO, all "up, up, up," with them: if otherwise, it will probably be a triumph without victory, ruinous success. The daring agitation of a question with those on whose favour they wholly depend, appears to us to teem with mischief to the players, the king of whom ought to have had sense enough not so entirely to have forgotten, that his mystery or craft is, at best, but a *tolerated profession*.

So much for the folly, violence, and wickedness, produced by the inordinate desire of wealth in the Managers, and the consequent insurrection of Mr. BULL and his children, under the title of O. P.'s.

*Effodiuntur OPES (d) irritamenta malorum.*

\* Still the riot gathers strength. Mr. Whitehead's tragedy, the dullest of the dull, was, however, enough to warrant it.

(a) Some placards were handed about, but displayed for such a short time, as to be illegible. The following is the only one we could make out:

"Peace Officers nightly with old price men close,

But may the O. P.'s always beat the P. O.'s."

(b) On the 27th, the Managers exhibited eleven Bills before the Grand Inquest, at the Crown Office Court. Right were found *true bills*. Still the riot on that evening gathered strength.

(c) The *διλημμα*, in logic, has been thus defined:—"A dilemma is called *sylogismus cornutus*, a horned syllogism; its horns being so disposed, that, if you avoid the one, you run upon the other." The two horns, in this case, seem to belong to Mr. Bull.

(d) A quotation from Ovid, pleasantly made by Sir Vicary Gibbs, the Attorney-general, at a consultation on this occasion.

We

- Nov. 28. School for Prejudice.—Don Juan.  
 29. Exile.—Is he a Prince?  
 30. Roman Father.—Don Juan.  
 Dec. 1. A Cure for the Heart Ache.—Jubilee \*.  
 2. English Fleet.—Who wins?  
 4. Othello.—Don Juan.  
 5. Beggar's Opera.—Blind Boy †.

Dec.

\* We are by no means convinced that "*the HURLY BURLY's done,*" but it has certainly for the last four nights, shewn symptoms of decay. Whatever the indignation of the public at their conviction of having suffered a wrong, it seems that they begin to think it prudent to let their murmurs "*be deep not loud,*" as the latter immediately carries them to *Bow-street*, where the Magistrates now sit no longer than nine o'clock, and that time being elapsed, the parties are taken to the watch-house till the morning. This, it must be confessed, is paying rather too dearly for the pleasure, whether right or wrong, of hissing, and hooting; or even enjoying the delights of an O. P. dance.

At this period the Proprietors have lost 12,000*l.* by their perseverance, and the houses, thinly attended in the beginning, and not full at half-price, are far from productive. The "*apple-munching*" ladies in the side-boxes, and their excessive sensibility and affected horror, at the least noise in the pit, prove more than their dresses intend to convey. The *Jubilee* concluded with a representation of the attack and destruction of the French convoy in the Bay of Rosas. A triumphal arch descended on the stage, on which was inscribed, in golden letters, "*25th of October, Colliugwood, &c.*" The scene was pretty, but on the whole more appropriate to Sadler's Wells than a Theatre Royal.

† At nine o'clock in the morning of this day, Mr. Clifford's action against Mr. Brandon, for assault and false imprisonment, came on to be tried in the Common Pleas, and lasted till four, when the Jury (a) after retiring for about ten minutes, returned with a verdict for the plaintiff—*damages five pounds.* Serjeant Best led for Mr. Clifford, and Serjeant Shepherd for Mr. Brandon. In a long harangue the former condemned the *private boxes*, in terms not more forcible than just. He had been into the *two-shilling gallery*, from which, he said, a view was not every where to be obtained, and when it was, it could be compared to nothing but a peep through an inverted telescope. Commenting on the original address, he remarked, that as it gave the public the power of approving, it also gave them the power of disapproving; if not, they are, in the

(a) Partly special and partly *tales* men.

course

Dec. 6. Man of the World.—Oscar and Malvina.

7. Woodman.—Don Juan.

Dec.

course of the address, mocked and insulted. If the *private boxes* were retained, its revenue alone would cover the interest on the 150,000*l.* expended, and do away all pretence to an advance in the prices. The public attended, and expressed their disapprobation of both; and, in the learned Serjeant's opinion, the Proprietors of the Theatre had, by both these innovations, *forfeited their patent*. The theatre was public, and they had no right to make it private in favour of my Lord A. or Mr. B. These boxes were not reserved for the nobility—not for ladies who had a *life-interest* in their lords, but for the prostitute of the hour. Even his *Majesty* had no seat in that house exclusively his own. Where he sits to-day, any of his subjects may sit to-morrow. This and this only is the true and legitimate constitution of a *British theatre*. No other is consistent with the *original patent*.

Mr. Serjeant Best said he was a nervous man, but the riots did not alarm him—he never saw a more harmless set of people in his life than these rioters. Under the circumstances of the case he himself might have hissed, but being a public character, he would not have worn an O. P. in his hat, though he did not know that his client was wrong for doing so. To wear an O. P. was to answer the proprietor's appeal to the town, and with infinite brevity to say, "*I don't approve of the advanced prices.*" Was that illegal? If so, why did they ask the public whether their conduct was liked or not? Coming to Mr. Brandon, the learned serjeant observed that when Mr. Clifford was taken before the magistrates, he was discharged because Mr. B. would not swear to his information against him. Not that the *look* imposed any reverence on him, but the consequence of kissing it intimidated him, as he anticipated an elevation on a stage much higher than that of Covent-Garden theatre.

Witnesses were called, and then

Serjeant Shepherd followed without calling any. His speech, although it did not successfully controvert the positions of Serjeant Best, was altogether far more able and eloquent.

Sir James Mansfield, chief justice, summed up at considerable length: From the doctrine, that the public had a right to express their dissatisfaction at the new prices in the way they had done, he said he dissented, and was, throughout a long speech, decidedly in favour of the conduct of the managers. He even told the multitude assembled, (during the time the jury were absent) that their demeanour was illegal and warned them of the consequence.

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On

On the verdict being found, he desired to know their grounds. The foreman said, that they were unanimously agreed that the arrest was illegal; although some were more influenced by the manner and time of the arrest, and others by holding that Mr. Clifford, through wearing O. P. in his hat, had not become a rioter so as to justify his being arrested. Sir J. Mansfield expressed much regret at the verdict, from which he feared very ill consequences were likely to result.

On the verdict being known on the outside of the Pleas, the O. P.'s in hundreds sent up such a shout as the walls of *William Rufus* have not experienced since the days of Wilks and liberty.\* Lord Ellenborough, who was summing up at that moment in the Court of King's Bench, was obliged to stop, being unable to hear himself. Mr Kemble was present†—he was known as he entered the hall, and an alley was made for him, and O. P. *Black Jack*, &c. chalked on the stones over which he was obliged to pass.

In the evening, notwithstanding all the gratuitous advice of the Judge, the theatre at half-price exhibited that nondescript bird O. P. in all its former feather. Penny rattles, whistles, horns, and vocal noises with O. P. dances, prevailed to a degree of deafening inconceivable. O. P.'s were mounted in abundance, and several *white caps* worn, agreeable to Mr. Winholt's costume. The frail fair-ones in the upper boxes let down their shawls, and made signs of flogging what they considered as trespassers in the *private boxes*, and the placards spread their sails again. "*A British Jury for ever!*" "*Clifford for ever.*" "*Chorus of O. P.'s—tune, Hearts of Oak—Steady boys, steady, we always are ready, to turn out hired ruffians again and again!*" "*Shall Britons relinquish the contest after such a long and repeated resistance? And shall silence, pride, and avarice come off victorious? O let it not be said!*" The skirmishes and runs in the pit were tremendous. Some halfpence were thrown on the stage, and a paper of the following day says that "one of them struck Mrs. H. Johnston on the *breast*"—though we are shocked at the brutality, we must consider that as a most excellent aim!

The

\* On the 11th, when *Wardle's* indictment of the Wrights and Mrs. Clarke, was tried in the King's Bench, the same uproar was repeated, when Lord Ellenborough said with considerable indignation—"The *order stands till the hall is cleared.*" The under-bailiff appeared, and he was ordered to call out the *posse comitatus*, or use any means to effect the purpose. "I will not," said Lord E. "administer justice amidst lawless riot and confusion. It shall not be done *here!*"

† His being served with a *subpoena* was a mere trick, to put him to the inconvenience and expose him to the insult of appearing. No idea was ever entertained of calling him.

**Dec. 8. Merchant of Venice.—Tom Thumb.\***

9. Exile.—Portrait of Cervantes.†

11. Woodman.—Don Juan.

12. John Bull.—Farmer.

13. Every Man in his Humour.—Oscar and Malvina.

14. Provoked Husband.—Tom Thumb.†

Dec.

\* The riot is more violent and the antics more extravagant. Mr. Shakspeare, the son of Shakspeare the member of parliament—*Shakspeare* M. P. and O. P. appeared in the pit in a barrister's gown and wig. He took his seat quietly, but he was like the trumpeter, who, though he killed no men himself, roused all the others to arms, and he was soon taken to Bow-street. It has been necessary to put wooden props against the partition of the orchestra towards the pit, as in the rushing, they have several times nearly mingled with the fiddlers.

\* Many broken heads, and other amusing excesses. False noses, masks, and white caps, with horns, rattles, and whistles, formed the principal entertainments of the eye and ear. Some placards very offensive to delicacy were exhibited. "*The voice of the people the first law,*" was received with shouts.

Our usual space was not sufficient to include the events of this important day, therefore we have gratuitously added twelve pages extraordinary, that you, our country readers, may not be ignorant how matters go on in town; by which we mean that Mr. KEMBLE appearing for the first time in the part of *Phrautes*, has, on his knees, acknowledged the rights and power of imperial *Cæsar*, aliàs, Mr. BULL.

"*Ne tamen ignores, quo sit Romana loco res;*

—————*jus imperiumque Phrautes*

*Cæsaris accepit genibus minor."*

Our Journal of the 14th will not present be brought up to the hour in which the O. P.'s were entitled to exclaim:

"*Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths!*"

—and their "*slow alarms*" will soon, we hope, be "*changed to merry meetings.*"

On this day the *Opetits* had what was called an O. P. dinner. Here follows a copy of one of the cards.

No. 100.

No. 103.

The real Friends of the BRITISH DRAMA, and Reprobaters of MAGISTERIAL INSOLENCE and BRUTALITY, will dine together at the

3 2 2

Crown



The committee for managing the O. P. subscription in support of those prosecuted, drew up the resolutions, which were then read as follows :

" We presume that the public will be satisfied with this, if acceded to on the part of the proprietors, this evening, viz.

I. That the private boxes shall be reduced to the same state as they were in the year 1802. (*Applause.*)

[This, Mr. C. explained to be before Mr. Kemble went to Covent-Garden, which he did in that year.]

II. That the pit shall be 3s. 6d.—the boxes, 7s.

[Much noise and clamour, and some opposition to the latter part.]

III. That an apology shall be made on the part of the proprietors, to the public, and Mr. Brandon shall be dismissed.—(*Thunders of applause.*)

IV. That all prosecutions and actions, on both sides, shall be quashed.—(*Applause.*)

Revs now commenced in several parts of the room. O. P. motto of—

" Non sine pulvere palma"—

was realized ; a motto which has been thus translated for the benefit of country gentlemen :

Without a dust kick'd up, d'ye see,  
There is no triumph for O. P.

The chairman obtaining a little order, begged leave to propose as a toast—

" May this day's meeting produce a reconciliation between the managers of Covent-Garden theatre and the public, equally advantageous to both."

The shouts and beating with sticks on the table, which succeeded this toast, were intolerable ; it was drunk with three cheers, and the noise continued for many minutes.

Mr. Kemble then stood up, amidst tumults of applause, and said—  
" Gentlemen, before I withdraw, for the purpose of making the necessary preparations for stating the arrangement that has taken place, in to-morrow's newspapers, I beg leave to express to you my hope, which I do from the bottom of my heart, that the propositions now agreed to, will lay the foundation of a lasting good understanding between the public and the theatre. (*Plaudite.*) I have also to return to you, personally, my best thanks, for the kind and polite treatment I have received since I came into this room."

Mr. Kemble withdrew. After which Mr. Clifford could with difficulty get a moment's respite from the uproar, to make a speech about

what had been unjustly said of him by Serjeant Shepherd in the *Common-Pleas*; how he had been scandalously called "*an honest counsellor*," and the whole concluding with a profession that he was ready to die in defence of some rights—probably those of *Bacchus*!

At the theatre a gentleman in the pit, just at the beginning of *Tom Thumb*, instructed the audience in what had passed at the tavern. Mr. Kemble then came forward with—

"Ladies and Gentlemen;

"Allow me first to apologize for my dress—[Mr. Kemble wore his common walking-dress]—which is perfectly inconsistent with the high respect I feel for you. I have had the honour this evening, of waiting on the gentlemen who dined at the Crown and Anchor. There were proposals made and acceded to, that the boxes should remain at the *new prices*, seven shillings.—(*Much disapprobation.*)—Ladies and Gentlemen, it has also been concluded that the pit should be reduced to the *old price*, three shillings and sixpence.—(*Loud applause.*)—That the private boxes should be reduced to what they were in the year 1802, at the conclusion of the season, that is, to open the centre ones for the accommodation of the public.—(*Loud cheering.*)—The proprietors and myself are extremely sorry that there ever has been any misunderstanding between us, and beg you will excuse whatever error may have been committed on our parts. We pledge ourselves, that we will give directions to our lawyers, to stop all proceedings, and I hope what has passed will, for the future, be buried in oblivion!"

Mr. Kemble then bowed and retired amidst the cry of "Discharge Brandon—Is Brandon discharged?" In a few minutes he returned, and attempted to address the audience, but was prevented by the reiterated cry of "We cannot listen to you, unless Brandon is discharged." After some ineffectual attempts to speak, he was obliged to retire. Amidst this confusion a placard was thrown on the stage, with the words, "Discharge Brandon;" which was taken up by Mr. Munden, who bowed, and said he would deliver it to Mr. Kemble.

Mr. Munden in his full-bottomed wig, dressed for *King Arthur*, was admirably equipt for ambassador on such an occasion, and his treating with the piffities had a very ludicrous effect.

Every effort of the performers to proceed with the farce, was in vain; the noise continued increasing, until Mr. Brandon made his appearance on the stage. The noise then increased with redoubled violence. Mr. Brandon bowed, but without effect. "Down upon your knees," was vociferated; "we will not hear you, except in that humble posture." Mr. Brandon did not comply, but retired, amidst loud groans and cries of "*off! off!*"

Two sticks were thrown at him, when Mr. Munden, who was close alongside, chose to quit company.

Dec. 14. *Wheel of Fortune.—Blind-Boy.\**

Mr. Harris, junior, then came forward, and after rubbing his head for some time, they allowed him to articulate the following words—"Mr. Brandon is a servant of my father—" Not a word more was heard; he was obliged to retire, and the curtain dropped, accompanied by groans and hisses.

The audience dispersed without any further evolutions, except changing the O. P. into B. D. dance, "*Brandon discharged.*"

So here we at last find Mr. BULL triumphant, and the proud MANAGERS glad to

"attend

*Like humble visag'd suitors HIS HIGH WILL!"*

Love's Lab. L. Act. ii. Sc. 1.

But how does the retrospect shew? how now shall we estimate the assertions of former times? Have we not the oath of Messrs. Hughes and Tull to the *truth and fidelity* of the accounts laid before the *honourable committee*, whose report left the concern *uninsured*, three and a half per cent. gain upon the capital, and *insured*, three quarters per cent. loss (see Oct. 2). Did not Mr. Kemble on the 4th, add that their *inevitable ruin* must be the consequence of returning to the old prices? And yet the new price on the pit is given up, and more than an equivalent to the other rise, by the abolition of private boxes. What do their *thick and thin* supporters say to this?

The discharge of Mr. Brandon is inevitable. He has been devoted to Mr. Harris, both body and soul, and as a faithful servant in all extremities, should be considered by him according to his merits. John, however, after what has happened, needs must say to him, let Mr. Harris

"love thee;

*But never more be officer of mine."*

That our opinions have been right and moderate during the whole of these rebellious proceedings, the event has proved, and we take no more credit to ourselves for having seen what we have seen, than belongs to a man, not blind, who chooses to open his eyes. It could not be otherwise. The obstinacy and improvidence of the managers in their new house, have lost them the first fruits of it—the prime of the harvest is gone, and their whole crop for this season at least, will consist of *rowing*.†

\* At the foot of the bills of this day, a statement of the proprietors' concessions

† The after-grass is by farmers called the *rowing*. Tom Dibdin may make what he pleases of it.

concessions to the public, and their apology appeared. Some objections might be taken to the terms used—such for instances, as calling their violent outrages, “*irregularities*,” and stating that their “late circumstances compelled them, *reluctantly* to have recourse” to the legal proceedings now dropt; but we forbear, for since they have been brought to be just, we must be generous, although they were not brought to distinguish between right and wrong, and to yield to the former until they had not an inch of ground to stand upon.

The theatre was crowded at an early hour. Before the curtain drew up, a Mr. Frost, from the dress boxes, informed the audience, that he was authorized by Mr. Kemble to say that Mr. Brandon was discharged. Mr. K. was, however, still called for, and soon appeared, dressed for *Penruddock*. He said, when the stormy applause had subsided, “Ladies and Gentlemen, I have the honour to inform you, that in compliance with your wishes, Mr. Brandon has withdrawn from the office of boxkeeper to this theatre.” This was received with huzzas, and the most vociferous approbation. Something still was wanting, and a letter signifying that want was handed to Mr. Kemble. No answer being returned, the first act was lost in wonderful riot and confusion. Mr. K. at length came forward with—

“Ladies and Gentlemen—I understand that offence has been given by the introduction of improper persons into the theatre, during the late disputes. (*Dreadful noise.*) I have to ask pardon for not apologizing sooner. (*Great applause.*) In my own name, and in the names of my fellow proprietors, I beg leave to express our regret for what has taken place; and to state that our first care shall be, that no such occurrence shall ever more happen again. (*Thunders of reiterated approbation.*)

The play now went on with no interruption, except from the applauses bestowed on the actors, especially Mr. C. Kemble. Several speeches were equally greeted, viz. Mr. K.’s first speech in the second act; “*I am in London again*,” and Mr. C. Kemble’s, “*Why is this house so changed in its appearance*.” The treaty of peace, signed and ratified, a placard was hoisted, on which were read these words, “*WE ARE SATISFIED*.” At the end of the play, Mr. Kemble again appeared, and said—

“Gentlemen, those spikes and bars, that must be incommodious to the pit, shall be removed by Monday.”

This gratuitous concession was received as it deserved. Much talking and confusion prevailed during the farce, which arose in some measure from its being written by Captain Hewetson, an anti Q. P. and partly from doubts that the managers would not observe that article of

the treaty relating to the private boxes. *Laurel leaves* were mounted in the hats of the Opeists, and we saw a new medal on the occasion—O. P. in the middle, very delicately worked, and in the exergue at top, "*Venite crastinus*," and at the bottom, "*Triumphantes*."

Peace is restored, and the rights of the public, as they respect theatrical shows, fixed on a basis not to be shaken. Some little differences may yet remain to be settled,\* but the managers have taken the first step down the precipice, and cannot stop where they like. To think of prospering without the favour of the universal public, was as absurd as if they had thought of living without vital air. They know it now, and the fault will never be repeated.

The players are wrath against Mr. Kemble for having "*sounded the very base string of humility*," after such strenuous endeavours on his part to give the profession an air of consequence. But they ought to know that all reputation merely fictitious or spurious, is sure to find its level—it was but a bubble, the breath of the populace no longer kept it up, and it burst. What must necessarily follow, will do no injury to their real worth, either on or off the stage.

A single observation forces itself upon us in this place, and it is melancholy because of its degrading effect on the character and good sense of Englishmen. Can it be believed that for nearly three months the metropolis of England has, to the exclusion of all thought of more important things, agitated by a kind of miserable civil war (artfully connived at by the weakest ministry ever known in this country), while fire and sword are at the gate, and corruption and intolerance within, paralyzing and destroying all the strength and sinews of the land. "*Quos Deus vult perdere, prius dementat*." Is it not so?

\* Some disturbance still continuing, the following advertisement was thought necessary.

*Play-Bill, Dec. 20.*

"It having been suggested to the proprietors that the advertisement relative to that part of the front boxes, which is now occupied by annual boxes, is liable to misconstruction, they beg leave most respectfully to state, that, at the end of the present season, they will open to the public use the circle of upper boxes, retaining only the seven annual boxes on each side, as they stood in the old theatre."

#### LYCEUM.

1809.

Nov. 21. *Beggar's Opera*.—Not at Home.

22. *Busy Body*.—Id.

23. *Bold Stroke for a Wife*.—(*Col. Feignwell*, first time, Mr. Melvin).—Id.

Dec.

Nov. 24. Poor Gentleman.—Not at Home.\*

25. Cabinet.—Id.

27. Man and Wife.—My Grandmother.

28. Inconstant.—Not at Home.

29. Haunted Tower.—Id.

30. Heir at Law.—Id.

Dec. 1. Honey Moon.†—No Song no Supper.

2. Duenna.—Honest Thieves.

Dec.

\* “*Emily Worthington*, by a young lady, her first appearance on any stage.” Doctor Pangloss observes of Lord Duberley’s improvement, under his tuition, that he is at present *only defective in words, phrases, and grammar*. His lordship’s case as an orator, meets with a parallel in this *young lady’s*. Figure, voice, and study, are nearly all the requisites, which she needs to her perfection. We should be ashamed of being so severe in our justice, did we not mean this comment less a condemnation of the acting of the lady, than a rebuke of the conduct of the manager. Such a “*first appearance on any stage*,” should not have taken place on the London boards, unless Mr. Arnold meant at one stroke to shew his perfect ignorance of acting, and his anxious endeavour to insult the town.

† The *Honey Moon* produced three novelties—two girls and a boy. The girls, Miss Ray and Mrs. Orger, (christened on this night *Zamora*, and *Volante*) are very pretty children, but we cant say so much of the lad. The *Duke Aranza*, played for the first time by Mr. Melvin, was performed throughout in the very worst possible taste. The part almost plays for itself, but he would not let it. In the last scene where he appears as the *Duke*, his vulgarity shone through in such a manner, as to make it very little preferable in dignity to the mock duke of Penley’s *Jaques*; and it was by no means *vice versâ* in the cottage, where much of the charm of the character depends on the mixture of the nobleman and yeoman, no tittle of the former of which did he ever betray, but wore the manners of a clown without *disguise*. We have already spoken of the lower tones of his voice—to-night they were in perpetual use, and often produced a most ludicrous effect on the ear, sounding very like those of a showman in Bartholomew fair, towards the end of the day. Mr. Melvin, however, without grace, dignity, or manners, has merit in certain characters, and is, in such as Mr. Elliston used to fill with great credit, the best actor at this theatre. Miss Duncan’s *Juliana* is excellent. Having a cold, an apology was made for her not singing the song, which, if we are to believe the author, was

S C 2

not

- Dec. 4. Soldier's Daughter.—Rosina.  
 5. Merry Wives of Windsor.—Three and the Deuce.  
 6. Love in a Village.—Midnight Hour.  
 7. Castle Spectre.\*—Of Age To-morrow.

Dec.

not to be regretted, since, though he gives her a song to sing, he makes the Duke say, that "she has an ear for music, but no voice." Lopez, the countryman of Mr. De Camp, is very well portrayed in every particular but one. The Duke repeatedly shakes him by the hand, and he constantly shrinks from the gripe, which sets on a few barren spectators to laugh, but surely this is not a nice observance of character—a ploughboy's hand would not be much hurt by the grasp of any duke in the land, even though the *John of Gaunts* were to revive.

In the farce, Miss Kelly displayed great ability. Her *Margaritta* is on the whole superior to any we ever saw—it is in every way preferable to Storace's, and only inferior to Mrs. Mountain's in the singing. To judge by the mirth excited, Mr. Mathews' *Endless* is equal to the late Snett's, and indeed it seems impossible to play it better. We have before observed that Mr. M. is a candidate for the vacant place of *Theatrical Wit*.† On this night he made a second probationary trial, which was kindly received. At the supper, he said—Excellent lamb, who's your butcher now?—You used to deal with Snett—Poor fellow, he's dead—he was a very good one."‡

Although Colonels Sheridan and Greville, and Drill Sergeant Arnold, must be getting a great deal of money at this house (there being no other to go to), the scenery, dresses, and decorations are on a par with those of the *Richmond Theatre*, or rather of the *Croydon*, as described by our old friend, Firkins, in October, 1807, where "*The School for Friends* was performed with only one pair of breeches amongst them."

\* Mr. Raymond in *Osmoid* was hissed, not, however, for the demerits of his acting, but because he was known to be an anti O. P. He at length came forward, and made a very modest and sensible speech to the audience, stating the above facts according to his suspicion, and throwing himself on their candour, which he afterwards received, and justly deserved throughout. The *Angela* of Mrs. Edwin, was wanting in delicate, impressive feeling and affectionate simplicity. Such an actress can play nothing without considerable effect, but we warn her against the common vice of her profession—a love to tread with equal

† This Vol. p. 34.

‡ It is too much to expect wits, especially *theatrical wits*, to be always genuine. Since the above was written, we learn that Snett always played off this joke himself.

- Dec. 8. Inconstant.—Divorce.  
 9. Dramatist.—Matrimony.  
 11. Honey Moon.—Prize.  
 12. Duenna.—Not at Home.\*—Three Weeks after Marriage.  
 13. Man and Wife.—Of Age To-morrow.  
 14. Castle Spectre.—Mayor of Garratt.  
 15. Merry Wives.—Matrimony.  
 16. School for Scandal.—My Grandmother.

equal step the road that leads to either pole. Mrs. Powell's *Evelina* is a *chef d'œuvre*--admitting the propriety of such an exhibition, no human being could display more skill and dignity in the execution. A Mr. Vaughan made his first appearance in *Hassan*. If his ambition goes no further, we are content to think of him as he thinks of himself.

\* Prudently reduced to one act. See our remarks last month.

\*\* The Roman *Saturnalia* began on the 16th of December, therefore we have sconded the reader of four days. It is a matter of *liberty*, and to use the language of Farquhar's travelling captain, we are "*old Romans for that*." Hearts equally *akin and kind*, with smiling faces, invite us to a Christmas fire-side in the country, ["*Gratus sic tibi, Paule, sit December*"] and availing ourselves of the *Saturnalian* privilege of the time, without "with your leave, or by your leave," we bid good-bye to pen, ink, and paper, till next year. Then shall we return *like giants refreshed*—

Vires instigat, alitque

Tempestiva quies; major post otia virtus.

*Stat. Sylv.* l. 4.

#### THEATRICAL CHIT-CHAT.

MANCHESTER THEATRE opened on the 4th of Dec. under the direction of Mr. Elliston, who spoke an address on the occasion, which was written by Dr. Busby, in verse, without making any approaches to the rank of poetry. It begins with modestly stating that their "*taste*" and "*love of all that graces life*," and "*adorns the heart*," had "*drawn*" Mr. Elliston to *Manchester*. It then proceeds to say with what an "*exulting eye*" he looks at their "*ingenious industry*" and "*opulence*." These worthy *corderoy-makers* are then told, "*Here sage Philosophy her torch illumines*," and that their *theatre* is of such peculiar beauty that *Tragedy* herself can't look at it without laughing--

"On this Melpomene herself might smile,"

or perhaps there may be some reference here to *his* acting in *tragedy* at the same moment, which is, we think, quite enough to convert all Melpomene's wrinkles into dimples! The rest relates how he at the



Circus cut out Shakspeare's tongue, and then murdered him, by which, he tells Messrs. *Velvet, Velveteen, Corderey, Dimity*, and Co. (to our infinite disgrace) that he

"Aspir'd to *please*, and won the wish'd reward."

In January, Bartley and Truman open the Glasgow theatre.

*O. P. jokes.*—As Kemble, during a rehearsal, was standing on the side looking towards the stage, Waddy, who took him for Glassington, came behind him, and with a slap heavy as the wit, exclaimed, "O. P. you old blackguard!" A consideration of the parties and the place, will make this jest more laughable than it at first appears.

Clifford met Mr. Warren, the barrister, just after the motion for the information, when the latter condoling with him, Clifford said, "Will you defend me?" "Yes," was the reply. "Then I retain you," said Clifford, putting an O. P. medal in his hand.

Lord Erskine hearing that the O. P.'s were dead, said, "I'm sorry for it, as now my friend old Q. must be in a dangerous way—it's his next."

Mr. Brandon, the boxkeeper, is called *Professor Brandon*, for this reason. At Bow-Street, one night, he said he could not stay, as he must attend to his *profession*.

At the *Royalty Theatre* they indulge in the O. P. dance every night, and when requested to state "what it is they want," they reply "Nothing—O. P. O. P.!" and continue to dance away in imitation, a most *disinterested* one, of their friends in the West.

*Lyceum.*—A new comedy in five acts is advertised for the 20th, called, "*Sudden Arrivals, or Too Busy by Half.*" It is from the pen of Mr. Cobb. If "*a truant disposition*" did not prevent it, our space would not permit us to do it justice this month.

*Drury-lane Theatre* is, says the *Chronicle*, to be rebuilt immediately, the debtors voluntarily deducting 50 per cent. from their claims. Mr. Sheridan is still to remain, so that with the rot in the house, and still a heavy incumbrance on it, there are persons, moon-struck enough, to lend the money wanting.

Munden never suffers his children to see him act, lest they should, seeing him play the buffoon, lose all respect for his authority.

### LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

In the case of *Harrison* against KING, the *Jew*, tried last Term, BEAUMONT, "the proprietor, printer, and publisher," as he called himself, of the *British Guardian*, was brought from Newgate to be examined, and he told the court that *Jew King's* occupation at the office, was, not to write libels, but "*solely to look after and correct the English.*" We suppose to turn *that's* into *what's*, each *s* into *sh*, and every *w* into *a t*.

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END OF THE SIXTH VOLUME

## Memoir and Portrait of Lord Valentia.

### TO THE PUBLIC:

HAVING completed the Sixth Volume of the New Series of the MONTHLY MIRROR, the Proprietors, being Gentlemen who look more to their labours for Reputation than Profit, have, in consequence of the great Patronage which they enjoy, resolved *gratuitously* to improve both the Form and Substance of their Work. The First Number of the MONTHLY MIRROR, for the Year 1810, will therefore appear on the 1st of February, with the Advantages of new Types, and an additional Quantity of Letter-press, which will increase its Size in the Proportion of one-fifth. The Matter of their New Series has constantly been original; and if they before felt no fear of Comparison or Competition with respect to its Quality, they will now, continuing their former Charge, entertain none with regard to the Quantity.

The Number for January, 1810, will present a striking Likeness of LORD VALENTIA, accompanied by a full and interesting Memoir of his Lordship. The Table of Contents will, among various other Articles, invite the Attention of the Reader to some Remarks on the Spanish GIL BLAS, of Don F. Fernandez; Mr. LOFFT on Miss EDGEWORTH; the Rev. MARK NOBLE on the Pedigree of MILTON; Notes on *Athenæus*; Contradictions of *Historians*; AUSONIANUS on the Structure of the Sonnet; Sketch of Dresden and its Environs; *Endymion the Exile*; on *Invention*; a Letter to the Editor of *Boccaccio*; *War and Love*; *Review of Books*; Mr. ADAMSON'S Inscription for the Tomb of Camoens; *Why I love*; *HORACE IN LONDON*; *Parvus Deorum*, and *Quid bellicosus*; with a full Account of all Sorts of Theatrical Amusements, from Mr. COBB'S new Comedy *Sudden Arrivals*, to Mr. PAGE'S *Epilogus ad Phormionem*, spoken at the last Westminster Play.

Marding and Wright, Printers, St. John's Square, London.

# THE MONTHLY MIRROR, FOR DECEMBER, 1809.

Embellished with  
A PORTRAIT OF NOEL DESFANS, ESQ. ENGRAVED BY *FRANKLIN*  
FROM AN ORIGINAL PAINTING.

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1809.

Our first Number for the coming Year will, with new Types and an additional Quantity of Letter-press, be adorned and enriched with a striking Likeness of LORD VALENTIA, accompanied by a full and interesting Life of his Lordship.

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## CORRESPONDENCE.

---

TWELVE pages, extraordinary, are given this month. See the reason, p. 379.

"A constant Reader," on the Theatre, North Shields, is, with some other provincial correspondents, necessarily delayed.

T. on the Alterations of Shakspeare as soon as possible.

The necessity of finishing, in this last number of a volume, several articles which wanted but little of completion, has compelled us most unwillingly to defer the Rev. M. Noble's excellent paper on *Milton's Pedigree* till next month.

We have received a letter from *Thames-street*, signed "S. Death, Dealer in British Spirits." The communication is quite unfit for our work, but we cannot help admiring the happy coincidence of trade and name. Death is certainly a dealer in spirits; but, as the matter stands, we could have wished it to run thus—*British Spirits, dealer in Death*.

Mr. O'Shaugnessy's Irish defence of Mr. Galindo is worthy of the character, but not of our work. Mr. G. may have "beautiful white Acads," still they are not clean enough to come into our court with.

Mr. Griffith's Poem of "*The Loves of the Doves*," is too long. As a taste we give one couplet—

"O let us wed—your true dove begs,  
And we shall have some little eggs."

F. G.'s muse is acceptable in every shape, but brevity is our ready money.

In our next will appear Mr. LOFFT on Miss EDGEWORTH, and his grammatical hint; Notes on *Athenæus*, No. XXVI.; *Historians*, No. III.; *Ausonians* on the structure of the Sonnet; W. S.'s *Sketch of Dresden and its Environs*; *Entymion*, No. XXIV.; *Invention*; *War and Love*; *Anecdotes of Mons. Larive*; *Horace in London*; with a variety of other amusing and interesting articles.

Mr. Britton's Address on the opening of the *Odethorologium*, Argyle Rooms, Dec. 8, spoken by Mr. Hill; Letters from W. S. Fitzroy-square; and Mrs. C. Thackeray, Walworth; W. S.—n's Anecdote of Kemble; W. H. J. on the O. P.'s; G. H.'s Parody; Shrewsbury Theatre; Mr. Hassell's Letter; and *Squirt*, on the duty of a Vice or Deputy Chairman, are received.

ERRATA.—In our last, p. 293, for "admission of," read admission to the theatre.—P. 278, l. 7. from the bottom, for "had been sent," read had sent.—P. 282, l. 10. for "of many guests," read of receiving many guests.









